MANNERS:

Tranſlated from the *FRENCH:*

WHEREIN THE

PRINCIPLES

OF

MORALITY,

OR

SOCIAL DUTIES,

VIZ.

PIETY,	TEMPERANCE,
WISDOM,	LOVE,
PRUDENCE,	FRIENDSHIP,
FORTITUDE,	HUMANITY,
JUSTICE,	*&c. &c. &c.*

Are deſcribed in all their BRANCHES;

THE

OBLIGATIONS of them ſhewn to conſiſt in our Nature;

AND THE

ENLARGEMENT of them ſtrongly enforced.

The SECOND EDITION, carefully corrected.

—— *Reſpicere exemplar vitæ morumque.*

HOR. AD PIS.

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MDCCLI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP,

EARL

OF

CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

AS the encomiums due to real merit are often miſtaken for fulſome flattery; inſtead of mentioning your lordſhip's qualifications, as a ſtateſman, a ſcholar, and a friend; I ſhall ſue for your patronage and protection of a work, the ſtriking beauties of which cannot be concealed from the ſuperior penetration of your lordſhip. Tho' this addreſs may be conſtrued as raſh, and perhaps, impertinent; yet, upon the whole, I promiſe myſelf a favourable reception; ſince to draw characters as they really are in life; to point out the moſt ſecret

ſprings of action; to trace the latent ſources of conduct in the various ſcenes of life; to diſſect the human heart without hurting it; to recommend religion without being moroſe; to ſhew the enormity of lawleſs paſſion without a brutal contempt for thoſe who are its unfortunate votaries; to paint vice without exaſperating thoſe who practiſe it; to inſtill the principles of liberty without being an enemy to lawful authority; and, in a word, to teach Mankind to be virtuous, and, by that means, to be happy; are circumſtances of ſo noble and exalted a nature, that they cannot want the approbation of my lord CHESTERFIELD.

I am,

My LORD,

23 OC 62

Your LORDSHIP'S

Moſt humble

And obedient Servant,

The Tranſlator.

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PREFACE

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PREFACE.

I Shall not tell my reader, how cuſtomary ſoever it be with authors, that a friend of mine having, by ſome means or other, got a copy of this work into his hands, was juſt going to publiſh it; when, upon timely information received of the danger I was expoſed to of having my elucubrations printed from imperfect tranſcripts, I thought it more eligible to publiſh it myſelf: becauſe in all this there is not one word of truth; and beſides the artifice is now grown too ſtale. The caſe is, I have a kind of turn for moral philoſophy; now as the itch of reducing all our thoughts, whether good or bad, into a book, is the epidemic diſorder of the age, the contagion has ſeized me; and I have ſet myſelf to moralize methodically by chapters. The motive that determined me is, if you will, ſelf-love, for it would be in vain to deny it; however it is joined with another more noble incentive, which is the love of virtue. Inflamed with an apoſtolic

zeal in her cauſe, I ſhould be glad to render all my readers virtuous. In this I am well convinced I ſhall not ſucceed; but could I be ſure of making only one proſelyte out of a thouſand, tho' the profeſſion of an author were ever ſo laborious, ſtill I would do nothing elſe but write books, and all on the ſame ſubject.

I beg the reader will conſider the title of this work, and not require more of me than I promiſed. The ſubject I treat of is Manners: *religion falls under my conſideration, only as it contributes to morality: now, as natural religion is ſufficient for this purpoſe, I go no further. I would have a Mahometan read this tract as well as a Chriſtian: I write for the four parts of the world.*

Some, perhaps, would have thought it more modeſt, had I given this work the title of Moral Eſſays; *but this would have been imitating a Divine of the laſt century: now I declare I have no deſign to interfere with any of thoſe Gentlemen. As for the title of* Moral Reflections, *I could not pretend to venture upon it: 'tis a title too much decried theſe five and thirty years; I had no ambition of being ranked among the number of prohibited authors. I might indeed have called it,* An Eſſay on Manners; *but not to mention that our booksellers ſhops are already over-ſtocked with* Eſſays; *methinks 'tis a ſhocking piece of incivility to tell the public, we want to make an eſſay at their expence; whoever ſets out for a place, ought firſt to be ſure of his way. I have therefore given*

given it the plain title of Manners; *becauſe here I deſcribe the manners of men both as they really are, and as they ought to be.*

I proteſt (as it becomes an author, who attempts to draw characters) againſt any key that may be invented, in order to charge me with malicious applications. To ſay that I had no body at all in view, would be telling a falſity, and even an idle falſity, becauſe I ſhould not obtain credit. I have drawn all my pictures from nature, otherwiſe I ſhould have run the risk of painting imaginary beings: but I have not pointed out diſtinctly any of my originals; their names are an impenetrable ſecret, which I reſerve to myſelf in petto. *The ſtrokes I have uſed in the vicious characters are taken from vicious men: but the number of people of that ſtamp is ſufficient to deter any man from applying his conjectures to individuals.*

In ſeveral places I have been ſatisfied with ſketching a vice, without entering into a more particular deſcription of its deformity; and thus have left the picture to ſpeak for itſelf. Had I drawn after Virgil *the enormous chief of the* Cyclops, *would there be any occaſion to add, that* Polyphemus *is a hideous monſter? The ſame I have done in reſpect to the virtues: I have frequently repreſented their ſeveral graces and beauties, without loading the diſtinguiſhing ſtrokes with tedious panegyrics.*

When I laid down thoſe maxims of morality, which are reſpected even by vicious men, I did not

think it neceſſary to put myſelf to the trouble of ſupporting them with proofs. Is there any occaſion to demonſtrate that calumny, falſe witneſs, and perfidy, are crimes?

In the courſe of this work I have endeavoured rather to touch the heart, than to pleaſe the fancy: firſt, becauſe the former was more eaſy to me than the latter; and ſecondly, becauſe the ſcience of manners is, in its nature, the ſcience of the heart. When an author's deſign is to correct depraved morals, it is more adviſeable to ſtrike at the paſſions, than to pleaſe the imagination; for even to convince the underſtanding is not the principal thing. This conſideration perhaps induced the celebrated Mr. Dacier * *to expreſs himſelf thus in a truly chriſtian ſtrain:* It is unbecoming the majeſty of God to prove the neceſſity, juſtice, or truth of what he commands: he powerfully influences the heart to love his commandments, and this is more than proving them. *I could wiſh it was alſo in my power to make virtue beloved; ſhe would not then have a ſingle enemy in the world.*

If any of my readers ſhould happen to tell me ſincerely, that I have wrote a good book, he would doubtleſs flatter my vanity: but I ſhould be much better pleaſed, were he to tell me alſo, that I had inſpired him with the love of morality.

23 OC 62

* In his Preface to *Plato.*

Sa. Christian

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE. ON VIRTUE.

The common acceptation of the word A MAN OF HONOUR. *Difference between a man of honour, and a virtuous man. What is underſtood by manners. Not to regulate our manners by imitation. Definition of virtue. Whether man, or even God himſelf, can make or deſtroy virtue. Which is the moſt immutable law. The idea of virtue ingraved on the heart of man in indelible characters. Different ſorts of laws: which are thoſe that promote, and thoſe that are oppoſite to virtue: whether the latter can deſtroy the ſeeds of it in hearts truly virtuous. Diviſion of this work into three parts.*

LET us leave the character of a *Man of Honour*, to thoſe who are ſatisfied with it; 'tis purchaſed at too low a price to create any jealouſy in noble ſouls. A good ſtock of aſſurance, an eaſy fortune,

and popular vices, are all that conſtitute our modern *man of honour:* Virtue has nothing to do in the caſe.

Nor does this title of *honour* deſerve more reſpect in the female ſex: all that Egle has done to obtain it, is not letting every body know that ſhe deals in gallantry and intrigue.

And yet, tho' eaſy it may ſeem for either ſex to merit this title, in the limited ſignification which cuſtom has determined, ſtill were we to make a diligent reſearch, how many uſurpers ſhould we find that have unjuſtly invaded it?

A wretch, oppreſſed by indigence, ſtops a traveller upon the highway, and takes or demands his purſe: this is a man void of *honour*, and, if you doubt of it, the gallows will determine the queſtion.

But let us ſuppoſe a ſucceſsful extortioner, who has enriched himſelf by the neceſſities of the ſtate; let him have a magnificent palace, a numerous equipage, and a pompous title: tho' he ſports with the public diſtreſs, and his fortune is raiſed on the ruins of five hundred families; he is ſtill *a man of honour*, becauſe he is rich, and riots on the public ſpoils with impunity.

Behold a beautiful young woman, that diſplays, perhaps beyond the bounds of decency, the charms ſhe has received from nature; and heightens them by all the elegance of attire,

attire, by flowers, paint, and patches; but ſhe is on foot, and has never a ſervant to attend her: therefore ſhe muſt be a woman of *no honour*, and as ſuch every one points at her.

Two ſteps from her another woman paſſes in the very ſame dreſs, but drawn by ſix ſtately courſers in a mourning chariot: this is a woman of honour, a lady of the firſt diſtinction.

All the *men of honour*, put together, are not worth one virtuous man. The former derive their titles only from their proſperity, opulence, and intereſt: take away theſe feeble ſupports, and their honour will undergo the ſame revolutions as their fortune. The ſame term in French ſignifies, an unfortunate man, and a man void of honour: they are both called *mal-heureux*, or * *wretches*; and in fact, taking honour only in the common acceptation, what elſe are our men of *honour*, when once the charm of their grandeur is vaniſhed?

As for the virtuous man, 'tis manners that form his titles; titles of the greateſt ſolidity, to which adverſity, far from making any diminution, adds a new luſtre. The Aſſyrian miniſter, the enemy of the Jewiſh nation, loſes his honour together with his life.

* This remark may be applied to our Engliſh word, *wretch*; which ſignifies as well an unfortunate man, as a man void of honour.

But I eſteem *Fouquet* in his diſgrace; and *Saint Lewis* I revere in his fetters.

But ſome perhaps will aſk me, What I mean by manners: 'tis a conduct, I anſwer, regulated by the knowledge and love of virtue. I ſay the knowledge and love; for, for want of knowing virtue, we imbibe the manners of the vulgar; and, for want of loving it, we acquire only the manners of the great; that is, none at all. In order to love virtue, we ſhould know it; and, when once we love it, we ſhall infallibly practiſe it.

But do not form your idea of virtue upon the model of Cleobulus, Philemon, or any other particular perſon whom you imagine virtuous. Example is a dangerous rule, which ſeldom fails to miſlead thoſe who are blindly directed by it. 'Tis with examples as with counſels; in order to improve by them, we ought to have knowledge enough to fix their right value. Bad examples are prejudicial, inaſmuch as they lead to the practice of vice; but even good examples are ſometimes detrimental, as they confine us in the practice of virtue. For if thoſe whom you propoſe to imitate, are not models in every reſpect, (and where can you find any ſuch?) you muſt neceſſarily, by imitating them, and even frequently by ſurpaſſing them, remain in a ſtate of imperfection and mediocrity. This is, without doubt, the reaſon

why

why the Legiſlator of the Chriſtians did not ſay: "imitate ſuch an apoſtle, ſuch an anchoret, ſuch a king, ſuch a father of a family; *but be perfect as your heavenly father is perfect.*" There is no ſuch thing as attaining to ſublimity by imitation, unleſs the model propoſed be inimitable.

Theophilus is a pious man; he ſighs continually after heaven, and has no other deſire than that of enjoying God: but the contempt he has for earthly poſſeſſions, extends itſelf to all the inhabitants of the earth. Except the little circle of the elect that viſit him, and are improved by his converſe, all the reſt of mankind are profane worldlings in his eyes, wretches whom God hates, and who ought conſequently to be the object of his averſion. You imagine, perhaps, to become a ſaint by imitating Theophilus: but, inſtead of that, you would become ſupercilious, fierce, and inhuman, incapable of affection, indulgence, or pity, a bad father, a bad huſband, and, which is ſtill worſe, incorrigible in all your faults, becauſe you would look upon them as ſo many virtues.

Cleanthes is a man of honour, as incapable of a mean action, as of a heinous crime: but he is harſh and ſevere, always in a bad humour with mankind, conſtantly ready to think ill of others, hardly willing to allow

even the good which he ſees in them; and more diſpleaſed, perhaps, with the proſperity than with the crimes of the wicked. Are you deſirous of reſembling Cleanthes? If you are, you will be a moroſe and unſociable wretch; uſeleſs friend to virtue, ſo as to render it rather diſpleaſing than amiable; in fine, you will paſs for a man that has taken up with virtue, merely from a ſpirit of contradiction.

Damis is a perſon of quite another ſtamp: he has an univerſal friendſhip for mankind; he never contradicts any man; but is of every body's opinion, even when they are oppoſite to each other. He would be a moſt reſolute ſtickler for virtue, were he to converſe only with the virtuous. He has not the courage to be a villain; neither will he ever have ſpirit enough to blame thoſe that are. Surely you do not propoſe to take Damis for your model? For, after you had copied him exactly, you would be only an inſipid, complaiſant fool, with a weak head, and diſſembling heart, bluſhing to be an honeſt man when in company with knaves, as much as you would be aſhamed to be a knave when in company with honeſt men.

Ye youthful beauties, who, from your inexperience, and early ſenſibility to the impreſſions of love, are expoſed to ſuch dangers at firſt ſetting out in the world; I hear Themira

Themira propoſed to you as a perfect model of chaſtity. I do not pretend to queſtion her virtue; ſome chaſte women there are without doubt; Boileau reckoned no leſs than three; and, were we even to take two off the number, Themira might perhaps be this Phœnix. But take heed you do not imitate her in any thing elſe but this ſingle point; ſhe thinks that chaſtity ſupplies the place of all other virtues, and that, provided ſhe is faithful to her huſband, ſhe has a right to indulge her capricious and clamorous humour, to tyrannize over her children, to worry her domeſtics, to ridicule, ſlander, and cheat at cards. By forming yourſelves after her model, there is no doubt but you would be women of *honour*; but the queſtion is, would you be women of *merit*? If any one has reaſon to commend the virtue of Themira, 'tis ſurely her huſband: but, alas! how dearly he pays for this virtue!

We frequently meet with examples of this nature, which ſtrike at firſt ſight: ſome ſhining part in a perſon's character gains our approbation, and prepoſſeſſes us in his favour: ſuch a one, we are apt to ſay, is certainly a virtuous man. Not at all: a man is not virtuous for practiſing a ſingle virtue, he muſt practiſe them all. Hell is full of the half-virtuous: and, if you have not the true touch-ſtone to diſtinguiſh the pure metal from the baſe, you

run a riſk of augmenting the number. Now this touch-ſtone is the knowledge of virtue.

But what is *virtue?* 'Tis a conſtant fidelity in diſcharging the duties dictated by *reaſon.* And what is reaſon itſelf? 'Tis a portion of the divine wiſdom, with which the Creator has adorned our minds, in order to inſtruct us in our duties.

Still you will aſk me, What are thoſe duties? From whence do they ariſe? By what law are they preſcribed?

I anſwer, that the law which preſcribes them is the immutable will of God, to which we are by right reaſon adviſed to conform; and that in this conformity virtue conſiſts. No law that has begun with time, or is liable to loſe its obligatory force, can conſtitute virtue; the Creator did not originally ſubject mankind to the new yoke which this law impoſes; but he certainly made them to be virtuous.

Sovereigns may publiſh or abrogate laws; but they can neither make nor deſtroy virtue. And how, indeed, ſhould they be able to do what is even impoſſible to God, virtue being as immutable in its nature, as the divine will that gives it exiſtence?

The laws of princes oblige their ſubjects to pay certain duties and ſubſidies; they forbid them to export particular merchandizes out of the kingdom, or to introduce foreign com-

commodities. The conforming to thoſe laws makes obedient ſubjects; but does it render them virtuous men? Would any one ſeriouſly boaſt of having one virtue the more, for not having dealt in chintz? Or were the prince to aboliſh thoſe laws, which he has a right to do, would any one ſay he had aboliſhed virtue?

The ſame it is in reſpect to all poſitive laws; they all had a beginning, they are all liable to exceptions, diſpenſations, and even may be aboliſhed. None, but the law ingraved on our hearts by the hand of the Creator, is indiſpenſable in reſpect to all men, and all times.

"But the human heart, you will ſay, is "like the ocean, perpetually agitated by the "flux and reflux of a thouſand impetuous "paſſions, which one moment agree, and "the next are at variance. To ingrave laws "on the heart of man, is ingraving them "not even on the lighteſt ſand, but on the "moſt rolling wave. What eyes are ſuffi-"ciently piercing to diſcern thoſe ſacred "characters?

Mere rhetorical declamation! Whenever theſe characters are undiſcerned, this proceeds from our own negligence, and not from the weakneſs of our ſight; or, if ever they ſeem quite effaced, it is only for an inſtant.

There

There are two diſtinct regions in the heart: one is an iſle juſt raiſed above the edge of the water; the other is the water itſelf that bathes the iſle. The firſt has a ſmooth, hard, and white ſurface, like a table of the fineſt Parian marble. 'Tis on this ſurface that the ſacred precepts of the law of nature are ingraved. Near theſe characters ſtands a youth in a reſpectful attitude, with his eyes fixt on the inſcription, which he reads again and again with a loud voice: this is the genius of the iſle; and is called *the Love of Virtue.* As for the water which ſurrounds the iſle; it is indeed ſubject to a frequent flux and reflux: the ſofeſt zephyr is ſufficient to throw it into motion; and, as ſoon as it is agitated, it foams, ſwells, and roars. Then it riſes above the inſcription, the characters are no longer legible, nor can the voice of the genius be heard. But this tempeſtuous agitation is ſoon ſucceeded by a calm, the ſurface of the iſle emerges fairer than ever from the deep, and the genius reſumes his employment.

As long as you ſuppoſe men obliged to practiſe the law of nature, you muſt ſuppoſe at the ſame time that they know it. What would you ſay of a tyrannical prince, who would inſiſt upon his orders being obeyed, without ever giving himſelf the trouble to render them public? The moſt deſpotic monarchs

monarchs never puſh their capriciouſneſs ſo far. Can there be therefore two ſorts of juſtice, one for God, and the other for man? Or ſhall we ſay that God, the tendereſt of fathers, is leſs equitable than a tyrant?

" But 'tis the Divine Juſtice, you ſay, that " leaves men in obſcurity and blindneſs. " Their own crimes have extinguiſhed the " light of nature within their minds; they " can therefore blame none but themſelves " for their ignorance."

Well: let us ſuppoſe that they have ever ſo much merited this pretended blindneſs, yet, ſince they have been puniſhed with it, they are under an incapacity of performing their duty. But ſtill the obligation does not ceaſe; and can we really ſay that God is infinitely juſt and good, when he requires of them what they do not ſo much as know they are obliged to perform! Suppoſe I charged my ſervant with a meſſage; inſtead of following my orders, he idled away his time at ſome rough kind of play, and broke his leg. 'Tis true, he committed a fault, and I might with juſtice reſent it: but were I to inſiſt upon his going of another errand, before his leg was ſet, what kind of character would you beſtow on me?

Even to you yourſelf I appeal, you who ſtrive to eſtabliſh this abſolute ignorance of the

the law of nature. Doubtleſs it has been frequently your caſe, to have violated ſome of the articles of this law; and theſe violations, you muſt own, have been attended with remorſe: I conclude therefore againſt you, that you are no ſtranger to that law.

Tho' all men without exception were knaves, ſtill I ſhould be perſuaded that they have a knowledge of virtue, provided there were hypocrites among them; for hypocrites, tho' knaves themſelves, bear teſtimony nevertheleſs to the divine law which they tranſgreſs, by pretending to conform to it.

The law, ſays Cicero *, *is not a human invention, nor an arbitrary eſtabliſhment made by the people, but the expreſs image of the eternal reaſon that governs the univerſe. The outrage which Tarquin offered to Lucretia, was not the leſs criminal, becauſe there was no written law among the Romans at that time againſt ſuch ſort of violence. Tarquin tranſgreſſed againſt the eternal*

* *Hanc igitur video ſapientiſſimorum fuiſſe ſententiam, legem neque hominum ingeniis excogitatam, nec ſcitum aliquod eſſe populorum, ſed æternum quiddam, quod univerſum mundum regeret, imperandi, prohibendique ſapientia —— nec ſi regnante Tarquinio nulla erat Romæ ſcripta lex de ſtupris, idcirco non contra illam legem ſempiternam Sex. Tarquinius vim Lucretiæ, Tricipitini filiæ, attulit. Erat enim ratio profecta a rerum natura, & ad recte faciendum impellens, & a delicto avocans quæ non tum denique incipit lex eſſe, cum ſcripta eſt, ſed tum cum orta eſt; orta autem ſimul eſt cum mente divina. Quamobrem lex vera atque princeps, apta ad jubendum & ad vetandum, ratio eſt recta ſummi Jovis*, Cic. de legibus lib. 2. §. 4.

law,

law, which was a law at all times, and not merely from the firſt inſtant it was written. Its origin is as ancient as the divine Spirit; for the true primitive, and ſupreme law, is the right reaſon of the great Jupiter. And in another place he ſays: * *This law, being founded in nature, is univerſal, eternal, immutable; it does not vary according to times and places; it is the ſame to-day as yeſterday. The ſame immortal law rules all nations, becauſe there is only one God, who is the author of it.*

Let this therefore be laid down as an inconteſtable maxim, that the laws of morality are impreſſed in deep characters on our minds. Violent paſſions indeed will ſometimes conceal them; but they can never efface them, becauſe they are indelible.

There is another, and much leſs ſuſpected obſtacle, which hinders us ſometimes from diſcerning thoſe characters: 'tis a multitude of laws of an inferior order, which we learn from our earlieſt infancy, and to which we are apt to give the ſame rank in our eſteem, as to that primitive law which determines our eſſential obligations.

* *Eſt quidem verò lex, recta ratio, naturæ congruens, diffuſa in omnes, conſtans, ſempiterna ——— nec erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia poſthac; ſed & omnes gentes, & omni tempore una lex, & ſempiterna, & immortalis continebit; unuſque erit communis quaſi magiſter & imperator omnium Deus, ille legis hujus inventor, diſceptator, lator.* Cic. in frag. de Rep. *apud Lactantium.*

Laws

Laws may be of various ſorts: ſome promote virtue, others are indifferent about it, and others are oppoſite to it.

In the firſt claſs are all thoſe innate laws I have been ſpeaking of, laws known by all men, and adopted by almoſt all the religions in the world. Revere theſe laws from the bottom of your heart; and you will ſurely improve in virtue.

With reſpect to thoſe of the ſecond claſs, ſuch as in different religions regulate the external form of divine worſhip, tho' they may not contribute directly to the progreſs of virtue, yet they do not, generally ſpeaking, obſtruct it. But they may be abuſed; and abuſed they really are, if, in competition with thoſe of the firſt claſs, we give them the preference. The law of nature is the eldeſt law, to which all religions of later date ought, as younger ſiſters, to give way. 'Tis the ignorance of this maxim that produces ſo much bigotry and ſuperſtition.

Orgon's only companion was his daughter Philothea. He happened one day to fall into a ſwoon: and his daughter made him ſmell to ſome Hungary water, which gave him no relief. Mean while, the hour of evening ſervice approaches; Philothea recommends her father to God and to her maid, takes her capuchine and her prayer-book, and hurries away to church. The ſervice was long, for it

it concluded with the * *benediction of the ſacrament*. Orgon dies without aſſiſtance, and no one ſo much as perceived he was expiring. Had he been put to bed, and properly looked after, the accident might have had no bad conſequence. Orgon would have been ſtill living, had his daughter miſſed the *benediction*. But Philothea imagined that the ſound of the bell was the voice of God, and that it was doing an heroic action to prefer the orders of heaven to the cries of blood: wherefore upon her return ſhe made a generous ſacrifice to God of her father's life, and thought her devotion ſo much the more meritorious, as it was bought at ſo dear a purchaſe.

Lais has proſtituted her charms all her life to the higheſt bidder; yet ſhe has ſtill ſufficient remains to form new conqueſts; and depend upon it, ſhe will neglect no opportunity of improving that advantage. However her manner of life diſturbs her repoſe, and ſhe intends one day or other to make an honourable retreat. In the mean while, in order to eaſe the qualms of her conſcience, ſhe orders a maſs to be ſaid every ſaturday in honour of the bleſſed virgin.

* The French word *ſalut* is rendered, by the Engliſh Roman Catholics, *the benediction of the Sacrament*; the Prieſt, at the end of evening ſervice, bleſſing the people with the hoſt.

But

But nothing throws ſo great an obſcurity on the ideas of virtue, which nature at our firſt formation engraved on our minds, as the falſe dogmas, or political laws, that are contrary to the purity of the law of nature. Theſe laws we have found eſtabliſhed at our coming into the world; they are ſtamped with the venerable ſeal of religion, or of the ſupreme authority. How then is it poſſible to ſuſpect that what they command is criminal, or what they forbid is virtuous?

A young Spartan, who had been dextrous enough to commit a theft without being caught in the fact, far from thinking it criminal, valued himſelf the more for his ingenuity. If he enjoyed the ſtolen favors of a married woman, 'twas a licit gallantry, a gallantry authorized by the cuſtoms of his country, and the example of thundering Jove.

How many, even civilized nations, have carried their religious barbarity ſo far, as to ſacrifice human victims to the deity! And, were we not to bridle fanatic zeal, God, the the very God of the Chriſtians, would every day ſee his altars ſmoak with the blood of ſuch victims. May he have forgot the horrible ſacrifices of this kind, that were offered to him by the bigotted zeal of our anceſtors!

As long as a crime paſſes for an offence againſt the civil government, we need not apprehend its conſequence, the criminal ſeldom thinks himſelf innocent: but if it has the encouragement of a law, or of a cuſtom univerſally received; then it makes the moſt dangerous impreſſion on the mind, not only ſtripping it of its innocence, but, which is ſtill a thouſand times worſe, rendering it incapable to repent.

'Tis but an inconſiderable advantage to vice, to draw only a few followers into her party; but when ſhe ſupplants virtue, and uſurps that ſacred name, then ſhe completely triumphs.

What muſt then become, you will ſay, of this innate ſcience of morality, when thus buried under the trophies of vice? The ſame as becomes of the ſun overcaſt with a cloud: he ſtill ſhines enough to illuminate thoſe who have their eye-ſight perfect. A general corruption of morals is indeed an encouragement to the wicked; but it does not infect a ſincere and upright heart: and thoſe who are carried away by the torrent, would ſtart back with horror at the ſight of the dreadful abyſs into which they are ready to fall, were their paſſions huſhed but one moment, to let them hear the internal voice that calls them back.

I doubt

I doubt not, but ſome of the Lacedemonians refrained from theft, tho' it was permitted by their laws: and ſure I am, that at Rome, where, as well as at Sparta, a luſtful Jove was adored, they looked upon adultery as a crime.

The honeſt man as well as the knave, and the ſage even more than the fool, are ready to comply with eſtabliſhed cuſtoms in every thing that is not inconſiſtent with virtue: but an immoral man is even pleaſed to ſee her credit diminiſh.

Irene was born of illuſtrious but unfortunate parents. 'Twas her fate to be exiled in her infancy to a convent: there the generous ſeeds of virtue, which were implanted in her heart, being cultivated by ſkilful hands, daily increaſed and improved. When the arbiter of human viciſſitudes ſaw her ſufficiently guarded by ſettled precepts of wiſdom, againſt the temptations of example, grandeur, and bewitching pleaſures; he raiſed her, by an unexpected turn of his providence, to a much ſublimer rank than that of her anceſtors, and placed her on the moſt ſplendid theatre in the univerſe: a dangerous ſituation for a leſs ſolid virtue! Irene is an unſkaken rock: environed with flatterers, ſhe is humble; in the center of tumult, ſhe is retired; in an air infected with irreligion, her piety never ſlackens; under

under the pompous ſplendour of the moſt coſtly attire, her countenance is graced with modeſty; round her, reign diſſimulation, falſhood, and treachery; on her lips are ſeated candour, rectitude, and ſincerity. True it is, therefore, that the torrent of example has no hold of a heart, whoſe principles are truly virtuous.

Let young Chloe be placed on the ſame theatre: the licentiouſneſs which there reigns uncontrouled, far from alarming her, juſt ſuits her taſte; the behaviour of thoſe about her is ſuch as ſhe would chuſe to follow; more reſerve would be a pain to her. Were you acquainted with Chloe's hiſtory, you would not be afraid of her being corrupted by bad example: her natural taſte for pleaſure had anticipated the ill effects of example, and her education had contributed only to ſtrengthen that taſte.

We ought therefore to attribute the actual ignorance of our duty, and the corruption of our manners, to no other cauſe but to the violence of our paſſions. Let us ſilence theſe for an inſtant, and then the voice of reaſon will infallibly be heard. Let us comply with her tender invitations: ſhe waits only for our own conſent to make us happy.

"But what does reaſon ſay? What does ſhe "require of us? What are we to do?

Love

Love God, love yourſelf, love your fellow-creatures; theſe are all your obligations. From the firſt proceeds piety; from the ſecond wiſdom; and the third produces all the ſocial virtues.

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MANNERS.

MANNERS.

PART I.

Of PIETY.

Whether it be a ſubject that properly belongs to philoſophy. Definition of the word Philoſophy. Exiſtence and attributes of the Deity. Falſe notions concerning the Deity. Diviſion of this firſt part.

SOME, perhaps, will imagine it is not the province of a philoſopher to give lectures on piety. This may be excuſable in ſuch, as make this virtue conſiſt in the practice of external worſhip: but as to thoſe who, in conjunction with me, conſider it as a natural ſentiment of love, reverence, and gratitude towards God, I ſee no reaſon why they ſhould deny a philoſopher the liberty of treating of it. Whatever does not ex-

ceed the ſphere of reaſon, and the light of nature, is certainly a proper ſubject of philoſophical examination.

Multitudes of people are frightened at the word Philoſopher; becauſe there are very few that underſtand the true meaning of it.

Among the Greeks and Romans, but eſpecially the former, philoſophers were men of ſome tolerable repute; men who were conſidered as worthy of reſpect for their penetration of mind, and extent of knowledge.

But with us this term does not convey the ſame idea. Philoſophers, in the college language, are perſons dreſſed in long ſleeved gowns, and taſſeled caps; who bring up youth in the art of darkening their reaſon by argumentation, of giving an air of demonſtration to meer hypotheſes, and of converting evidence into problem.

Theſe are not the philoſophers who are looked at with fear or terror; they are conſidered as people of no conſequence, and not even worth the trouble of cenſuring.

But there is another ſort, who wear neither gown nor cap, who ſincerely aſſent to clear and certain propoſitions, and as ſincerely queſtion thoſe that are obſcure and uncertain.

Aſk the vulgar, what they think of a philoſopher of this ſtamp: they will ſay, he is a fantaſtical fellow, who controuls all our actions, who treats moſt of our opinions as prejudices, who believes neither ſpirits nor witches, and perhaps does not even believe a God.

Put this ſame queſtion to a man of ſenſe; a philoſopher, he will reply, is a perſon who examines before

fore he believes, and thinks before he acts; who of course, when he has once determined, is firm in his belief, and steady in his conduct.

'Tis undoubtedly among men of this character that we meet with true and solid piety: Who then are more capable of describing it, than those in whose hearts it is deeply ingraved? And indeed 'tis to such philosophers as those that I am indebted for the notions of piety, which I am going to lay before my reader.

The existence of a Deity is, I think, a truth, which a multitude of arguments would contribute only to obscure, and seldom controverted but in the schools. Those who doubt of it, if any such there be, are to be pitied; their very doubt shews their intellects are not sound, and that the demonstrations, designed for their conviction, would be to no manner of purpose.

The human mind has as general and uniform an idea of the supreme perfections of God, as of his existence. We know he is possessed of every perfection of an intelligent being, in an infinite extent, and without any allay of imperfection; that his majesty, wisdom, goodness, justice, and power are unlimited. This we know; and yet there are some dangerous sophists, who presume to draw a strange picture of this amiable being.

The wicked man, it seems, in David's time, said in his heart "there is no God:" but now he is cured of atheism, and acknowledges indeed a Deity, but one of Epicurus's stamp; an idle and disdainful Deity, who, for fear of being disturbed, does not concern himself about the affairs of this lower world; who is neither offended with the iniquity of man, nor honoured with his homage; who leaves us, in fine,

at full liberty to act a ſhort-lived character on earth, which is to terminate at length in our utter annihilation. This haughty Divinity, putting his rational creatures on the ſame level with brutes, has neither puniſhments for vice, nor rewards for virtue; we are only a parcel of mean automata in his eyes, whoſe underſtanding and activity entirely conſiſt in a happy mechaniſm; and, like thoſe bubbles which are formed by a ſhower of rain upon the ſurface of the water, we appear on earth in one inſtant only to diſappear the next.

Such a Deity, indeed, is well adapted to thoſe who conſider the practice of morality as a grievous yoke: he has no exception to make againſt their vices and impiety, and, as he promiſes them nothing, nothing he demands.

But this is not my God: mine has created the univerſe, and drawn me out of nothing: all the advantages I enjoy, with regard to body and mind, I derive from him: 'tis he that watches for my preſervation, and provides for my felicity. For his goodneſs I owe him love; for his favours, gratitude; and homage for his majeſty.

CHAP. I.

Of the Love we owe to God.

There is no ſuch thing as diſintereſted love. Whether God loves mankind. Compariſon between divine and profane love. Characters common to both. Falſe notions of the love of God: the love

love of God is ſhewn by obeying his commandments, not by doing what he does not command. 'Tis judging wrong of God's commandments, to imagine we cannot love him but by hating ourſelves. Our converſion to God, tho' occaſioned by a diſreliſh of the world, may be ſincere and durable. Tranſition from vice to virtue. God is virtue itſelf: the love of virtue is the love of God.

THERE is no ſuch thing as diſintereſted love. Whoſoever firſt ſuppoſed it poſſible for us to love a perſon merely for that perſon's ſake, underſtood very little of the nature of affection. Love ariſes only from the relation between two objects, one of which contributes to the other's happineſs. Let the Quietiſt love his God, at the very inſtant his inexorable juſtice commits him to the fury of eternal flames: this is refining too much on the notion of divine love.

Thoſe perfections of God, from whence nothing reſults to our advantage, may raiſe indeed our admiration, and fill us with reſpect; but can no way inſpire us with love. 'Tis not merely becauſe he is almighty, great, or wiſe, that I love him: no, 'tis becauſe he is good; becauſe he himſelf loves me, and every moment gives me convincing proofs of his affection. Were he not to love me, what would his omnipotency, grandeur, and wiſdom ſignify to me? He could do every thing, but would do nothing for me: his ſupreme majeſty would only ſerve to render me mean and contemptible in his eyes; he would know how to make me happy, but would never concern himſelf about it. On the contrary, let him but

love me, and all his attributes become dear to me; his wiſdom will contrive proper meaſures for my happineſs; his omnipotence will ſurmount every obſtacle that may obſtruct it; and his ſupreme majeſty renders his love infinitely eſtimable.

Some will aſk, whether 'tis certain that God loves mankind: to which I anſwer, that the innumerable favours which he laviſhes upon us, ſet his love beyond all doubt. But, as this proof will be conſidered hereafter, I ſhall confine myſelf here to other arguments.

To aſk whether God loves mankind, is aſking whether he is good; which is queſtioning his very exiſtence. For how is it poſſible to conceive a God without goodneſs? And what goodneſs could he have, were he to hate his own handy-work, and to deſire the miſery of his creatures?

A good prince loves his ſubjects; a good father loves his children; we love even the tree we have planted, the houſe we have built: and is it poſſible for God not to love mankind! Where can ſuch a ſuſpicion riſe, except in the minds of thoſe who form a capricious and barbarous being of God; a being who makes a cruel ſport of the fate of mankind; a being who deſtines them, before they are born, to hell, reſerving one at moſt to himſelf in a million, who has no more merited that preference, than the others have deſerved their deſtruction? Impious blaſphemers, who endeavour to give me an averſion to God, by perſuading me that I am the object of his averſion!

You will ſay; he owes nothing to man. Well; but he owes ſomething to himſelf: he muſt neceſſarily be juſt and beneficent: his perfections do not depend on his own choice; he is neceſſarily what he

he is; he is either the moſt perfect of all beings, or he is nothing.

Beſides I know he loves me, by the very love I feel for him: 'tis becauſe he loves me that he has ingraved in my heart this ſentiment, the moſt precious of all his gifts. His love is the ſource of mine, as it ought to be, at the ſame time, a motive to it.

Give me leave, in order to convey an idea of the love of God, to deſcribe that love which devotees call profane. The parallel in itſelf has nothing indecent. Love is a vice only in vicious hearts. Fire, tho' ſo pure a ſubſtance, will yet emit unwholeſome and noxious vapours, when it is fed by tainted matter; ſo love, if it grows in a vicious mind, produces nothing but ſhameful deſires and criminal deſigns, and is followed with miſery, care, and vexation. But let it riſe in an upright heart, and be kindled by an object adorned with virtue as well as beauty, it is ſafe from cenſure; far from being offended, God then gives it his approbation. He has made amiable objects only that they might be loved. I choſe this for a model of the divine love; becauſe of all affections 'tis that which has the greateſt ſway over the mind.

Now let us ſee, what paſſes in the heart of a perſon deeply ſmitten with love? He hurries with impetuoſity towards the charming object; all his motions tend to approach it; whatever keeps or removes him from this object, is tormenting; he is afraid of giving it any diſpleaſure; he inquires into its taſte and inclinations, in order to comply with and gratify them; he likes to hear it commended; talks of it with ſatisfaction; and careſſes every thing, that renews the agreeable idea. Love, they ſay, gave birth to painting: and 'tis

love, without doubt, that firſt introduced the worſhip of relics; a ſingle hair of the object beloved is a favourite toy.

'Tis a miſtake to think there is an eſſential difference between this and divine love. We have but one way of loving; men love God and their miſtreſſes in the ſame manner; and theſe affections differ only in the diverſity of their objects and ends. Thus a pious man, filled with ſentiments towards God like thoſe of a paſſionate lover, would be glad to behold him, enjoy him, and be united to him; he thinks of him with delight, and ſpeaks of him with reverence; he ſtudies, meditates, and obſerves his laws; this is the proof as well as the effect of his love. For, if you love God, you will obey his commandments; and, if you obey them, you certainly love him.

Cleon leads a retired life; he has broke off all intercourſe with the world; he prays at ſtated hours, wears a coarſe habit, lives on vegetables, eats very little, impoſes frequent penances on himſelf, and ſees no women.

And yet I queſtion whether Cleon loves God. His virtues are merely the effect of caprice. He does a great many things which the law of God no where commands, and omits ſeveral things which it preſcribes.

Let Cleon come back again to ſociety; let him love and aſſiſt his fellow-creatures to the beſt of his power; let him endeavour to improve his mind, inſtead of aiming to deſtroy his body; let him pray rather with fervor than by rule; let him think every thing permitted that God has not forbidden; let him preach up virtue by his example, and have the courage

courage to practiſe it in public; then ſhall I be more eaſily perſuaded that he really loves God.

Mankind never confine themſelves to a juſt medium; but always run into extremes. The author of Chriſtianity ſaid to his diſciples, that he loves God who does what he commands: they have concluded therefore that it would be loving him ſtill more, to do more than he commands.

He requires men to pray to him, to honour him, and give him thanks: wherefore they have imagined that the ſublimity of perfection conſiſts in abſtaining from every other occupation. Hence ſuch a number of pious drones, who pretend they are intirely conſecrated to the divine ſervice; and whoſe life in reality is either criminal, or uſeleſs to ſociety.

He condemns a fond attachment to riches; they have conſequently ſuppoſed that it is a virtue to have nothing of their own. Hence ſuch a ſwarm of ſturdy beggars, thoſe waſps that live upon the ſubſtance of the induſtrious bees.

He forbids adultery, rapes, and debauchery: this prohibition has made them imagine that a perpetual continency would be extremely acceptable to him. 'Tis true they durſt not make of marriage a crime: but they have made (which amounts pretty near to the ſame) virginity a virtue: forgetting without doubt that their maſter curſed a fig-tree, merely becauſe it reſembled a virgin.

He blames, in fine, effeminacy and ſenſuality: in conſequence of which, they are tranſported with a kind of fury; arming themſelves with whips, ſcourges, and iron ſpikes; and lacerating their bodies in a cruel and unnatural manner, like the prieſts of Baal before Elijah. What could you do

worſe, wretched fanatics, had you choſen, for your God, that malignant ſpirit whom you call the devil?

A ſoldier is not allowed, either to exceed, or to fall ſhort of the orders given him by his commander; for which way ſoever he tranſgreſſes, the fault may prove equally dangerous, and is therefore equally deſerving of puniſhment.

So far is it from being true that we muſt hate ourſelves in order to love God, that, on the contrary, ſelf-hatred is inconſiſtent with divine love. Is it right we ſhould entertain ſentiments contrary to thoſe of God? He loves us; let us not therefore expect to pleaſe him by hating what he loves. He requires us to love our neighbours like ourſelves: can it be ſuppoſed by this that we ought to be the objects of our own averſion?

Let us rather ſubject the fleſh to the ſpirit, without deſtroying it. Let us be chaſte, but not deny ourſelves lawful pleaſures. Let us beware of the inordinate love of riches; but not neglect to provide for our wants. Let us raiſe our hearts frequently towards God; but let us likewiſe ſtretch out our hands to the wretch that implores our aſſiſtance.

This whimſical notion, that we cannot love God, without contradicting even the moſt innocent inſtincts of nature, is ſo generally received, that no one ever dreams of extolling the ſanctity of a perſon who makes his three meals a day, eats fiſh or fleſh indiſcriminately, wears a decent garment, lies on a feather-bed, has a tender affection for his wife, and delights to convince her of it; let him have ever ſo many virtues beſides, or perform ever ſo many good actions.

At

At Rome they canonize popes, anchorets, founders of religious orders, and, when they find nothing better, nameleſs ſkeletons: but they ſeldom confer this honour on a good father of a family, unleſs he happens to have been a king, or at leaſt the anceſtor of ſome crowned head.

There are ſome bigots who imagine, that, to love God as we ought, we muſt love nothing elſe; that he is jealous, and diſpleaſed that a huſband ſhould be fond of his wife, or a lover of his miſtreſs. They repreſent him like a whimſical huſband, who would eſteem it criminal in his wife to be fond of a canary-bird.

Thus, by ſpeculating and refining upon the notion of divine love, they have taken it into their heads, that there are none but very extraordinary perſons, who are capable of ſo elevated a ſentiment. Far are they from thinking that a man of ordinary virtue can attain to ſuch an eminence; nay it would be treated as blaſphemy among Chriſtians, to ſuppoſe a Turk capable of this ſacred affection.

Ariſtus at the age of thirty had a general acquaintance in the polite world; he was careſſed and courted by all that knew him; and his converſation formed the principal delight of every feaſt and entertainment. Now he is ſixty, his taſte is changed: he declines company, and frequents no other place but church, where he is beſt pleaſed when the ſervice is longeſt; he prays inceſſantly, and with fervor; and reflects with ſorrow on the time, when, engaged in the purſuit of pleaſure, he neglected his duty to God. This is, ſay ſome, becauſe, poor man, he begins to ſtoop; people generally grow devout at his age. I ſhould ſay the ſame, if Ariſtus, at the

time of his change, gave any other marks of weakneſs. But, if his good ſenſe be no way altered, I muſt conclude that this change is owing to his love of virtue, which has been improved ſince his paſſions have ſubſided with age: now the love of virtue is neceſſarily attended with piety. I do not make Ariſtus's piety conſiſt merely in going to church (for, were he a Mahometan, he would frequent the moſques; were he a Proteſtant, he would worſhip in Proteſtant churches; were he of the religion of Job or Enoch, he would pray indifferently in all places) but in the elevation of his heart towards God, and in all thoſe acts by which it is externally demonſtrated; acts that are regularly performed by Ariſtus.

When a woman, no longer adored by a crowd of lovers, takes up with a devout life, ſhe is apt to be charged with hypocriſy, and with mocking inſtead of honouring God. But why ſo? 'Tis true the deſertion of her lovers gives her a diſreliſh for the world; yet ſhe preſerves ſtill a tender heart, which, as it muſt tend towards ſome object, ſhe directs towards heaven. Beſides having been often told that 'tis much nobler to love God than the creatures, this ſentiment flatters her vanity; and, being convinced of the emptineſs of the world, ſhe is prompted perhaps to love God thro' a motive of ſelf-love. Little, however, does it ſignify by what inducements the heart is inclined to virtue, provided it embraces it with ſincerity and reſolution.

Valeria was beloved by a perſon of a diſtinguiſhed rank; a conqueſt which highly flattered her ambition. But he proves inconſtant, and places his affection on another lady. She cannot ſurely after this ever ſtoop to a lover of inferior quality. No, this would be too

too great a ſacrifice for her pride; wherefore ſhe inſtantly reſolves, and renounces all love and gallantry. This alteration, I confeſs, is at firſt the effect of ſpite and reſentment; but that does not ſignify; it contributes to cure the irregularity of her mind. Delivered from the dreadful gulf into which ſhe had plunged herſelf, ſhe will be better able to know its depth; and, tho' forced to virtue by deſpair, yet ſhe will find a pleaſure in purſuing it. Ceaſe once from the commiſſion of vice, and time will infallibly bring you to deteſt it.

We accuſtom ourſelves to behold the moſt ugly countenance without pain, by having it conſtantly before our eyes: but, if we happen to ſee it after many years abſence, we then diſcern its whole deformity. Vice is not agreeable at firſt ſight; the eye muſt be uſed to it. No one ever abandons himſelf to it without apprehenſion and fear; a fear like that of a perſon, who, dreading the coldneſs of the water in which he is going to bathe, at firſt only dips in his foot, next ventures his leg, 'till, advancing by degrees, he at length plunges his whole body. Thus a perſon who is guilty of betraying his truſt, muſt have committed many leſſer crimes, before he could attain to ſo conſummate a degree of villainy.

Should ſuch a one be ſo happy as to repent of his paſt folly, and take a different road from that which led him aſtray; he will proceed at firſt with uneaſineſs and pain, finding it ſteep and rugged, compared to that eaſy declivity which hurried him along to deſtruction. However, let him not be diſcouraged with his repugnance, but reſolutely perſiſt: a perſon who walks reluctantly, ſtill advances; and that which proves

proves at firſt ſight fatiguing to one of a delicate conſtitution, becomes at length an agreeable exerciſe, when, by uſe, he is grown more robuſt. His eyes will be at length opened to ſee vice in its real colours; and thus to ſee it, is enough to deteſt it. 'Tis by maſk and diſguiſe that vice allures us; and virtue, on the contrary, engages us by ſhewing herſelf unveiled. The more ſhe is known, the more ſhe is loved: we ſhould proſtrate ourſelves and adore her, were ſhe to appear in a viſible form; and ſo indeed would ſhe appear, were God to render himſelf viſible to mortal eyes. For he is the only being in whom virtue reſides in its full purity; nay, I queſtion whether any real difference can be aſſigned between God and virtue: a farther proof that to love virtue is loving God. No one, I fancy, will diſpute whether we ought to love virtue; how then can it be doubted whether we ought to love God? But there is no neceſſity to multiply arguments on this ſubject; truths of this nature need only be propoſed to us, to command our aſſent. 'Tis time to proceed now to the article of Gratitude.

CHAP. II.

Of the Gratitude due to God.

It is neceſſarily attended with love. Different relations under which we propoſe to conſider God in order to excite our Gratitude.

IN human life, love and gratitude are two diſtinct ſentiments. We may love a perſon without having ever received any favours from him; we may receive his favours without loving him; and, tho' loaded

loaded with benefits from his hands, we may yet not love him without being guilty of ingratitude.

But 'tis quite otherwiſe when theſe ſentiments have God for their object: our gratitude cannot be without love, nor our love without gratitude; becauſe God is both an amiable and beneficent being. That he is amiable, has been already proved; I have only therefore to ſhew he is beneficent.

You acknowledge yourſelf indebted to your mother for having brought you into the world; to your father for providing for your wants; to your inſtructors for having furniſhed your mind with uſeful knowledge; to your benefactors for their generous aſſiſtance; and finally to your friends for their attachment to your perſon: now God alone is really and indeed your *mother*, *father*, *inſtructor*, *benefactor*, and *friend*; and thoſe whom as ſuch you honour, are, properly ſpeaking, only the inſtruments of his goodneſs to you. In order to convince you more fully of this truth, let us conſider him a while under theſe different relations.

SECT. I.

God compared to a Mother.

He is more properly ſo by creating man, than a woman is by conception and delivery.

SYLVIA, grown ripe for wedlock, receives the addreſſes of a young, rich, and handſome lover. Sylvia bluſhes and likes him; and, tho' her youthful modeſty makes her heſitate a while, yet ſhe finds herſelf unable to reſiſt ſo many perfections, and ſhe yields to the impulſe of her inclination. A few words

words mumbled over by the prieſt make her a wife; and her huſband ſoon makes her a mother. Now what has ſhe done hitherto for the child whom ſhe has brought forth? The whole is the work of God. When he laid the foundations of the heavens and the earth, he had then this child in view, and diſpoſed from ſo remote a period a long chain of events, which were to terminate in his nativity. But this is not all; he likewiſe created him, by moulding that clay out of which he formed his firſt parent. The time being come for the opening of this bud, he was pleaſed to place it in Sylvia's womb, and took care himſelf to cheriſh and unfold it.

That this child ſhould honour, in due time, his mother, is what I have no objection againſt, nay what I adviſe him to; ſhe has ſuffered, if not for his ſake, at leaſt thro' him, the inconveniences of pregnancy, and the pains of child-birth. But let him carry his grateful acknowledgments ſtill higher, and not imitate thoſe ſuperſtitious idolaters, who, ſeeing the earth yearly covered with corn, fruits, and paſtures, ſtupidly worſhipped this blind inſtrument of the bounties of their Sovereign Lord, without ever thinking to praiſe the powerful arm from whence it derives its fecundity.

SECT. II.

SECT. II.

God conſidered as a Father.

He anſwers this character infinitely better than man.

GOD is likewiſe the father of mankind, much more ſo than each man in particular is the father of his children.

Let us wave here the ſhare which a father has in the birth of his ſon; for I do not ſee any gratitude due to him upon this account. His ſole aim was to gratify his own inclinations; and, if he deſerves thanks for this pretended benefit, he ought likewiſe to be thanked for the choice repaſts he has made, for the champain he has drunk, for the minuets he has danced, and, in ſhort, for all the pleaſures in which he has indulged himſelf.

'Tis not therefore the ſimple relation of a father, that gives a man a right over the hearts of his children; he has no juſt pretence of this kind, but inaſmuch as he diſcharges thoſe duties which nature has annexed to that relation.

What gratitude can a father claim from thoſe unfortunate victims, whom his relentleſs barbarity has doomed to the gloomy exile of a convent, only to ſwell the fortune of an elder brother?

What ſentiments of tenderneſs can ariſe in the breaſt of a ſon, towards a ſtern and tyrannical father, who never looks at him but with fury, never ſpeaks to him but in paſſionate terms, never inſtructs him but by menaces, and corrects him like an aſſaſſin and a murderer!

What

What an odd ſort of a father is Florimond! He lives like a ſtranger in his own houſe; he goes in and out, drinks, games, and ſaunters. Mean while his neglected children grow up to the age of maturity; happy indeed if they are of themſelves inclinable to virtue, if they attain to any acquirements, or think of ſettling in the world; for, as to his part, he never troubles his head about them. He ſaw them when they came into the world, and gave them his name, but ever ſince they have been the leaſt of his concern; he juſt knows them by ſight, and that is all.

But, ſince our buſineſs is to draw here a parallel between God and a father, let us chuſe, in order to render the diſproportion leſs enormous, the tendereſt and beſt of parents; and ſuch indeed was mine, whom I beg leave to propoſe for an example.

My father was of a genteel family, but of indifferent fortune. His tender care, however, and prudent œconomy, fixed me in a ſituation, in which I have no occaſion to envy the ſons of opulence. My diet was temperate, my apparel decent, and the ableſt maſters were charged with my inſtruction. He formed me to virtue rather by his example than by admoniſhments, ſo that had I deſired another father, and my deſires could have been accompliſhed, I muſt have been a loſer by the exchange.

My father took care of my ſubſiſtance, education, and manners; theſe are very reaſonable motives of gratitude. He did all he could for me, but it was God that gave him the power: for we ſhould always aſcend to this original ſource of bleſſings.

When my father watched for my preſervation, it was God that preſerved me; when he took care to inſtruct

inſtruct me, it was God that opened my underſtanding; and when he entertained me with the charms of virtue, 'twas God that excited me to love it.

SECT. III.

God conſidered as an Inſtructor.

He is more our Inſtructor than thoſe who are appointed our teachers, becauſe 'tis from him that all mankind derive originally their knowledge and abilities.

IF we come to compare thoſe maſters who direct and inſtruct us, to the eternal Truth from whence all our knowledge proceeds, I do not imagine they will be better able to ſtand the parallel. Tho' we ſhould ſuppoſe them more knowing than they really are, more certain of the doctrines they teach, freer from prejudice, more diſintereſted, and leſs paſſionate; yet how limited is their knowledge, if we reduce it, as we ought, to the ideas ariſing from certainty and evidence! Now theſe ideas, which alone are worthy of the name of knowledge, God has rendered common to all mankind; every one poſſeſſes them, and, by the help of reflection, may make them preſent to his mind. This induced ſome philoſophers to think that all learning and knowledge is obtained by reminiſcence.

The number of truths, at leaſt ſuch as are really uſeful, is not ſo great as people imagine; and, generally ſpeaking, 'tis nothing but indolence or prejudice that

that conceals them from us. And, tho' there may be ſome of a more abſtruſe nature, which are not diſcovered but by ſtudy and long application, yet we are not intirely indebted either to our teachers or to our own labour for the diſcovery. Theſe are treaſures which God has buried deeper than others, yet they as truly proceed from him; becauſe by ſearching we find them in our own minds, which are his handy-work. The labourer digs the mine, the philoſopher directs the work; but neither of them furniſh the gold which it contains.

SECT. IV.

God conſidered as a Benefactor.

Whether this title can be denied to him. What pretences thoſe, who are ungrateful to his benefits, alledge for their ingratitude. 1. *Whether the pretended diſorders which happen in the natural world, are inconſiſtent with the Divine providence.* 2. *The view which the Almighty ſeems to have had in ſubjecting the body to wants. Whether the unequal diſtribution of riches and honours be a real diſorder.* 3. *Whether the paſſions are vices in themſelves, or only by the bad uſe of them. How uſeful they may be. Whether it would be better, were man abſolutely maſter of his paſſions.*

SHOULD any one preſume to deny the title of Benefactor to the Deity, I write not for him, nor do I think myſelf obliged to diſpute with him. The light he enjoys, the air he breathes, and whatſoever

ſoever contributes to his preſervation or pleaſure, the heavens, the earth, and univerſal nature, deſigned for his uſe, bear witneſs againſt him, and ſufficiently confute him. That he thinks, ſpeaks, and acts, is intirely owing to the faculties he has received of God; and, were it not for that Providence againſt which he rebelliouſly riſes, he would never have exiſted, nor the earth have been loaded with the weight of ſo ungrateful a monſter.

True it is, we are pretty unanimous in owning that we are indebted to God for our exiſtence: but there are a great many who ſeem to undervalue this favour, in order to exempt themſelves from the duty of acknowledgment. Man is a querulous animal; if the weather proves dry, he would have it wet; and, if it rains, he would have it dry. He racks his mind with perpetual complaints and wiſhes, as if he beſt knew what was moſt conducive to his advantage. He exiſts, and is poſſeſſed of whatever is neceſſary to preſerve his exiſtence, as long as it pleaſes heaven to continue it. And yet this does not ſatisfy him; unthankful for a life which he reckons rather a burdenſome gift, he forgets all that God has done in his behalf, to complain of what he has omitted. His principal objections againſt providence are taken from the *diſorders* which happen in the *natural world*, from the *wants* and *appetites* of the *body*, and from the *irregular paſſions* of the *mind*.

Let us examine theſe objections ſingly, and try if we can juſtify the ways of God to man.

1. "A city is deſtroyed by an inundation; a cara-
"van is buried in the ſands; the earth opens, and
"ſwallows up whole towns; ſavage beaſts endanger
"human

" human lives; famine, peſtilence, and a thouſand " other terrible ſcourges, infeſt and deſtroy us."

But what is there in all theſe events, that exempts you from the gratitude due to God? Are you leſs loaded with his favours, becauſe Lima is deſtroyed? Have the fiery eruptions of mount Ætna or Veſuvius done you any harm? And, had theſe pretended diſorders reached even as far as you, the very worſt that could befall you, is death.

Now death is no evil of itſelf: 'tis only a paſſage that leads from this life to the next; and your happineſs or miſery in that future life depends intirely on your own conduct.

Do not judge of God from events, but judge rather of events from the idea you have of God. If in affairs ſubject to human direction diſorders happen, 'tis becauſe thoſe who are entruſted with the management of them, want power, integrity, or wiſdom. Now none of theſe perfections are wanting in God; and ſince 'tis he, without doubt, that governs the univerſe, how is it poſſible it ſhould be ſubject to real diſorders? Here are two ſeeming inconſiſtencies to be reconciled, the perfections of God with the apparent imperfection of his works. Now it is evident that God is juſt, wiſe, and omnipotent: but 'tis not evident, on the other hand, that what appears to us a diſorder is really ſuch, ſince God may have ends in view far above our comprehenſion. My buſineſs, therefore, is to decide the uncertain from what is certain, and to conclude that every thing is right and wiſely ordered.

2. With regard to the wants of the body, ſo far from giving me any reaſon to doubt of the divine good-

goodneſs, they afford me the moſt ſenſible marks of his paternal attention and care for mankind. I conſider them as uſeful avocations, by which he hinders us from applying ourſelves without interruption to labour, which otherwiſe would ſoon waſte and conſume us. But what I admire moſt is, that theſe apparent inconveniences are the ſource of all our pleaſures. We eat and drink with ſatisfaction, only when our appetites excite us by the importunity of their ſting.

The artiſan riſes and goes to work, excited merely by the hope of gain; his avarice would allow him no leiſure to relax, were not this deſire overpowered by the ſtronger demands of nature. But hunger obliges him to ſuſpend, at leaſt three times a day, his painful exerciſe. He obeys this imperious voice; and his fatigue ſharpens his appetite, which he ſatisfies with a reliſh unknown to the effeminacy and indolence of the great. With alacrity he returns to his hammer or file, and, with the ſweat and exerciſe of his body, procures another repaſt as ſweet and delicious as the preceding.

Who can ſufficiently extol thy bounties, O indulgent ſleep; thou who ſo powerfully repaireſt our exhauſted ſtrength; who charmeſt our inquietudes, diſpelleſt our blackeſt chagrins, and aſſwageſt our acuteſt pains! Had the nectar of the gods any virtues comparable to thine? The Nepenthe, ſo much extolled by Homer, was ſurely no more than a ſoporiferous draught. Into what a ſweet ſituation doſt thou not plunge the happy lovers, almoſt ſinking under the exceſs of pleaſure, when thou ſtretcheſt out to them thy friendly hand, and to their moſt lively tranſports

cauſeſt

cauſeſt a ſoft and voluptuous langour to ſucceed, which is rather a change than a diminution of delight?

Or ſhall the inſuperable inclination of one ſex towards the other be conſidered as a troubleſome want? I am ſenſible, indeed, that there are ſome to whom it is a torment: But why ſo? becauſe they are ſo fooliſh as to imagine there is a beauty in reſiſting it, and that 'tis unworthy a man to contribute to the propagation of his own ſpecies. But are we to blame God for this? Are we to place our whimſical notions and prejudices to his account? Let us deſcend rather to a level with other men, and without aſpiring to a pretended perfection, which is all a chimæra, let us condeſcend to ſatisfy this preſſing want; for this is the only rational way to get rid of its importunity.

A man of ſenſe, far from imagining that the vivacity of his paſſions, or even the oppoſitions he meets with and the difficulties he muſt ſurmount, are real evils and ſubjects of complaint, conſiders them, on the contrary, as deſigned to ſtimulate the ſenſe, and to heighten the reliſh of pleaſure. Take away all longings and obſtacles from enjoyment, and you'll ſtrip it of all its charms.

"Some, perhaps, will produce, as an objection "againſt providence, the unequal diſtribution of "riches. One, they will ſay, wallows in plenty, "while another ſtruggles with want."

This argument is built on a wrong principle; wherefore, as ſoon as we ſubvert its foundation, it will tumble to the ground. It proceeds on a ſuppoſition that riches are the only, or, at leaſt, the greateſt

greateſt bleſſing we can enjoy in life. But if, on the contrary, riches are the ſmalleſt of thoſe favours which the divine bounty beſtows on man; if, however important they may ſeem, the want of them may be abundantly compenſated by other advantages, thoſe who have not been favoured with them, have no manner of reaſon to complain.

Let us only draw a compariſon between thoſe periſhable goods which are abſolutely foreign to us, as they belong neither to body nor ſoul, and ſome advantages of the animal life, ſuch as perfect health, a regular conformation of the body, or a proper conſtruction of organs. There are none of theſe advantages, even ſeparately conſidered, but, were we to have our option, we ſhould prefer them to riches; much more ſhould we give them the preference, when all united. But what if we bring into the account the more valuable gifts of virtue, honour, knowledge, and abilities? What trifles are riches compared to the ſmalleſt of theſe endowments! Beſides, the qualifications of body or mind have this advantage over riches, that the latter may be acquired by means of the former; whereas riches can never reſtore a loſt limb, nor correct a vicious mind.

In the ſame manner we may anſwer with reſpect to the inequality of conditions. One (you will object) is ſeated majeſtic in a throne, while another creeps obſcurely in the duſt.

But let us conſider *honours* in the ſame light with riches; let us compare them with the advantages either of body or mind, and we ſhall quickly ſee their inconſiderable value. Puſh your ambition to the very higheſt pitch it can mount to, (for what

need you be afraid of wiſhing?) aſpire even to the rank of a ſovereign; and ſuppoſe your wiſhes intirely fulfilled; what real advantage would you gain? A king that performs his duty, is the moſt miſerable of men; a king that neglects it, is the moſt odious.

Honours or riches, conferred on a worthleſs fellow, contribute only to diſgrace him, by expoſing his failings to public view.

Of this we have examples in Hypſiſtus and Pollio. Pollio was fond of gaming, good cheer, and women; but had a ſtrong deſire, at the ſame time, of making his fortune. The latter paſſion did not ſtifle the reſt, but only rendered him more circumſpect; it did not make him a man of honour, but an hypocrite. He knew that, as corrupt as the world is, ſtill it requires vice to walk with a veil; and tho' we may have ſome indulgence for an immoral man, yet we do not excuſe an impudent Cynic. He confined, therefore, his words to rule, and diſguiſed his conduct; aſſuming, as well as he could, the air of a man of honour before his ſuperiors, and diſcovering none of his mean artifices, but ſuch as he might find of ſome utility. Pollio thus attained to an immenſe fortune, becauſe he had purſued the right road. Then it was that, tired of a troubleſome conſtraint, he let drop the maſk, and gave looſe to all his paſſions; making an idol of his belly, a theatre of the gaming-table, and a ſeraglio of the opera.

Hypſiſtus attained to honours by a ſomewhat different conduct. He was born of a middling family, with a capacity that did not ſeem to promiſe any great matters; but the fair ſex, more penetrating, undoubtedly, than ours, diſcovered a kind of merit in him, which he knew how to convert to his advantage,

tage, having raiſed himſelf thereby to the higheſt honours. Hither when he had reached, the talent that raiſed him was incapable to make him ſhine; in fact, he made but a deſpicable figure, endeavouring in vain to render himſelf inſenſible of the meanneſs of it, by the haughty and diſdainful airs which he affected in public.

There are innumerable perſons of ordinary rank and fortune, whom the ſupreme diſtributor of graces has diſtinguiſhed more than Hypſiſtus and Pollio. 'Tis not in the glittering pomp of grandeur and opulence, that we find the moſt ſolid happineſs, but in a middling ſtate. The air that circulates in plains, is the fitteſt for moſt men; but that which is breathed on too high an eminence, makes the heart ſick, and the head giddy.

Nature, that beſt of parents, of whom we are ſo apt to complain, has not made ſuch an inequality among men as appears at firſt ſight. The moſt lively and tranſporting pleaſures are common to all mankind; thoſe which are peculiar to the great, are pleaſures of meer caprice, of very little ſolidity, and generally mixt with a bitterneſs from which thoſe, that pure nature offers, are exempt. 'Tis to her we are indebted for all the comforts of this tranſitory life; and we muſt attribute to the irregularity of our imaginations, and to the corruption of our manners, moſt of the misfortunes under which we groan.

3. Another argument which thoſe ungrateful wretches alledge againſt providence, is the influence of the paſſions over the human mind. They look upon man as in a deplorable ſtate, becauſe ſome indeliberate emotions ariſe in his mind, which he is

not able to repreſs. They enlarge upon the fatal effects of the paſſions, and ſhut their eyes to the immenſe advantages which reſult from them. Is it reaſonable to hate the element of fire, becauſe it can conſume us, or water, becauſe it can ſwallow us up?

Let us conſider the paſſions in themſelves, and not judge of them by what we are pleaſed to call their effects. Or, if we conſider theſe effects, let us balance the good with the bad.

Ethic writers generally declaim againſt the paſſions, and never fail to commend the excellence and ſuperiority of reaſon. For my part, I am not afraid to affirm, that the paſſions, on the contrary, are innocent, and that our reaſon alone is guilty.

Our paſſions depend on the different impreſſions made by objects: now theſe are not free, for we do not love or hate from our own choice; it follows, therefore, that they cannot be criminal.

We are not ourſelves the authors of our paſſions: we feel them in our infancy, even before we are capable of thinking. They are, therefore, the gift of nature; or, to ſpeak more properly, they are the gift of God; for a philoſopher underſtands nothing more by nature than the benevolent hand of the Almighty. Now 'tis evident that God could not beſtow any poiſoned gifts upon his creatures.

Nay, the paſſions are ſo far from being bad in themſelves, that they are good, uſeful, and, neceſſary.

'Tis but juſt and natural, that an intelligent creature ſhould deſire its own felicity, and endeavour to procure it. Now there are two things neceſſary to felicity,

felicity, namely, exemption from pain, and enjoyment of pleaſure; theſe are certainly the objects of all our paſſions. They all tend either to remove from us whatever may obſtruct our happineſs, or to ſecure to us the poſſeſſion of what is capable of increaſing it.

Every inclination which riſes in our minds from the fear of pain, or the love of pleaſure, is lawful and agreeable to our inſtinct. But this inſtinct is involuntary and blind; nor has it any occaſion to be otherwiſe, becauſe it was not made to direct itſelf. It avoids evil and purſues good; but it requires that both ſhould be pointed out, ſince it is not able to diſtinguiſh them of itſelf. This diſcernment is the work of reaſon; whoſe buſineſs it is to regulate the inclinations, by directing each of them to their proper objects, and by confining them within juſt bounds; a point in which ſhe is frequently defective. We are apt to rail then againſt the paſſions, while 'tis our reaſon only that deſerves the blame.

Love, for example, is a paſſion ſo neceſſary for mankind, that without it the whole ſpecies would ſoon be extinct. The inclination of one ſex for the other, contributes to improve them both, forming the ſweeteſt friendſhip, and the moſt tender relations of ſociety. Such are the effects of this paſſion, when directed by right reaſon; but, when it is governed by a depraved judgment, it is apt to produce, and indeed every day produces, treachery, perjury, adultery, inceſt, murder, conflagrations, and all the evils of which a blind fury is capable.

The end of love being the union of the two ſexes, a thing in itſelf very innocent, it is intirely conformable to the deſign of nature; therefore this inclination

ought not to be ſuppreſſed. If your heart be naturally tender, do not endeavour to render it inſenſible, but fix your affection on ſuch objects as will not eſtrange you from virtue; or rather love only thoſe that will lead you to it. Your tender inclinations will not be the leſs ſatisfied; nay, without this precaution your ſatisfaction would be very imperfect. There is no ſuch thing as friendſhip without virtue. The union of two lovers, without honour or morals, is not love: 'tis an odious aſſociation, by which they become partners in vice, and accomplices in each other's villainy.

Agatho had a liking for Cephiſa. He is a young finical and affected nobleman, who moves with a diſdainful air, and a tripping gait. If he is obliged to direct his looks towards an object that is not ſtraight before him, his head, as if ill fixed on its joint, turns half the way, and with difficulty, towards it; his eye, which he languiſhingly rolls, performs the reſt, tho' with ſome regret. Proud of his birth and equipage, he ſcorns the acquiſition of uſeful accompliſhments, which he excuſes in thoſe only, who, placed below his ſphere, have no other means to emerge from their obſcurity. The idea of God diſturbs him, becauſe it ſets before him a ſuperior being; the ſocial virtues are his averſion, becauſe they ſubject him to a reſpect and deference for other people; and even equity is a thing he diſregards, by reaſon it ſets limits to his pretences. Thus he is an impious, hard-hearted, and rapacious wretch; falſe in his promiſes, perfidious in his engagements, incapable of tenderneſs, compaſſion, or gratitude. He is not one of thoſe who are hurried into

into vice by the fire of temperament; no, he is a ſilly coxcomb, who thinks he is of ſufficient conſequence, without putting himſelf to the trouble of being virtuous.

Cephiſa is a vain and imperious woman. A crowd of lovers lie proſtrate at her feet, where ſhe delights to behold them as ſo many trophies erected to her charms. One only is to be crowned, and yet they muſt all adore her. She commands like a ſovereign; they obey as ſlaves; and, the better to eſtabliſh her deſpotic authority, her orders are always the moſt capricious. The moſt ſervile and fawning of her train expect to carry the prize, but they are miſtaken: for, tho' ſhe requires an unlimited reſpect, yet ſhe deſpiſes thoſe who pay it. Unacquainted with the characteriſtic of true merit; judging of talents, by aſſurance; of nobility, by titles; of wit, by punning; of love, by cajoling; void, in fine, of religion, morals, and regular taſte; how nearly does ſhe reſemble Agatho? On him, accordingly, ſhe fixes her choice. But is love the bond of ſuch a match? no, 'tis the confidence they have, that neither will be excelled by the other in merit.

But 'tis not enough to direct our paſſion towards an object more worthy of love than Cephiſa or Agatho. Tho' it may be lawful and well placed, yet there are caſes in which it ſhould be moderated, and reſtrained within narrow limits.

If there be an object deſerving of the higheſt affection, 'tis ſurely the amiable Menoqui. I had no occaſion to obſerve her long, to find her adorable. A heart, leſs knowing and circumſpect than mine, would have ſurrendered at firſt ſight. Every thing

conſpired to my defeat; the beauty of her features, the majeſty of her gait, the graces ſpread round her perſon, the fire that ſparkled in her eyes, and the delicacy that ſeaſoned her diſcourſe. I withſtood, nevertheleſs, all thoſe united charms, but I could not reſiſt the force of a thouſand other more captivating and valuable perfections, which daily increaſed my ſurprize and admiration; ſuch as a heart ſuſceptible of friendſhip, generous, noble, and benevolent, free without indiſcretion, ingenuous without imprudence; a gay and ſprightly temper, tho' always ſage and circumſpect; noble and elevated ſentiments without pride or oſtentation; an exquiſite taſte and great capacity veiled with humble modeſty; virtue without an affected reſerve, and piety without ſuperſtition.

Such an aſſemblage of perfections ſeemed to me ſufficient to juſtify the love which they had excited: and tho' the fair cauſe of it, engaged in indiſſoluble bands, was incapable of making any returns, yet it appeared to me innocent, tho' unfortunate. I gave it therefore leave to reſide in my breaſt, upon condition it never troubled my repoſe. And, as dear as Menoqui is to me, ſtill were my paſſion to become unruly, and endeavour to leap beyond the bounds I have preſcribed; were it to grow ſo petulant and licentious as to form unlawful deſires; I would not wait 'till the injured fair, acquainted with my ſentiments by ſome raſh attempt upon her virtue, ſhould do herſelf juſtice; no, I would puniſh my ſecret guilt, by baniſhing myſelf for ever from her preſence; and, emulating her virtue, I would deprive her, by an expeditious ſacrifice, of the fatal advantage of inflicting the puniſhment herſelf.

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The love I have for her gives me no remorſe; it would, indeed, were it to induce me to attack her virtue; but it is of too pure a nature ever to make ſuch an attempt.

The ſame may be ſaid of the other paſſions: they are all good and uſeful in themſelves, and continue to be ſuch, when they are directed to proper objects, and care is taken to moderate them. The diſorders imputed to them are intirely owing to their miſapplication or exceſs.

Thus hatred is not criminal in itſelf; for there are objects deſervedly odious: hate none but theſe, and let not your hatred extend to revenge. In the ſame manner you ought to regulate indignation and contempt.

Fear all real evils; for they can hardly be otherwiſe avoided. If they are inevitable, bear them with reſolution. Fear properly moderated is prudence; exceſſive fear is cowardice.

Anger is an emotion of the mind, that renders it capable of violent efforts, which, tho' ſometimes neceſſary, it could never have made in its ordinary ſtate of tranquillity. It is uſeful to a good parent, to a patient maſter, and to an indulgent ſuperior, who, without this excitement, would pardon many faults that ought to be puniſhed. It is uſeleſs to a miniſter of ſtate, to a governor of a province, or an inquiſitor; theſe people know how to do miſchief enough in cold blood. When we give way to it without cauſe, 'tis a ridiculous extravagance; when we carry it too far, 'tis fury.

The neceſſities of life gave riſe to the arts; but 'tis to curioſity alone that the ſciences owe their im-

provement; curiosity, that amiable passion, the next to love in polishing and civilizing mankind. Unfortunate victims of that smoke called glory; unhappy shades precipitated to the lower regions from Fontenoy, Rocoux, Lawfelt, and Exiles; your precious blood, so profusely and wantonly spilt, would still continue to circulate in your veins, were the world swayed by no other passion but that of a useful curiosity, and the love of knowledge! And yet this source of good effects, directed towards objects which prudence forbids, becomes indiscretion; and, carried beyond the strength of human reason, generates absurd systems of philosophy, and extravagant notions in religion.

Thus it appears that the passions are not bad in their own nature, but by the abuse made of them. Let us not cavil, however, about terms; if by passions we are to understand vicious or immoderate affections, I freely pronounce sentence against them, and grant that we should endeavour to mortify and subdue them. But, if they are considered in their original, as innocent sallies of a natural instinct, we ought to respect them as God's handy-work. 'Tis an attempt against providence to endeavour to destroy them; we should only regulate their application and use.

"But here it may be said, is it always in "our power to regulate the passions? Is not "reason herself, overpowered by their violence, "rendered incapable sometimes of keeping them "in subjection? And, if so, must it not be "allowed that the soul is in a state of imperfection, "which, without any injustice, may be imputed to

"God

" God, who undoubtedly might have given us a " greater command over our paſſions."

Without doubt: neither of theſe is to be conteſted. Reaſon but too often fails in her duty; and then the paſſions, for want of being directed by her light, become hurtful to us. But what is there in all this that exempts us from the gratitude we owe to God? They are hurtful to us only, inaſmuch as we are conſenting; and 'tis our reaſon that permits them to aſſume the command they have over us. But, without inquiring into the cauſe that makes the paſſions, tho' commendable in their original, degenerate into imperfections, let us ſee whether theſe imperfections themſelves are ſo incompatible, as ſome would make us believe, with the goodneſs of a ſupreme Being to his creatures.

In taking notice of the wants of the body, we obſerved that they are the ſource of all our bodily pleaſures. Why may not the paſſions be of the ſame uſe in the mind? Undoubtedly they are ſo in reſpect to the honeſt man, who endeavours to ſubdue his vicious inclinations. The mathematician hugs himſelf, when he has ſolved an abſtruſe and difficult problem: how much ſweeter a ſatisfaction muſt it be to the heart of a virtuous man, when victorious over an obſtinate paſſion, after a long and reſolute ſtruggle, he is able to ſay to himſelf: *I am at length grown better, more agreeable in the eyes of my God, and more like to that ſupreme and moſt perfect of Beings.*

But were man (you'll ſay) exempt from theſe ſtruggles, would he not be more obliged to heaven?

I cannot tell, nor have I any occaſion to trouble my head about it: this I know, he would have leſs merit. Are we continually to look out for pretexts to excuſe our ingratitude? Is an artificer deſerving of blame, becauſe he made a clock which marks only the minutes, when he might have made one to mark the ſeconds? God, without doubt, might have created us more perfect. and equal to thoſe celeſtial ſpirits that are ſaid to ſurround his throne; but, in creating us, his deſign was only to create men. Ungrateful and unnatural hearts, who to his benefits make no other return but diſcontented murmurs! Had he made you angels, you would then, like thoſe dæmons whom he is ſaid to have precipitated into the abyſs, have complained you were not Gods.

Let us, therefore, ceaſe to inſult our benefactor; let us ſhew ourſelves ſenſible to the perpetual teſtimonies he gives us of his benevolence; and, if we refuſe to love him, in conſideration of his ſupreme perfections, let us love him, at leaſt, becauſe he is good and beneficent.

SECT. V.

God conſidered as our Friend.

This relation does not exempt us from paying him due homage and reſpect.

ALL that a friend does for a perſon on whom he has fixed his affection, is to love him, to wiſh him well, and to ſerve him. The love which God bears us, and the favours we receive from his hands, have been ſufficiently evinced, methinks, in this and the preceding chapters. I ſhall not, therefore, attempt here to prove that God is our friend, this

this propoſition being demonſtrated by what we have already advanced. But this title, ſo tender and engaging in regard to man, ought not to diminiſh the infinite reſpect with which the idea of his ſupreme grandeur ſhould naturally inſpire us. As he is more gracious and condeſcending than earthly monarchs, he is the friend of his ſubjects, and is willing this friendſhip ſhould be reciprocal: yet he does not allow them to forget that he is their ſovereign, and that upon this account he expects their homage.

CHAP. III.

Of the Homage due to God.

On what the neceſſity of this homage is founded. How much greater homage we owe to God, than to earthly princes.

'TIS not merely becauſe God is great that we owe him homage; but becauſe we are his vaſſals, and he our ſovereign Lord. The Turkiſh ſultan is one of the moſt potent monarchs upon earth; but, as we are not his ſubjects, we owe him no homage. God alone is poſſeſſed of the whole dominion of the world; in reſpect to which, that of the kings of the earth is no more than a ſhadow. The power of theſe depends, at leaſt originally, on the will of the people; but God holds his power and authority from himſelf. He ſaid, *let the world be made*; and the world was made. Here lies the original title of his ſovereignty. Kings publiſh edicts for the political government of their ſtates, and their officers ſee them executed by the terror of the ſword; but God only wills, and the univerſe aſ-

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ſumes what form he pleaſes. Our kings are maſters of our bodies; but God commands our hearts: they make us act; he renders us willing. The more his authority over us exceeds that of our ſovereigns, the more profound ought to be our ſubmiſſion and homage.

The homage due to God, is that is otherwiſe diſtinguiſhed by the name of worſhip or religion. We generally reckon two ſorts of worſhip, one internal, and the other external. The internal is obligatory, the external a matter of decency; the former is invariable, the latter depends on times and cuſtoms.

SECT. I.

Of Internal Worſhip.

By what kind of worſhip God is really honoured. What was the primitive worſhip of mankind. When it began to decline.

INternal worſhip reſides in the mind, and is the only one by which God is honoured. It is founded on the admiration excited in us by the idea of his infinite greatneſs, on a grateful ſenſe of his benefits, and the confeſſion of his ſupreme authority and command. A heart, filled with theſe ſentiments, will naturally expreſs them with raptures of admiration and love, and with proteſtations of gratitude and ſubmiſſion. This is the language of the heart; theſe are its hymns, its prayers, its ſacrifices; this its proper worſhip, and the only one worthy of the divine Majeſty. This alſo is the worſhip which abolisher of the Jewiſh ceremonies intended to re-

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amongſt men, as appears from the beautiful reply he made to the Samaritan woman, when ſhe aſked him whether it was proper to worſhip on Mount Sion, or that of Semeron, *The hour cometh*, ſays he, *when the true worſhippers ſhall worſhip in ſpirit and in truth.*

Such was the worſhip which was practiſed in the firſt ages of the world, and among thoſe men ſo famous in the annals of the Jewiſh nation, whom we diſtinguiſh by the name of patriarchs. They had neither temples nor oratories, no fixed hours for devotion, no eſtabliſhed forms of prayer, no rites nor ceremonies, no proſtrations nor genuflexions. The heart can adore at all times and in all places, in all poſtures and ſituations. The whole earth was their temple, and the celeſtial vault was the roof of it. If ſome ſurprizing effect of almighty power ſtruck their ſight, they embraced it as a proper moment of admiring his grandeur. If they received any ſignal favour, or ſuccour from the providence of God, they conſidered it as a call to teſtify their gratitude. When the neceſſary cares and buſineſs of life afforded them leiſure to taſte the charms of ſolitude, then they were with God, they freely converſed with him, they praiſed, they bleſſed him, with proteſtations of attachment and fidelity; and, as they had not incloſed him within walls, they ſaw him every-where. Whether they were ſtanding, ſitting, or lying down, whether bare-headed or covered, they expected to be heard, and he really heard them.

But this ſacred and ſpiritual worſhip did not ſubſiſt long in its purity; it was afterwards loaded with external forms and ceremonies, and from that time began to decline.

SECT.

SECT. II.

Of External Worſhip.

Eſtabliſhment of this worſhip: its original was pure and innocent: how it degenerated into ſuperſtition. Difference of worſhip: inconveniency of this difference. 1. Whether the external worſhip is uſeful? And what can render it ſuch? 2. Whether there is any one ſort of public worſhip preferable to another? Whether it is poſſible for ſeveral of them to be alike acceptable to God? And whether there are ſome that diſpleaſe him? Whether, if we were to ſuppoſe only one man in the world, he would be obliged to any external form of worſhip? The deference that is due to the eſtabliſhed worſhip of the country we live in.

IN the firſt ages of the world, mankind being juſtly convinced, that all they poſſeſſed belonged to God, as the creator and ſovereign of the univerſe, conſecrated to him a part, in order to do homage for the whole: hence the origin of ſacrifices, libations, and offerings.

At firſt theſe religious ceremonies were performed in the open air, becauſe at that time there were neither towns nor houſes. In proceſs of time, the inclemency of the weather obliged them to perform theſe exerciſes in caverns and grottoes, or in huts raiſed for that purpoſe: hence the origin of temples.

In the beginning every one offered up his own ſacrifice to God; but afterwards men were choſen

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particularly for the exerciſe of this function: hence the origin of prieſts. As ſoon as the prieſt-hood was inſtituted, religion, or rather the apparatus of external worſhip, daily and ſenſibly increaſed: they thought to improve it by ornaments, and to render it more agreeable to God by loading it with ceremonies. This is what ſet them upon deviſing public games, dances, proceſſions, legal impurities, and ſuperfluous expiations. Thus religion degenerated among all nations into empty ſhew; that which was only the ſhadow and bark of it, appeared the eſſential part to groſs and carnal men, and there remained but a very ſmall number of the wiſe who preſerved its true and genuine ſpirit.

The origin of external worſhip appears pure and innocent: we naturally delight in communicating our ſentiments; and the more ſo, when we are convinced that they are true and juſt. This was ſurely the motive which induced mankind at firſt to perform ſome external and public acts of religion. Their intent was, that ſome ſignificant ceremonies ſhould raiſe in our breaſts thoſe ſentiments which they were deſigned to expreſs. But the very reverſe fell out: the ſymbols were taken for the thing itſelf; religion was made to conſiſt in nothing but ſacrifices, offerings, and the burning of incenſe; and that which was intended only to excite and eſtabliſh piety, ſerved to weaken and deſtroy it.

As the light of reaſon ſuggeſted no particular regulation concerning the form of external worſhip, mankind were not long of one mind upon this ſubject. The religion of nature alone has the privilege of being uniform and invariable; all others are infallibly ſubject to diviſions and changes. Each nation ſet

up

up a worſhip of their own invention. From this diviſion a diſorder aroſe, equally oppoſite to the ſanctity of the primitive law and to the happineſs of ſociety. The different ſects, formed by the diverſity of worſhip, conceived an averſion and contempt for one another; thoſe eſpecially which affected the moſt rigorous exactneſs, laid it down as a law, that whoſoever rendered to God ſuch honours as they proſcribed, or did not pay him thoſe which they had eſtabliſhed, were the object of his wrath, and, ſome time or other, would feel the effects of his vengeance. Hence that implacable hatred which has ſo often waded in the blood of ſectaries, without ever glutting its barbarous fury. Vain are all attempts made to reconcile theſe differences: let peace be inculcated ever ſo much, even by the chriſtian religion itſelf, of all others the moſt pacific in theory, men cannot be perſuaded to love thoſe whom they conſider as damned. This fanatic method of devoting the living to hell flames is the only way to have them inhumanly maſſacred.

But let us not judge of things by the ill uſe which may be made of them, (for what is there that men do not abuſe?) let us rather examine, without any regard to the inconveniencies that may ariſe from the practice of external worſhip, 1. Whether this kind of worſhip is in itſelf uſeful? 2. Suppoſing it uſeful, whether the choice of any particular form of it be not a matter of indifference?

1. If piety be a virtue, 'tis uſeful it ſhould univerſally prevail. The firſt of theſe propoſitions no one, I ſuppoſe, will diſpute; the ſecond is a neceſſary conſequence of it. Now there is nothing that contributes more effectually to the advancement of virtue than example;

example; for precepts have not near ſo much influence: 'tis, therefore, a very great advantage to have before our eyes ſome engaging examples of piety. But theſe examples can be ſeen only in external acts of religion. I can receive no benefit from the moſt fervent piety of my fellow-citizen, if by ſome external proof he does not ſhow it. But I require no regular or periodical exerciſes of him; theſe would be very imperfect proofs, as they might be owing to policy or conſtraint. All I deſire of him is to give me, in what manner he has a mind, ſome plain and unſuſpected marks of his regard for truth, of his reſignation to the orders of providence, and his love to God; and to worſhip, praiſe, and glorify him in public. Then it is that he has diſcharged the duties of external worſhip; then it is that his example has an effect upon me; and I find myſelf ſpurred by a holy emulation, which the fineſt lectures of morality would never have been able to excite.

2. The ſecond queſtion is, whether, among thoſe ſigns that are intended to promote true piety, there is any one of them particularly agreeable to God? If there be, let our Divines ſpeak and convince us; but, 'till they can give me ſatisfaction, I ſhall confine myſelf within the ſphere of right reaſon, where I meet with the following ſolution to this queſtion.

Internal worſhip is ſimple and uniform: it is obligatory in all times and places, and, conſequently, as a neceſſary duty, it is known to all men. No choice have we therefore left, with reſpect to internal worſhip. There are not two ways of loving God, of being ſenſible of his benefits, of being ſubject to his authority, and of being filled with reſpect

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at the conſideration of his grandeur: but there are an infinite number of arbitrary ſigns by which theſe ſentiments may be expreſſed. All thoſe that are inſtituted for this end, are innocent: if there be room for choice, 'tis to prefer ſuch as are the moſt clear and intelligible. This, however, is not of abſolute neceſſity, becauſe general agreement is ſufficient to render any ſigns plain and expreſſive. A ſerpent in the form of a circle, with his tail turning back into his mouth, was among the Egyptians a clear ſymbol of eternity, becauſe they had agreed to expreſs it by that figure. In ſome nations a circle repreſented the Deity; among the Jews he was expreſſed by a triangle. The Canaanites purified themſelves by flames; the Jews by ablutions. But what does it ſignify, whether God be repreſented by a round or triangular figure, provided the intent be to expreſs that he is the moſt perfect of all beings? What ſignifies it, whether we expreſs purity by water or fire, if we are perſuaded that without purity of heart we cannot be agreeable to God? What ſignifies it, whether we ſacrifice to the Deity an ox or an elephant, a ſheep or a goat, a black-bird or a ſwan; whether we offer animals or only herbs; provided we acknowledge, that every thing we have comes from his hand? In fine, what does it ſignify, whether we pray to him with our eyes raiſed towards heaven, or fixed on the ground; whether ſtanding or lying; ſitting or kneeling; if our hearts are perfectly humbled in his preſence?

The neceſſity of paying ſome external homage to God proves nothing at all in favour of any particular worſhip. God, perhaps, is no more diſpleaſed with the different ſorts of homage which are paid him in different

different religions, than he is offended that, in the church of Rome, ſome monaſtic orders ſhould ſay their mattins at midnight, others in the morning, ſome ſhould ſing them, and others only recite them.

But, if there happens to be a worſhip founded on principles contrary to thoſe of the religion of nature, it muſt be diſpleaſing to God. He certainly deteſted the abominable expiations of thoſe blind idolaters, who ſacrificed human victims to him, to appeaſe his wrath, and expected to attone for their own crimes by the effuſion of innocent blood. To neglect the public worſhip of God is ſetting a very dangerous example; but to abuſe this very worſhip, by rendering it ſubſervient to our paſſions, is an exceſs of guilt that cannot be deſcribed.

The multiplicity of the ſeveral forms of external worſhip was introduced by length of time, and perpetuated by cuſtom and education. Were we to ſuppoſe a number of men juſt come from the hands of nature, and, conſequently, free from the impreſſion of inſtructions or example, to aſſemble together from all parts of the earth, in order to confer in common concerning the homage due to God; that unity of religion, which is ſo deſirable, would ſoon be reſtored. Their judgment not being as yet depraved by blind prejudice, but directed by pure reaſon; they would either reject all the eſtabliſhed modes of worſhip, or, if any of them deſerves to be ſettled on the ruins of all the reſt, that, undoubtedly, they would unanimouſly chuſe. If God required any kind of homage in preference to another, he would certainly have taken care to inform all mankind of it; for is it likely that he would wait for the deciſion

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of our prieſts and doctors, to give us juſt ideas in point of religion?

Were we to ſuppoſe only one man upon the earth, he would not be obliged to any external worſhip; for that was never inſtituted on God's account, but to unite the ſeveral members of a ſociety, by the open profeſſion of one and the ſame religion. This unity has been unhappily broken by a multitude of different forms of worſhip. In this ſituation 'tis the buſineſs of a wiſe man to attend, chiefly, to the internal worſhip, which is not ſuſceptible of change. And, with regard to the external worſhip in which he is brought up, if it be compatible with the principles of natural religion, he ought to make it a rule neither to diſturb nor abjure it. I excuſe a Turk for being a Mahometan; but I cannot forgive a Chriſtian for embracing that religion. 'Tis ſomething worſe than fanaticiſm to alarm the conſciences of men about matters, in which the glory of God is no way concerned.

'Tis not ſufficient to diſcharge our duty to the ſupreme Being by internal worſhip: we have duties likewiſe to fulfil with reſpect to our fellow-creatures, of which we ſhall treat in the laſt part of this work; and a reſpect for the eſtabliſhed worſhip of our country, is one of thoſe duties. But, before we proceed to the duties we owe to others, the order of things requires us to begin with thoſe which we owe to ourſelves.

MANNERS.

PART II.

Of WISDOM.

Duties of Man, with regard to himſelf, founded on love. Self-love rightly underſtood, far from being criminal, is a duty: it has two objects, the body and the ſoul. Apology for ſelf-love: it ought not to be condemned for the inconveniencies of which it is ſaid to be the cauſe. The body ought to be ſubordinate to the ſoul, and the ſoul to God. What wiſdom conſiſts in. Means of happineſs. Diviſion of this part of the work.

LET us now conſider Man in himſelf as a ſolitary being; and, waving for a while whatever is extrinſecal to him, let, us in this light, examine what are his obligations with regard to himſelf.

Hitherto we have conſidered him only as ſubordinate to his creator, and have ſeen how his ſubmiſſion to God's precepts depends on the ardent love he has for him. Our buſineſs is now to enquire into the obligations he owes to himſelf: and here we ſhall likewiſe ſee how his exactneſs, in fulfilling this ſecond claſs of obligations, is grounded on the love which

which the law of nature requires he ſhould have for himſelf.

When a bigot takes it into his head to moralize, (which too frequently he does) if ſelf-love happens to be his text, his lecture is ſure to be long. Becauſe religion forbids us (which reaſon alſo forbids) to be vain, preſumptuous, ſenſual, or effeminate; the prudent and ſober man, were he to mind this ſevere cenſor, muſt conceal his virtues even from himſelf; the learned philoſopher muſt put himſelf upon a level with the ignorant vulgar; every man muſt deſpiſe and hate himſelf with an implacable averſion, and conſequently we muſt all check our inclinations, and mortify our appetites, let them both be ever ſo innocent.

Since theſe zealots have begun to clamour in this manner, ſelf-love is ſo decried, that a perſon is aſhamed to undertake openly its defence. 'Tis rare to ſee any one courageous enough to ſide with the oppreſſed. Let us, therefore, make a magnanimous effort to vindicate its honour, which has ſuffered, perhaps, from ſlight and groundleſs pretences.

But, before we enter upon this province, let us explain the term. If, by ſelf-love, we are to underſtand preſumption, pride, or vanity, I abandon it to the ſeverity of its proſecutors, and declare myſelf alſo its enemy. But if, by this expreſſion, is underſtood that ſtrong affection towards ourſelves with which pure nature inſpires us, I affirm it innocent, lawful, and even an indiſpenſable duty.

Man is compoſed of body and ſoul. The body is ſubject to accidents, which hurt or deſtroy it; the ſoul is ſuſceptible of ideas, which vex and afflict it;

it, and of paſſions that degrade, diſhonour, and defile it. For the preſervation of the body, God has given it an inſtinct, that watches for its ſecurity, defends it againſt whatſoever is hurtful to it, and reminds it of its wants. To guard the ſoul againſt every thing that is capable of bereaving it of its happineſs or innocence, he has given it the light of reaſon, which conducts it to truth, points out true happineſs, and likewiſe the means of procuring it.

Nothing, therefore, is more conformable, on our part, to the divine inſtitution, than to ſtudy the welfare of body and ſoul. Now, to ſtudy their welfare, is indeed to love them.

The law of nature requires us to treat our fellow creatures, as we ourſelves would be willing to be treated. Surely the legiſlator does not mean by this, that we ſhould uſe our fellow creatures ill; conſequently, it can never be his meaning that we ſhould thus uſe ourſelves. This law commands us alſo to love our neighbour as ourſelves; that we ſhould, therefore, love ourſelves, is a thing previouſly required.

I am not ignorant that ſelf-love has its inconveniences, that it renders us blind to our imperfections, and ſometimes too indulgent to our faults. But are not even conjugal and paternal love ſubject to weakneſſes? and yet is this a reaſon that we ought to renounce them?

Love yourſelf with prudence and moderation; mind to place the love of the body and of the ſoul, inſtinct and reaſon, in their proper order; and you need not, afterwards, apprehend leſt either of them ſhould ſuggeſt to you any thing which may excite the divine indignation. Let reaſon com-

mand; inſtinct is made to obey. Let the love of the ſoul have the preference: the ſoul is nobler than the body; the latter is formed of clay, the other is a celeſtial being. Curb the inſolence of the body, if it preſumes to contradict or lay a reſtraint on the ſoul. You muſt ſubdue even the ſoul itſelf, and oblige it to return to its duty, if it ſhould happen to forget the obligations it is under to the divine being, from whom it derives its origin. The body ought to obey the ſoul, and the ſoul God. The happineſs of theſe two ſubſtances depends on this ſubordination, to preſerve which is the proper buſineſs of wiſdom. For wiſdom is nothing elſe but a choice of the fitteſt means to render us happy.

To renounce, while we have a body, all enjoyments of ſenſe, as uſeleſs in reſpect to happineſs, is affecting a falſe and groundleſs ſpirituality. To purſue no other than ſenſual ſatisfactions, and to deſpiſe all ſpiritual pleaſures, is groveling in the low claſs of brutes.

When we have ſettled the ſubordination of the ſoul to God, and of the body to the ſoul, the chief means of attaining happineſs is to conform our manners to the divine law, which is the only rule of human conduct (for God never preſcribed any thing to us, that did not directly tend to our greateſt felicity.) Now, in order to ſquare our manners by this rule,

I. We muſt prudently diſcern what it commands and what it forbids.

II. We muſt have courage and reſolution enough to comply with it, whatever obſtacles we may have to ſurmount.

III. We

III. We muſt prefer the honeſt to the gainful.

IV. We muſt bridle our deſires.

Let us follow, therefore, the order our ſubjects ſeems to point out of itſelf; and treat ſeparately of prudence, fortitude, juſtice, and temperance.

CHAP. I.

Of PRUDENCE.

Definition of it. It regulates our thoughts, affections, words, and actions. We do not here treat of that which regulates our thoughts, becauſe this does not directly relate to manners. Diviſion of this chapter.

PRUDENCE is the art of chuſing. A perſon is prudent, when among ſeveral objects he knows how to diſtinguiſh that which merits the preference. Now prudence has a two-fold office: it inſtructs the underſtanding, and regulates the will; it determines us in reſpect to ſpeculative as well as practical maxims.

By prudence the mind is kept upon its guard againſt prejudice and precipitation. Guided by this ſage Minerva, ſhe gives, to thoſe dogmas that are propoſed to her, an aſſent proportioned to their degree of certainty. She firmly adheres to ſuch as are evident; thoſe that are not evident, ſhe ranks among probabilities; and, with reſpect to ſome, ſhe abſolutely ſuſpends her aſſent. But, if there happens to be a mixture of the marvellous, ſhe becomes leſs

credulous, and begins to doubt, apprehending ſome fraud or illuſion.

The laws of prudence are ſomewhat leſs rigid with reſpect to practical dogmas. The heart does not wait for a complete evidence to reſolve; but it muſt have probable motives at leaſt, to make a rational determination. To deſire objects, which very likely may prove contrary to our happineſs, would be a pernicious imprudence; to deſire thoſe that are contrary to good morals, would be abſolutely criminal. Now whatever is criminal, muſt neceſſarily be productive of miſery, becauſe there is an avenger in heaven, who, ſooner or later, leaves no crime unpuniſhed.

The prudence relating to points of mere ſpeculation does not fall within my province; but belongs to the metaphyſicians, to whom I reſign it. That which comes under my examination, is the wiſe circumſpection which regulates our affections, words, and actions; of which we ſhall make three diſtinct articles.

ARTICLE I.

Of Circumſpection in Affections.

Whether prudence ought, and is capable, to eradicate the affections. Affections purely mental. Affections excited by the ſenſes, and thoſe ariſing from external objects, are the ſeeds of pride, of corporeal appetites, of avarice and ambition.

THE affections are not free no more than our thoughts; they generally riſe without the concurrence of the will. The moſt conſummate prudence

dence cannot deſtroy their root. Beſides, the attempt itſelf would be vain; for, as they are not voluntary, they cannot be criminal. But, tho' they are innocent, ſtill they are always dangerous, if they incline us towards objects prohibited by the divine law. We ought to be afraid, leſt, by riſing too often in our breaſts, they ſhould gain too great an influence over the ſoul, and occupy it intirely; and leſt, by ſeducing it with flattering hopes, or ſtunning it with tumultuous clamours, they ſhould render it, at length, unattentive or deaf to the counſels of reaſon.

Now the affections over which we ſhould have a guard, either ſpring up in the ſoul without the concurrence of the body; are excited by the ſenſes; or raiſed by external objects. In the firſt claſs I place thoſe vain and preſumptuous affections, which are the ſeed of pride; in the ſecond all corporeal appetites, which are the ſource of intemperance; in the third thoſe deſires, whoſe objects are valuable in our eyes, only becauſe of our prejudices; ſuch as thoſe which riches and honours excite, and which in time, when they have taken root, produce avarice and ambition: for all theſe different deſires, by frequent repetition, become habits, and theſe habits are what we call paſſions.

The paſſions themſelves, were they even to have a tendency to illicit objects, would not be criminal, without the conſent of the will; becauſe the repeated deſires that form them, are not criminal, when the heart, by which they are produced, inſtantly diſavows them. But there is reaſon to fear, leſt they ſhake the mind by continued efforts, which, weakening it by degrees, will reduce it, at length, to a ſtate of intire ſubjection.

By watching, therefore, over our deſires, we muſt hinder, as much as in us lies, the riſe or progreſs of diſorderly paſſions. We muſt even have an eye over thoſe that ſeem innocent, becauſe they ſoon ceaſe to be ſo by becoming immoderate.

Some paſſions ought to be abſolutely ſubdued; and there are others that ſhould only be reſtrained. Let us diſtinguiſh ſuch paſſions as are vicious by their object, from thoſe which are only ſo by their exceſs; and, that we may proceed in order, let us begin with that whoſe ſource is in the very ſoul itſelf; I mean pride or vanity.

SECT. I.

Of PRIDE.

Its ſource. A juſt eſtimation of ourſelves is very difficult, but not impoſſible: how it may be attained. We ought not to conſider ourſelves by ſingling out the only branch of our character in which we have any merit: nor judge of the merit of a man by his reputation in the world.

PRIDE riſes from a too advantageous idea of our own merit. In order, therefore, to remedy this evil, we have only to ſet a juſt and exact value upon ourſelves. But how difficult a taſk is it to weigh ourſelves exactly, while we hold the ſcales in our own hands!

A perſon who has an eſtate of four hundred pounds a year, is richer by a fourth part than another whoſe income amounts only to three hundred. This calculation is eaſy and exact. Rouſſeau himſelf

ſelf might have ſaid, *I write better verſes than La Motte*; and, if this calculation was not ſo eaſy, it was at leaſt poſſible. We have had even an inſtance in France, of a poet who has owned himſelf inferior to his rival, and complimented him upon it. This was Rotrou, who gave ſo ſurprizing and unparalleled an example of modeſty, when he ſaw his laurels fade at the ſucceſs of the great Corneille. Now the teſtimony of a poet, who is capable of acknowledging himſelf inferior to another, ſhould not be ſuſpected, if, compared to a perſon of inferior abilities, he thought himſelf his ſuperior or equal.

This example alone is ſufficient to prove, that 'tis poſſible, tho' very uncommon, to eſtimate ourſelves exactly. But, in order to this, 'tis neceſſary not only to have a great degree of ſincerity, but likewiſe to make the eſtimation by way of compariſon. For, as modeſt as Rotrou was, yet he would not have thought himſelf an indifferent poet, had he lived ten years before Corneille. Let us, therefore, pitch upon this method to pull down our pride.

You fancy yourſelf, vain and preſumptuous Reauverſe, a great orator, a fine ſpeaker, a thunderbolt of eloquence. Try to make a compariſon between yourſelf and ſome formidable rival, for ſuch a one is certainly to be found. Alas! you were but too well convinced of this yourſelf, when, under the ſpecious pretext of ſerving your client, you purſued with ſuch inveteracy an opponent, whoſe name alone was ſufficient to eclipſe your fame. But let us ſuppoſe, for an inſtant, that you had the advantage at that time; perhaps twenty other rivals are ſtill ready for you, the leaſt of whom would completely defeat you. If the apprehenſion of ſuch a compa-

riſon be not able to ſurmount your pride, let us look into times paſt; for I ſhould be glad, at any rate, to cure you. Do but trace things back for ſome years, and place yourſelf in that time when your profeſſion was at the height of its glory: the palm did not then grow for ſuch as you. However, I am willing to indulge you; and ſuppoſe, that *Demoſthenes*, *Cicero*, *Patru*, *Le Maitre*, and *Le Normant* are nothing to compare to you; for you heaven reſerved the gift of eloquence — but you muſt own you cannot write; let this render you modeſt and humble.

If, after encountering every rival in the particular branch in which we pretend to excel, we ſhould ſtill come off triumphant, and crowned with new laurels, there are yet ſome methods left to ſubdue our vanity.

To no purpoſe would it be, perhaps, to repreſent to the proud, that, having received from heaven the talents by which they ſhine, they are in the wrong to boaſt of them. I hear them reply, that, ſince God crowns our merits, they muſt conſequently be our own; and that, for this very ſame reaſon, our talents are alſo our own, at leaſt for the culture we have given them. Be it ſo, we ſhall not inſiſt upon this argument; there are ſtill ſeveral others that may be uſed with ſucceſs againſt pride and preſumption.

Zeuxis is an excellent painter; compared to his rivals, he is ſure of having the preference. This is a determined point: yet there are a great many other articles to examine and compare, before we can abſolutely fix the juſt value of Zeuxis. Let us view his underſtanding. 'tis dull and uncultivated; his nature, 'tis fierce and brutal; his humour, 'tis capricious;

capricious; his heart, 'tis mean and perfidious; his conduct, 'tis vicious and irregular.

To counterbalance Zeuxis, whose whole merit consists in drawing a good picture, let us put into the scale the sage Podalirius. Podalirius is a good father, an honest citizen, a tender and active friend, a fine genius but humble and modest, an ingenious tho' anonymous author, a lover of the polite arts, and a master in every branch of learning. Is the merit of painting alone of so great a value, as to make us prefer Zeuxis the painter to Podalirius!

'Tis a most flagrant injustice to give a sanction to our pride, by singling out the only branch of our character by which we have any value or merit, while we fraudulently leave out of the comparison a vast number of imperfections, by which we are inferior to those with whom we are compared, besides an hundred vices to which they are utter strangers.

Suppose my whole fortune consists of three thousand pounds in the stocks, for which I receive interest. Lycas has only one thousand; but he has an hundred acres of wood, five hundred acres of arable land, a corn mill, and a toll, besides a share in some mines, and the tithes of a valuable impropriation. Am I richer than Lycas?

Some have a very chimerical and false method of deciding the merit of a person, by rating him according to his reputation in the world. This is making the trumpet take place of the flagelet, only because it is louder.

Callimachus, for example, is a poet of great fame; he turns a verse extremely well, and reasons tolerably; but nature, as if exhausted in the production

of his head, has given neither rectitude nor probity to his heart.

Jenades, on the contrary, without gathering any laurels on mount Pindus, advances towards immortality; tho' his approaches are ſlower, and by another road. Inſtead of ſcribbling verſes, a kind of production, which the preſs ſoon makes known to the public, he cures diſeaſes. He leaves Callimachus to run after Euripides and Pindar; but, for his part, he chuſes Hippocrates for his model. Inſtead of amuſing the leiſure of idle readers, he reſtores the infirm to their health. He has pitched upon a profeſſion, in which he may be of ſervice to his fellow citizens, and his ſucceſs abundantly anſwers his benevolent inclination.

Callimachus, who frequents the court, or at leaſt attends the levy of ſome courtiers, does not imagine that Jenades can, with any ſhadow of reaſon, be compared to him; but, for my part, I cannot help thinking, that it would be an injuſtice not to give the preference to Jenades.

Uraniſcopus the aſtronomer, beholding a modern Archimedes grown old over an abſtract problem, looks at him with pity, and ſays to himſelf, with an air of ſatisfaction: Alas! this poor dreamer does not, perhaps, know the preſent elevation of the *Bull's eye*.

The ſmoke-dried alchymiſt, who, miſtaking the love of gold and ſilver for wiſdom, appropriates, excluſively to himſelf, the character of a philoſopher; proud of a title with which he has honoured himſelf, looks at every man with an air of diſdain whoſe cloſets are not furniſhed with crucibles.

Shall

Shall I deſcend here to ſpeak of thoſe ſouls of clay, who, having no other reſource to flatter their vanity, value themſelves on their luxury and opulence? I would not even acquit thoſe, who, demeaning themſelves with humility in the midſt of affluence, imagined they deſerved eſteem for this behaviour. 'Tis ſetting too great a value upon riches, to claim a merit for not being proud of them. Does wiſdom conſiſt in not being ridiculous?

SECT. II.

Of Corporeal Appetites.

They are the gift of nature: far from ſuppreſing them, we ought to ſatisfy them, but always in moderation. Moderate pleaſures are not unlawful; but are rather neceſſary. Even ſenſual enjoyments are not inconſiſtent with the ſublimeſt virtue.

BY corporeal appetites, I mean the deſires excited in us by the wants of the body; ſuch as the deſire of eating, drinking, or repoſe, when the body is oppreſſed with hunger, thirſt, or wearineſs. We have already obſerved, that theſe deſires are innocent, and that they are notices which nature gives us for the preſervation of our bodies. Here we add, as a neceſſary conſequence, that, inſtead of ſuppreſing them, 'tis juſt they be ſatisfied. There is a virtue in abſtaining from what is forbidden by right reaſon; none can I ſee in abſtaining from that which is lawful. But we are to ſatisfy theſe deſires with moderation. Whatever we give to the body more than it wants,

is an exceſs that hurts it: even the ſweeteſt enjoyments, carried to exceſs, ceaſe to pleaſe us, and degenerate into puniſhments; puniſhments ſo much the more tormenting, as they are joined with the remorſe of being owing to our own procurement.

Here you muſt not expect me to give you an exact preſcription, to fix the quantity of nouriſhment or repoſe you are to allow the body: this ſhould be regulated according to your natural wants. To continue inactive, after your body has had its wonted reſt, is lazineſs; to cram yourſelf with victuals, after you have appeaſed your hunger, is gluttony.

With reſpect to the choice of meat and drink, your firſt attention ſhould be to abſtain from all ſuch as may prove any way prejudicial to health. The pretended impure meats, forbidden by Moſes, were all bad to digeſt. But, in regard to ſuch as are wholeſome, we may conſult our taſte; for there is no reaſon that forbids the palate to determine the choice.

The ſame may be ſaid of all the appetites of the body. Shun exceſs, for it is fatal and criminal; but, while you confine yourſelf within the limits preſcribed by your wants, honour does not require you to make a total renunciation of pleaſure. Pleaſure itſelf is a kind of want; 'tis a ſort of repoſe and interval, during which man takes breath, and recovers ſtrength to prepare himſelf for new labour. Senſual enjoyments are neither dangerous nor enervating, 'till, by habit, they degenerate into wants. They cannot corrupt a perſon, who can forego them without regret. Heroes, (thoſe I mean who have reſolution enough to be virtuous, for I never grant this title to the deſtroyers of mankind) heroes, I ſay, are

are not anchorites, who have renounced all pleaſure, but men who can abſtain from it, whenever their own honour, or the good of their country, requires.

SECT. III.

Of Avarice and Ambition.

1. *The love of riches, being criminal only by its exceſs, is not always avarice. The picture of a miſer.* 2. *Ambition of two kinds. The firſt ſpecies of ambition, deſcription of its effects. The ſecond ſpecies, compariſon between this and the firſt.*

1. THE love of riches, like moſt paſſions, is a vice only by its exceſs: corrected by a prudent moderation, it becomes an innocent affection. Gold and ſilver, being, in conſequence of a general convention, the key of commerce and the inſtrument for ſupplying our wants; there is no more harm in deſiring it, than in wiſhing for the very things which we acquire by means of thoſe metals. But, as too much food loads the ſtomach with ſuperfluities prejudicial to the digeſtion, ſo great riches cauſe, likewiſe, a kind of repletion; but a repletion more dangerous in its conſequences, becauſe it generally corrupts our manners.

The immoderate love of riches is always vicious, but is not always avarice. An avaricious man, properly ſpeaking, is he who, perverting the uſe of money, made to procure us the neceſſaries of life, chuſes rather to deny himſelf thoſe neceſſaries, than to diminiſh, or neglect to increaſe, his hoard, which lies dead and uſeleſs.

If

If you want an example of this vice, you will find it in *Chryſolatris*. Take a full view of his perſon; he is covered from head to foot with greaſy rags, miſerably patched, but patched by his own hands. Step into his apartment, every part of it anſwers the tattered figure of his perſon; his bed, his chairs, and his hangings, are curious monuments of the moſt antiquated faſhions. He lets the dirt and greaſe grow thick upon his furniture as well as upon his cloaths, ſo as to penetrate and incorporate with the ſtuff. Cleanlineſs, he ſays, is intended only for ſpendthrifts. Obſerve him well; he is going to ſit down to dinner. 'Tis a rule with him, before he ſays grace, to ſee the doors always bolted. Next to thieves, he is moſt afraid of paraſites. As for borrowers, he fears them not, for he has long ſince got rid of their importunity. Behold, on a worm-eaten board, laid on a rickety joint ſtool, appear ſome morſels of boiled beef, made hot a ſecond time, and drowned in thin broth, with a cruſt of black ſtale bread, an earthen mug, and nothing more.

But who is it that knocks at the door, before he has quite dined? 'Tis his nephew, and heir, who, out of regard to his uncle's large fortune, pays him a conſtant attendance. *So! nephew*, cries the wretch, as ſoon as he eſpies him, *is there no other time to come plaguing me, but while I am at dinner? I love to eat alone, 'tis my humour, and I will not 'change it to pleaſe you. But what's that? What is it you are looking for? Are you come to rob me? I am ſorry I am obliged to ſay this to you; but, in ſhort, your hands, and your looks, make me extremely uneaſy. Nephew, mind what I ſay, and ſave yourſelf the trouble of viſiting me ſo often. I know you imagine I am rich;*

but

but that's the folly of all heirs. Let me tell it you *once more honeſtly and ſincerely, you are miſtaken; I am undone, I have nothing, nothing at all, left.*

But, before we part with *Chryſolatris*, let us ſee how near he is to the truth. The day declines, and the hour draws near in which he goes to pay homage to his god, to tell his gold, to careſs it, and place it again in the bottom of his ſtrong box. He has done reckoning it. But what is that he mutters? 'Tis the ſum total of his treaſure. *A hundred and twenty five thouſand crowns, two livres, and four ſous. What a deal of pains,* continues he, locking his box, *a man muſt take to ſcrape together a decent competency!*

I ſhall ſay nothing here of thoſe wild unthinking prodigals, who cannot find a ſufficiency even in the largeſt eſtates; wretches whom opulence impoveriſhes, and, in proportion to their acquiſitions, haſten their ruin; their deſires and expences always exceeding their fortune, however immenſe. Of theſe I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak in another place.

2. Some ſouls have an inſatiable deſire of other goods than riches; ſuch are the ambitious. The object of their paſſion is much more fantaſtic; but, on the other hand, they look upon it in a nobler light.

There are two ſorts of ambition. The firſt inſpires the perſon whom it poſſeſſes, with a deſire of riſing to an elevated ſtation, makes him conſider this deſire as a paſſion peculiar to great ſouls, and removes all ſuch ſcruples as may obſtruct his deſign. Every method appears to him juſt, that can lead him to the end he propoſes. If he has no other oppoſition to ſurmount but that of conſcience, he is ſure of ſucceſs, for he well

well knows how to ſilence it. The motives, upon which he proceeds, appear to him ſo engaging, that he is perſuaded they are ſufficient to excuſe his crimes. Whoever can be ſhaken by the horrors of guilt, are at moſt but half ambitious; nor is it upon theſe that fortune ſhowers her favours.

An honeſt man may be ſerviceable to the ſtate; but, how great ſoever his abilities, the ſtate very ſeldom takes care of his fortune. He has all the zeal neceſſary for ſerving his prince with honour; but he is not ſo ſervilely complaiſant as to cringe and ſtoop to royal favourites; and yet this is an eſſential qualification, without which his expectations will be diſappointed.

This is the ambition that forms inhuman conquerors; this that makes them enemies to all the neighbouring ſtates; this that induces them to violate the law of nations and the faith of treaties; this that renders them the ſcourge of foreign nations, and the tyrants of their own.

This alſo is the ambition that forms baſe magiſtrates, ſuch as ſell themſelves to the paſſions of the great, too weak to give them wholeſome advice, yet unjuſt enough to pronounce implicitly the ſentence dictated by arbitrary power; oppreſſors, in fine, of the people, who ſhould naturally fly to them for protection.

This is, in fine, the ambition which pours, into the hearts even of prieſts, friars, and monks, the thirſt of honours; which ſo often pollutes, with baſe flattery, mouths devoted to celebrate the majeſty of God; transforms, into ſervile courtiers, the fathers of the church, and makes them aſpire to capricious dig-

dignities, and to the humbling livery of a foreign power.

Strange paradox, yet a truth: 'tis rare to ſee a perſon immoderately ambitious, who is not, at the ſame time, moſt ſervilely mean. The ambitious man, eager after grandeur, without knowing what is truly grand, ſtoops in order to raiſe himſelf, like the ſerpent, which ſprings upwards by preſſing the ground with his belly.

Orgaſtes is brutiſh and fierce, voluptuous, vain, and wicked; he knows nothing, tho' he decides every thing; he underſtands neither juſtice nor law; but his caprice ſupplies their ſtead. He ſwallows down affronts very patiently, but he knows how to be revenged by inſulting the wretched.

A place happens to become vacant; an odious place, as it inveſts the perſon who fills it, with a power only of diſtreſſing his fellow citizens. Orgaſtes gets it, and, indeed, the propereſt man in the world to fill it. It is now requiſite to aſſume an imperious tone; this ſuits his ferocity and haughtineſs: It is neceſſary to puniſh; this ſuits his cruelty and inflexibility: He is to decide in a military manner; what form of proceeding can be more agreeable to the whims of a capricious judge?

You would be ſurprized, without doubt, were Orgaſtes to be ſtript of this employment, ſince he is every way ſo well qualified for it. Is it poſſible for him to anſwer, better than he does, the views of thoſe who raiſed him to this place? Does not he do all the miſchief they require of him? Does not he do it with reſolution, with a reliſh, and without uneaſineſs or remorſe? Is there a man, therefore, that

deſerves

deſerves more to be continued in his poſt, or to be removed only for a higher dignity?

'Tis a rule with thoſe who hold the reins of government, to reward the evil actions of thoſe who act under them, more than the good. And this ſeems but juſt and reaſonable: for, as honour is far preferable to life, he who tramples upon it, for the ſervice of a great man, does more for his maſter, than a brave fellow who has ſpilt his blood to defend him. The latter only riſks his body; the other does more, he ſacrifices his ſoul.

How comes it that Polydamas was made a knight? 'Tis for being ſo complaiſant as to commit a murder. Perhaps his frightened conſcience many times arreſted his hand juſt raiſed for the blow; but at length he ſilenced it, and triumphed over his ſcruples. Is there a price high enough for ſo great a ſacrifice? Would not you have been glad to have been recompenſed in the ſame manner for ſaving the life of a fellow citizen? And yet are the difficulties you ſtruggled with, to be compared to his? 'Tis recompence enough for you to have the inexpreſſible ſatisfaction ariſing from the conſciouſneſs of the action. You would be overjoyed, in all likelihood, to meet every day with a thouſand ſuch opportunities. Do not, therefore, envy Polydamas's lot; you have gained a great deal more than he; and you ventured nothing in compariſon to what he has loſt.

The other kind of ambition is leſs criminal indeed, but more puerile and ridiculous. It is not ſo preſumptuous as to aſpire to the rank and dignities of great men, but is ſatisfied with affecting their manners, and copying them as exactly as poſſible.

The

The vulgar are ſo fully perſuaded that it becomes the dignity of a great man to be vain and arrogant, that, when a perſon of mean parentage wants to have his origin forgot, he fancies the beſt way is to make himſelf known in the world by his ridiculous fopperies. This, perhaps, might be an effectual method of impoſing upon mankind, were he but to draw a better copy of his original.

Chryſes, intoxicated with this folly, has aſſumed the ſcornful look, the forbidding air, the ſurly tone, and the contemptuous ſneer: he receives petitions, but does not read them; his anſwer is, *I will ſee about it*. He has authors, prieſts, and players at his table, whom he ſets a wrangling; then rallies them, and, if they are out of countenance, he ſneers. In his diſcourſe, his walk, his geſture, and attitude, he is as foppiſh as a French marquis, but with leſs eaſe. All his ridiculous parts are ſtudied, and viſibly affected. Beſides, he does not ſtrike his ſervants; he pays his debts exactly, and audits his ſteward's accounts; he has calculated what his eſtate is worth to the full, he ſpends only his yearly income, and he never runs out his eſtate, which he intends to tranſmit intire to his children. So true it is that the plebeian will always be diſcovered thro' affected nobility! Would a real perſon of quality have ever ſtooped to theſe minute particulars of a cit's œconomy?

ARTICLE

ARTICLE II.

Of Circumſpection in Words.

Its uſe. It becomes eaſy, when once the inordinate affections are ſuppreſſed. Diviſion of this article into four ſections.

TO know how to govern the tongue, is a rare but neceſſary and uſeful ſcience. A perſon who has brought his ſoul under proper diſcipline, by regulating his thoughts, deſires and affections, muſt have made a conſiderable proficiency in this ſcience; for the tongue is only the interpreter of the mind. The remaining part is a trifle in compariſon of this: the work, however, is not completed; for we are ſtill to obſerve, that there are thoughts, deſires, and affections of ſuch a nature, that, tho' they are innocent, while confined within our breaſts, yet they become indecent and culpable, by being divulged by the tongue.

'Tis poſſible I may have heard, without wounding my conſcience, the intrigues of Phædima; but 'tis criminal in me to render them public.

There is no harm in perceiving that Atys is a ſilly coxcomb; yet I am not allowed to indulge myſelf in rallying him with too much ſeverity.

Polydorus has voluntarily, and without any artifice on my ſide, entruſted me with his ſecret; ſo far there is no breach of honour: but a breach of honour

honour there would be, ſhould I attempt to betray Polydorus.

In fine, I may be innocently acquainted with the familiarities that paſs between married people, or between lovers that live together as ſuch; I may underſtand the map of love better than that of the world; yet were I to expreſs myſelf on this ſubject in terms too clear, eſpecially in preſence of that ſex which is nicer about theſe matters, I ſhould tranſgreſs againſt honour, modeſty, and good manners.

SECT. I.

Of Detraction.

What is meant by detraction. There is leſs detraction now than formerly, becauſe in polite companies there is more gaming. Each individual gives it a turn peculiar to his own character.

TO prejudice the reputation of a perſon, either by reporting ſome particular crime of which he has been guilty, or by diſcloſing his ſecret vices, is an action in itſelf indifferent. It is lawful, and even ſometimes expedient, when it turns out to the benefit of the perſon accuſed, or of thoſe whom the accuſation is brought before. 'Tis right to acquaint a parent with the extravagancies of a debauched ſon; an abbot or prior with the irregularities of a ſtrolling monk; the government or prince with the raſh machinations of a ſeditious ſubject; and the public with the villainy

lainy which a dangerous hypocrite ſecretes from their view: eſpecially when all endeavours to reform the guilty, by charitable admoniſhments, have proved ineffectual. This is not, properly ſpeaking, what we call detraction.

By detraction we commonly underſtand, a malicious and ſatyrical accuſation againſt a perſon abſent, merely with the view of aſperſing and vilifying his character. This term may be extended to defamatory libels, which are detractions of a more criminal nature, as they make a ſtronger and more durable impreſſion upon the mind; hence, in all well-regulated communities, they have been made a crime, and are puniſhed as ſuch with ſeverity.

At preſent there is leſs detraction than formerly in polite aſſemblies, becauſe there is more gaming. Cards have ſaved more reputations, than could have been preſerved by a legion of miſſionaries, ſent out, merely, to preach againſt detraction. But, as polite companies do not always play, they are apt ſometimes to detract.

Detraction is, perhaps, the common vice of all mankind; but each perſon gives it a turn conformable to his character.

Ergaſtes, the Miſanthrope, detracts in the moſt open and unreſerved manner. If mention happens to be made of a perſon that is abſent, he relates, with the greateſt exactneſs, all the harm he knows of him, and with as much care he conceals the good; thus he is ſure to hit off only the deformities of his original.

Hermione, the coquette, is not quite ſo unmerciful. Her fertile imagination preſents a multitude of people

to

to her view; of whoſe portraits her indulgent ſpleen only juſt draws the firſt out-lines. Twenty different originals ſhe ſketches in a quarter of an hour, each of which coſts her but a word, a touch, a flying joke. What a charming talent has this young lady for detraction?

The pious Dorothea is yet more reſerved; ſhe knows it is a ſin to ſpeak ill of her neighbours, unleſs in caſe of neceſſity, and indeed [illegible] does it: on the contrary, ſhe would be [illegible] praiſe all the world. If ſhe has occaſion to [illegible] a perſon that is abſent, ſhe firſt ſets forth his good qualities; but, when ſhe comes to the bad ones, ſhe ſtops ſhort; and there it is we ſee the delicacy of her conſcience. 'Tis plain ſhe conceals ſome ſtrokes which would be diſadvantageous to the picture; but theſe can be ſupplied only by conjecture.

If Helena happens to be the ſubject of her converſation; *this lady*, ſhe ſays, *is a very amiable woman, endowed with good ſenſe, and bred up in virtuous principles, but*——And here ſhe ſtops. A perſon, leſs circumſpect than ſhe, would, perhaps, have added bluntly, *but ſhe has profited little by it:* Dorothea ſtops at her *but*. The company afterwards are inquiſitive, and preſs her to explain her meaning; but ſhe is impenetrable. *No*, ſays ſhe, *'tis nothing at all: have I not told you that ſhe is an amiable woman, and a perſon of good ſenſe?*

SECT.

SECT. II.

Of Raillery.

Raillery leſs criminal than detraction, but generally more offenſive. Sometimes it is innocent. What perſons it ought to ſpare. And, even when permitted, what conditions are requiſite to render it inoffenſive.

RAILLERY is leſs a breach of natural equity, and of the common rights of mankind, than detraction; becauſe, as the perſon attacked is preſent, he has generally an opportunity of defending himſelf. But, tho' it be leſs criminal, yet 'tis frequently more offenſive: by reaſon it ſtrikes two blows at the ſame time, one againſt honour and the other againſt ſelf-love; it diſhonours the perſon, and puts him out of countenance.

The malicious turn it takes, adds, generally, to the chagrin which a man feels at being taxed with a fault, with a miſcarriage, or an infirmity, the humbling mortification of not having immediately repelled the ſcoffing ſtroke with a more poignant jeſt. A perſon would rather be traduced when abſent, than rallied to his face.

And yet raillery is not always an outrage, nor, conſequently, always a crime; there are ſome innocent railleries, which an ingenious perſon * of the laſt century compared to a flaſh of lightning that dazzles without burning.

* *Mademoiſelle de Scudery.*

If

If wit and judgment were always to go together, whoever rallies would be circumſpect; for a perſon that underſtands rallying, cannot be ſaid to be a fool. But, ſo far is wit, (and eſpecially that of the ſatyrical kind) from being prudent and reſerved, that, on the contrary, the more it ſparkles and abounds in ſallies, the more it is, generally ſpeaking, inconſiderate. Such is the difficulty we experience in depriving ourſelves of the pleaſure of a joke, that we do not ſtick, when occaſion offers, to loſe a friend, to diſoblige a benefactor, or to forfeit the affection of a patron, rather than not ſatisfy the itch of ſhining in company.

Not that I abſolutely forbid people to rally; this would be rendering converſation too heavy; and leaving vice and folly too much at their eaſe. Raillery is an agreeable ſalt, when the doſe is moderate; but too pungent, when it is wantonly waſted. Rally, therefore, if your humour leads you; but rally with prudence.

Spare thoſe whoſe age or character has placed them above you; 'tis a deteſtable imprudence to rally a grey-haired man, a parent, a maſter, or a magiſtrate.

Spare, likewiſe, your inferiors, if you have no right to reprove them; your ſuperiority ſtrikes them with an awful reſpect, and deprives them of the power of making a defence. This would be attacking with an unfair advantage; it would be making uſe of fire arms againſt a man naked and unarmed; it would be ſhewing your ſtrength in throwing down an infant.

But if they be of a ſubordinate condition of life, you are not forbid the uſe of raillery; 'tis a method

and very often an efficacious one, to make them ſubmit to the yoke of virtue and decency. 'Tis eaſier to refrain from actions we are aſhamed of, than from thoſe whoſe conſequences we apprehend. Youth, thro' temerity, frequently ſhake off the thoughts of fear; but ſelf-love, ſtung by a pungent irony, feels all its venom and gall; they are apt to mend when they cannot be revenged.

But raillery is tolerated chiefly among equals. 'Tis then an innocent trial of wit, an ingenious combat, whoſe dubious and changeable ſucceſs affords an agreeble amuſement, provided the combatants be pretty near of equal force; for 'tis cowardice to rally a perſon who has not received of heaven the gift of repartee.

Even among equals, raillery ought to be rare, genteel, and moderate.

A man of ſenſe, that underſtands raillery, will be tired at long run with a perpetual ſeries of jeſts; he will begin to be uneaſy, ſuſpecting he is deſpiſed, and that there is a deſign to ridicule him. Diſturbed by this notion, he loſes all his enjoyment; he maintains the fight by retreating; preſs him ever ſo little, you are ſure to defeat him. But let this never be done; for in trials of wit, eſpecially among friends, we ſhould be afraid of gaining too complete an advantage.

To render your raillery delicate, it ſhould only glance at ſimple foibles, or thoſe at leaſt which paſs for ſuch; it ſhould be levelled againſt ſlight failings, the diſcovery of which is neither attended with diſhonour nor infamy, nor gives ſelf-love too deep a wound.

Rally

Rally Memnon's awkard and ſheepiſh air, in dancing a minuet: he will not be offended, but will laugh with you; this ſhews he is a man of ſenſe, that does not make it a point of honour to dance with eaſe and correctneſs.

Rally Lucilia for being ſo long at her toilette: ſhe will applaud herſelf inwardly, from a conviction that the time ſhe has ſpent in heightening the natural luſtre of her charms, has been well laid out.

Rally the profane Alcander on his irreligion: inſtead of offending him, you flatter his vanity.

But take care not to rally an author on the ill ſucceſs of his work: be cautious how you ſpeak of cowardice before the puſillanimous Caſanova; let cuckoldom alone, when you are in company with the eaſy and contented Eugametes.

Even on trivial ſubjects you ſhould rally with moderation. To launch out into cutting ſarcaſms, for inſignificant trifles, is a very unfair proceeding. 'Tis true, you will have the laugh on your ſide, and the company will be externally pleaſed with the keenneſs of your jokes; but, at the ſame time, they will dread you in ſecret: you may excite their laughter, but you will not gain their hearts.

SECT. III.

Of Indiſcretion in Diſcourſe.

Indiſcretion is as unjuſt as imprudent; and is a fault whether ſilence has been promiſed or not. Keep your ſecret to yourſelf. Inconveniency of being the confidant of an indiſcreet perſon.

perſon. We ought never to diſcloſe another perſon's ſecret, under any pretext whatſoever: we ought to conceal it, as it were, from ourſelves; or, at leaſt, to act as if we knew nothing of it.

INdiſcretion in diſcourſe is a fault in which injuſtice is added to imprudence. To reveal the ſecret either of a friend, or of any other perſon, is diſpoſing of another man's property; 'tis abuſing a truſt, an abuſe ſo much the more criminal, as it is always irreparable. If you laviſh a ſum of money with which you were intruſted, perhaps you will be able ſome time or other to make reſtitution: but how is it poſſible to make a ſecret, once divulged, return into the receſſes of darkneſs?

Whether you have promiſed or not to be ſilent, your obligation to ſecrecy is all the ſame, if the confidence be of ſuch a nature as to require it: to hear the ſtory out, is engaging not to reveal it.

To recommend diſcretion to a confidant who is prudent and circumſpect, is an unneceſſary precaution; becauſe, without your recommendation, he knows how to be ſilent: to charge a fool with ſecrecy, is likewiſe a ſuperfluous trouble; you can have no ſecurity from his promiſe. He does not think himſelf obliged to ſecrecy, if he has not given his word; and, if by chance he is ſilent, it is owing to want of memory or opportunity. But, if unluckily he has promiſed to be diſcreet, neither opportunity nor memory will fail him. After his promiſe is made, he weighs and examines it, which before he did

did not; he thinks he has gone too far, and wants to recall his word. What a heavy burthen a ſecret proves to a fool! He is ſure not to forget what you have committed to his truſt: for how is it poſſible for him to carry ſo ponderous a load, without thinking of it? He imagines every one perceives the confuſion which he inwardly feels, that they penetrate into the receſſes of his breaſt, and there read the ſecret. To ſave himſelf, therefore, the vexation of having it found out, he at length reſolves to betray his truſt; after ſtrictly charging his new confidant to remember, that what he has diſcloſed to him, is an affair of the utmoſt importance.

Believe me, 'tis the ſafeſt way to keep your ſecret, to yourſelf. If you think it a heavy and troubleſome load, can you blame another perſon for endeavouring to eaſe himſelf in his turn?

Aphroſyne takes me aſide, with a myſterious air, and whiſpers in my ear, *You know*, ſays ſhe, *my lord* N. *who viſits me ſo conſtantly; I am to be married to him to-morrow; the articles are already drawn: but I beg you not to mention it to any creature living; for he is a man of ſuch a temper, that I know he would break off directly, if he ſhould hear that I had ſpoken to any one about it.*

Scarce had I left her, when twenty other intimates of her's come to inform me of what I know as well as they. Aphroſyne preſently hears it is the news of the day; and behold I am unjuſtly confounded with a ſet of tatlers. I would almoſt as willingly be a receiver of ſtolen goods, as the depoſitary of a babbler's ſecret.

Still be upon your guard; for, tho' you are an only confidant, you may meet with ſome prying meddlers, who, pretending to ſhare the confidence of your friend, may inform themſelves from your mouth of what they only ſurmiſed before. Notwithſtanding this is ſo common a ſtratagem, ſo uſual a ſnare, yet there are daily inſtances of people caught in it.

But, were it even true, that the perſon who entruſted his ſecret to you, had repoſed the ſame confidence in others, this is not a reaſon that diſcharges you from your obligation of ſecrecy: you ſhould always inviolably obſerve it, without diſcloſing the affair even to thoſe who have equally ſhared in your friend's confidence. How do you know but it is a matter of importance, that in company with thoſe very perſons you ſhould appear to know nothing of the matter?

"But ſome of them, you ſay, have ſpoken of "it already." What do you pretend to infer from thence? Does another perſon's infidelity juſtify yours. Again I repeat it, you have accepted a truſt, and none, but the perſon who repoſed it, can diſcharge you from it: he alone who communicated the ſecret to you, has a right to untie your tongue.

Even a rupture between two friends does not annul the obligation of ſecrecy: you cannot get rid of your debts, by quarrelling with your creditor. How deteſtable a perfidy is it to employ for your reſentment the arms you have drawn from the boſom of friendſhip! Tho' we ſhould ceaſe to be united by the ties of affection, are we therefore diſcharged from thoſe of honeſty and rectitude?

In

In vain would you alledge, that the wretch whom you deteſt, has merited your averſion, merely thro' his own indiſcretion in diſcloſing your ſecret. A fine project of revenge! to puniſh a treachery, you are to become yourſelf a traitor!

You ought to lodge, as it were, another perſon's ſecret in the moſt impenetrable receſs of your boſom; you ſhould conceal it, if poſſible, from yourſelf, for fear of being ever tempted to make a bad uſe of it. To apply this knowledge either to the prejudice of the perſon who confided in you, or to your own particular emolument, is uſurping another perſon's property; an uſurpation which even the deſire of revenge, already criminal in itſelf, is incapable to juſtify.

You know Aſpondus: he is poſſeſſed of an eminent poſt, which very likely you ſuppoſe he obtained by his addreſs and capacity. But you are miſtaken; it was the price of treachery. His friend Philoctetes ſollicited for this poſt before him: his meaſures were well concerted; his competitors were ſet aſide; and he was juſt on the point of obtaining it, when he called upon Aſpondus, to make him a partner of his joy. Aſpondus the very next day was in poſſeſſion of the poſt. *I will uſe*, ſaid he then to Philoctetes, who, in ſpite of circumſtances, ſtill doubted of his perfidy, *I will gladly uſe all the intereſt I have acquired by my new rank, to ſerve you; but do not take it amiſs; this place was the very thing that fitted me, and I have got it for myſelf; would not you have done the very ſame? No, traitor*, replied Philoctetes, *had I been your confidant!*

How much more flagitious a crime would it be, to make uſe of the very benefits conferred upon you,

in order to betray your benefactor! There are favours which ought always to be concealed; and the ſame principle of gratitude which prompts us to publiſh others, obliges us yet more ſtrongly to conceal theſe. But too often the reverſe falls out; thoſe which we ought to divulge, thro' ingratitude we conceal; and thoſe which we ought to conceal, we divulge thro' vanity.

Corylas is an agreeable young fellow, formed to captivate the ladies. If you have a mind to know the particulars of his amours, you have only to introduce the ſubject; for he makes no ſecret of his conqueſts: I would not engage that he does not exaggerate the number; but, after all, he only exaggerates, and the public does him juſtice with reſpect to ſome, which, they ſay, he has not invented. Among theſe he has reckoned Nerine: and Nerine bears a proof of it, which, in a few months, will juſtify his veracity. He has boaſted of favours from Clytia: and theſe are ſo well known, that ſhe can find no other lover to put her virtue to the proof. He has defamed Aminta: and now the unhappy lady, immured in a convent, laments her weakneſs, too much teſtified, alas! by her tears. He has bragged of having ſeduced Leonora: and the furious tranſport of the huſband, ſufficiently convinced of the affront, is but too plain a proof of the lover's triumph.

SECT.

SECT. IV.

Of Freedom in Converſation.

Modeſty in converſation is particularly neceſſary in a mixt company of both ſexes. We may talk of any ſubject, provided we uſe decent expreſſions. Men ſhould be more reſerved before maids, than before married women. In what ſchool we are to learn this decency of expreſſion.

MY intent is not to exclude all ſubjects of gallantry from converſation; but only to point out the manner in which they are to be treated.

The firſt rule of converſation is to avoid all manner of obſcenity; this being obſerved, a greater liberty of expreſſion may be allowed in companies that conſiſt only of perſons of the ſame ſex. And thoſe who pretend to be well informed, aſſure us that the ladies are not at all inferior to us in freedom of diſcourſe, when they happen to be diſembarraſſed from the reſtraint of regulating their converſation by the preſence of our ſex.

To explain ourſelves on ſubjects that are apt to offend the delicacy of modeſt people, there are two different languages. One is that of phyſicians, old women, and clowns; whoſe expreſſions are groſs, broad, and diſguſting. The other makes uſe of ſelect words, myſterious circumlocutions, and enigmatical turns. It lays a kind of paint that embelliſhes the ſubjects, or covers, at leaſt, their principal deformity: it veils them with a thin gawze, which, without concealing them from the eye, renders the ſight

of them more ſupportable. This is the language uſed by well-bred men before the fair ſex; which, tho' it may ſeem obſcure, is not ſo in reality; for they underſtand us at half a word. Our ladies have a quick apprehenſion and a delicate ear: it would be affronting them to expreſs ourſelves in their preſence with too much perſpicuity; * *their imagination*, ſays a modern writer, *loves to walk in the ſhade.*

This amiable ſex is divided into claſſes; one contains what we call maids, or, at leaſt, reputed ones; the other thoſe who are, or have been, engaged in marriage. The latter do not lay us under ſo great a conſtraint; we may ſpeak of any ſubject before them; the buſineſs is only to make uſe of ſuch terms as are not down-right offenſive to modeſt ears. But, with regard to the others, they are ſuppoſed to be ignorant of an infinite number of things, with which married women are acquainted. Now it would be unmannerly to converſe with them, at leaſt in terms too clear, on ſubjects which it does not become them to underſtand. We cannot, therefore, be too reſerved in their preſence, with reſpect to the ſubjects of our converſation.

'Tis a conſtant maxim with well-bred men never to let any expreſſion drop from them, that may offend the ladies, or put them to the bluſh. In the polite world, a Cynic is a down-right monſter.

" But what are thoſe free expreſſions, you will " aſk me, that offend the modeſty of the ſex? what " muſt be ſubſtituted in their ſtead? And when, " after a laborious application, I ſhall have attained " this knowledge, who can aſſure me that the ſame " word, which is no way offenſive to Aſpaſia, will " not make Liſa bluſh?"

* *The editor of* Marot, *the* Hague *edition*, 1731.

In

In order to underſtand a language well, we ſhould ſtudy it among the people that ſpeak it: and among thoſe people we ſhould alſo ſpeak it, if we have a mind to be underſtood. Now this polite language, purged of groſs expreſſions, impertinent details, and indecent double-meanings, is ſpoken only in good company; there it is we muſt learn it, and there we muſt ſpeak it. But I muſt explain what I mean by *good company*.

Exclude, firſt, the ruſtic and unpoliſhed, all ſuch as have neither manners, delicacy, nor taſte; ſubtract likewiſe bigots, preciſe folks, pedants, fribbles, and petit-maitres; and the remainder will form what we call *good company*. Then you will have a ſociety of worthy people, of an eaſy and engaging temper, by whom virtue, order, and decency will be always reſpected. Among theſe there will be a common fund of mirth, wit, and gaiety, to which each member will contribute his ſhare. Liberty will there take place, licentiouſneſs will be excluded; pleaſure will have admittance, without exiling wiſdom.

ARTICLE III.

Of Circumſpection in Actions, or Decorum.

What actions are here treated of. Reaſons which render this circumſpection neceſſary. In what the rules of decorum conſiſt.

'TIS not my buſineſs here to trace out a general plan of conduct; nor under this head to comprize a complete ſyſtem of morality. I ſup-

poſe here, as under the preceding article, where I treated of circumſpection in words, that the inclinations of the heart, the deſires, and affections, are already regulated and reſtrained within their proper bounds: now, upon this ſuppoſition, I have no occaſion to deter from vice, but only to expoſe ſome breaches of decorum, which, tho' not proceeding from a vicious principle, are yet deſerving of cenſure.

If God alone was witneſs to our actions, our heart being irreproachable, irreproachable alſo would be our conduct; for he judges us only by the heart. But mankind, on the contrary, ſeeing no more than externals, judge of our intention by our actions; and weigh and eſtimate us by the teſtimony of their ſenſes. It is, therefore, both our intereſt and duty to avoid giving any voluntary occaſion to ſuſpicions that may injure our reputation. It is our intereſt, becauſe, having continual need of the aſſiſtance of others, 'tis of great importance to have a due ſhare of their eſteem; for their benevolence and good offices will be regulated by the opinion they have of our merit. It is our duty, becauſe 'tis really incumbent upon us to contribute to the improvement of our neighbours, by a conduct capable of inſpiring them with a reliſh of the practice of virtue.

'Tis not, therefore, ſufficient to have virtue concealed in our hearts, we muſt render it viſible: it ought to ſpread ſo luminous a colour round all our actions, as may prevent miſ-conſtructions, and ſet our intention in the faireſt light.

Euſebius fears, honours, and ſerves God; and yet he paſſes for a reprobate. But why ſo? Becauſe he imprudently ridicules the worſhip which cuſtom has eſta-

eſtabliſhed among his fellow citizens. He does not offer up incenſe to the God of his country; 'tis therefore concluded that he is an Atheiſt.

Evergetes is compaſſionate, liberal, and active; but he receives people coldly, ſpeaks little, and has an auſtere look. The wretched, whom miſery intimidates, are diſcouraged at theſe forbidding appearances; but thoſe who dare to approach, are ſure to come away with real comfort. Thus Evergetes conceals his benevolent diſpoſition under a diſcourteous behaviour; for which reaſon he is looked upon as a perſon void of tenderneſs and humanity.

Adelaid is a woman of virtue, fond of her huſband, and exact in every duty; but her dreſs is too gay, her converſation looſe, and her parties of pleaſure ſcandalous. People will not be at the trouble of ſearching into her heart, to be aſſured of her morals: no, her ſentence is paſt, ſhe is condemned as a wanton.

The great art of decorum conſiſts in two points; 1. To do nothing but what carries along with it the ſtamp of rectitude and virtue. 2. Not even to do what the law of nature permits or commands, but in the manner and under the limitations by that very law preſcribed.

The firſt of theſe two points is the ſource of good example; and the other of public decency.

SECT.

SECT. I.

Of good Example.

Neceſſity of ſetting good example: its uſe: the example of the great has more influence than that of private people.

THE way to love our fellow-creatures, is to wiſh them all the good which we judge conducive to their happineſs, and to procure it for them, if in our power. As nothing is more conducive to happineſs than virtue, the firſt and moſt important duty of ſociety, is to diſplay it in its full luſtre to thoſe who ſurround us, in order to make them fall in love with it. Now example is the moſt proper means to produce this effect, and frequently 'tis the only one in our power. Every man cannot compoſe books, preach ſermons, or make laws; for every man has not the neceſſary talents, leiſure, or authority: beſides, theſe are only lifeleſs pictures, which ſeldom touch the heart, and exhibit only imperfect and mutilated repreſentations of virtue. The pen, and even the tongue itſelf, like the pencil, paint only the ſurface of objects, and of this ſurface they repreſent no more than can be perceived at one view, and in one attitude; but they cannot animate the figure.

Example is a living picture, which paints virtue in action, and communicates the impreſſion that moves it, to the heart of every ſpectator. Now every one is capable of giving an example of virtue; ſince nothing

nothing more is requiſite than to act the part of an honeſt man.

Let us admire the divine wiſdom, which, of all the means capable of contributing to purity of morals, has inveſted all men with that, which is known to produce the moſt certain effect. Some indeed contribute more than others; but every one is capable of contributing in a degree.

There is a radiancy in all the ſtars; but they have not all orbits of equal extent. The ſame it is with reſpect to examples of virtue. Each, in the circle he occupies, illuminates and vivifies whatever approaches him; but a virtuous prince ſheds his ſalutary influence to a much greater diſtance, than a private citizen who lives in a ſtate of obſcurity. Not that a virtuous man, ſeated on a throne. is of himſelf a more luminous ſtar, than a private perſon, but only his rays are beamed from a more elevated ſtation.

SECT. II.

Of Public Decency.

What is meant by violating public decency. Whether modeſty is a virtue of human invention: why this principle is implanted by nature. Difference between modeſty and chaſtity. Actions contrary to public decency.

TO tranſgreſs againſt public decency, is being defective in a branch of decorum, to which we are under the ſtricteſt obligation.

You are married to Agatha; and in that relation you have a right over her, which ſhe does not conteſt:

teſt: but the temple where you were inveſted with this right, is not a proper place to enjoy it; and the witneſſes of your ſolemn engagement ought not to be witneſſeſs likewiſe to your conjugal embraces.

Thiſbe is paſſionately deſirous to be in the arms of Pyramus; a very innocent deſire; but ſhe muſt not throw herſelf on his boſom. Let her ſigh in ſecret for the happy moment in which ſhe is to be united to her lover: let her then, without ſcruple, admit of his innocent careſſes; thus there is no danger of of violating her duty; but let her take care ſhe does not meet him half way with too wanton an impatience.

Modeſty and reſerve in the fair ſex, far from being virtues of human invention, are real perfections.

Man being the moſt beautiful production of nature, ſhe has taken a particular care of his preſervation; and, in order to perpetuate the ſpecies, ſhe has excited him to the means by pleaſures ſo lively and yet ſo delicate, that they have ſeduced even thoſe ſupercilious philoſophers, who vainly pretend to a ſuperiority over the impreſſions of ſenſe. Now the modeſty with which nature inſpires the fair ſex, is one of thoſe attracting charms, which, by its myſterious reſerve, communicates a new taſte of pleaſure to enjoyment.

Let not this end be thought unworthy the majeſty of the Creator; neither let it be imagined he has any way degraded himſelf by providing for our pleaſures. Look around you, and contemplate the whole face of the univerſe; deſcend into the beds of rivers, and the bottom of the deep; ſearch even the very bowels of the earth; and among the works of the Almighty

you

you will find not even one in a thouſand abſolutely neceſſary for our wants; the reſt are all ſubſervient to our pleaſure.

Confound not, however, modeſty with chaſtity. Modeſty, if you will have it ſo, is a kind of virtue; but ſuch a virtue, as, I may venture to affirm, is only a point of public decency. This I prove by caſes, in which it is lawful to abate its rigour; whereas in reſpect to chaſtity there is no ſuch thing as the leaſt diſpenſation; and this is the characteriſtic of real virtue. Sincerity, for example, is a virtue; for it is of an indiſpenſable nature.

Modeſty and chaſtity are two ſuch diſtinct things, that a woman who would not let you ſee her naked arm, may, at the ſame time, burn with an adulterous flame. Such are, particularly, the Oriental ladies, who generally have no leſs incontinence than modeſty.

Darkneſs, and privacy, may ſuſpend the obligation of modeſty, but never that of chaſtity.

Among the number of actions on which 'tis proper to draw a veil, you muſt rank all thoſe which natural inſtinct directs us to conceal from the public eye. I ſhall not pretend to enumerate them in particular; this would be treſpaſſing againſt that public decency of which I am treating; and which ought to be no leſs reſpected in our writings than in our actions.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Of FORTITUDE.

What fortitude is: when, and upon what account, it is neceſſary. Diviſion of this chapter.

OBvious it is, without doubt, that my intent is not to treat here of fortitude or ſtrength of body. As this has no ſort of influence on manners, it is abſolutely foreign to my ſubject. My purpoſe is to treat only of thoſe qualifications which bear the name of virtues; now there is no more virtue in being as ſtrong as Sampſon, than as big as Goliath. The fortitude I intend to ſpeak of, is that greatneſs of ſoul, which elevates us above vulgar fears, and enables us to brave, when it becomes neceſſary, danger, pain, and adverſity. I ſay, when it becomes neceſſary, becauſe to ruſh into them headlong, and without neceſſity, is rather folly than greatneſs of ſoul.

But the queſtion is, to know when 'tis neceſſary to reſolve to ſuffer? Doubtleſs, when the evil is inevitable, or when from your ſufferings there reſults a greater good. To bear an evil which we cannot avoid, is *patience*; to expoſe ourſelves voluntarily to an evil, for the good that will ariſe from it, is *courage*.

ARTI-

ARTICLE I.

Of Patience.

Four ſorts of evils, under which patience is neceſſary; and for what reaſon.

WE may reduce to four claſſes the pains or troubles that afflict human life: 1. *Natural evils*, that is, thoſe to which our nature, as men and periſhable animals, ſubjects us. 2. Thoſe from which a virtuous and prudent conduct might ſcreen us, but which are the inſeparable conſequences of imprudence or vice, and are called *puniſhments*. 3. Thoſe which exerciſe the conſtancy of the good; ſuch are the perſecutions raiſed againſt them by the wicked. 4. To theſe, in fine, we may add the *contradictions* we daily meet with, ariſing from a diverſity of ſentiments, manners, and characters in the perſons with whom we live and converſe.

Under all theſe evils patience is not only neceſſary, but uſeful. 'Tis *neceſſary*, becauſe the law of nature has rendered it a duty; and to murmur againſt the incidents of life, is inſulting Providence. 'Tis *uſeful*, becauſe it renders our ſufferings lighter, ſhorter, and leſs dangerous.

Leave an epileptic perſon to his own management, and with terror you'll ſee him ſtrike and bruiſe himſelf, and welter in his gore. His epilepſy was already an evil, but he has made it worſe by the wounds he has given himſelf: he might have recovered of his diſtemper, or at leaſt might have lived under it; but now he muſt die of his wounds.

SECT.

SECT. I.

Of Natural Evils.

Which are natural evils. Whether they are numerous, and which are moſt ſenſibly felt. Motives of patience under theſe evils. Submiſſion to the will of God, who, in creating us, intended we ſhould be ſubject to theſe evils.

NAtural evils, as I have already obſerved, are thoſe which the Creator has inſeparately annexed to human condition: now theſe are not ſo numerous as people imagine. The inconveniences of infancy, the pains of child-bearing, the loſs of thoſe who are dear to us, the infirmities of old age, and death; theſe, if I am not miſtaken, are all the natural evils. The reſt are either imaginary, or the bitter fruit of human corruption. I do not even except diſeaſes, becauſe they are generally the work of man, and ſeldom have any other cauſes than his imprudence, effeminacy, or intemperance.

Now, of the all natural evils, I ſee none that are of moment, except the death of perſons dear to us, and of ourſelves. Theſe are the only two which require ſome conſtancy of mind. As for all the reſt, we have occaſion only for a common ſhare of fortitude, or none at all, to ſupport them.

'Tis now thirty years ſince I forgot the evils of infancy; but, be they what they will, they are foreign to my ſubject, becauſe there are no arguments for patience, adapted to the capacity of that age. Beſides, whether an infant in its cradle be patient or not, is a matter,

matter, methinks, of indifference with reſpect to manners; for manners cannot be required of thoſe, who have nothing, as yet, but inſtinct to direct them. St. Auſtin is not the only one who beat his nurſe; but, perhaps, he is the only one that ſeriouſly reproached himſelf with it. This pious doctor had certainly a very tender conſcience.

With reſpect to the pains of child-bearing, I cannot tell the degree of their acuteneſs; but ſatisfied I am, that they are ſupportable, by the intrepidity of thoſe widows who marry again, and by the example of beaſts that patiently endure them.

As for old men, I do not find their ſtate ſo very deplorable, becauſe, in proportion as their infirmities increaſe, their ſenſibility decreaſes; and the mere pleaſure of living indemnifies them for the pains of life. An old man's greateſt infelicity is to die; a young man encounters death with more reſolution.

But to loſe a friend, a ſon, a father, or a loving wife; theſe are ſtrokes of adverſity that pierce even our moſt ſenſible part, the heart; 'tis then we muſt ſummon all our ſtrength of mind, to be able to ſupport the ſhock.

We ſee inſtances of wounds that are curable in ſound bodies, and mortal in thoſe that are worn out with ſickneſs, or afflicted with a cachexy. 'Tis the ſame with reſpect to the wounds of the ſoul; let it have ever ſo good a conſtitution, ſtill it may feel an acute pain; but the goodneſs of its conſtitution, that is, its virtue (for virtue is the health of the ſoul) prevents it from ſinking, and, at length, cloſes up the wound, of which there ſhall be no remains but a ſuperficial ſcar.

In

In great pains, whether of ſoul or body, there are two rocks to be avoided, impiety and dejection of mind. Let us apply this maxim to a particular caſe.

Death has bereft you of an amiable wife, a wife accompliſhed in every reſpect, and who united in her perſon the ſeven qualifications which Henry the Great †, an excellent judge without doubt, required in a woman. She was handſome, prudent, ſweet-tempered, witty, fruitful, rich, and of noble extraction. But is this a reaſon to attack heaven, to accuſe the cruelty of the fates, that is, to charge Providence with injuſtice? Is this a ſufficient motive to deſire no longer to live, to abandon your employment, and neglect your duty; to deliver yourſelf up to frantic tranſports, or to ſink into a ſtupid lethargy?

Your impatience is an additional evil, which does not remedy that under which you groan; and what is ſtill worſe, 'tis an unjuſt and criminal revolt againſt the ſupreme authority of the univerſal monarch.

Your wife was born mortal, and as ſuch you married her; ſhe is now dead, an event which you ought to have foreſeen, and indeed did foreſee; but what is there in all this that can juſtify your complaints? God only lent her to you for a time, without acquainting you with the term; this term is now expired; what injuſtice, therefore, has he done you by taking her back? You did not expect to loſe her ſo ſoon. But why ſo? He never gave you any aſſurance that you were to enjoy her long.

† *Memoirs of* Sully, *Book* ix. *Ed.* Lond. 1747.

Is

Is it him you are to blame, if you flattered yourſelf with groundleſs hopes? We grow too much habituated to enjoyment; and, from the poſſeſſion of preſent happineſs, we are apt to form a claim to its perpetuity. It was, at leaſt, as probable, that your wife would die before you, as that ſhe would ſurvive you; and yet you find it ſtrange that ſhe ſhould go firſt! Had taken you before her, are we ſure you would not have found ſome pretence to complain? Would it not have been a pain to you to think of the affliction your death muſt give her? And yet either one or other muſt neceſſarily die firſt. Perhaps you would have deſired that both might die at the ſame inſtant? But does your deſire give you any title to demand it?

Theſe reflections, I find, have made ſome impreſſion upon your mind; you are reſolved, at length, to inſult God no more by impious murmurings: but this is not yet enough; you have taken a ſtep towards virtue, but you muſt draw near alſo to reaſon. You reverence the hand that afflicts you, but you faint under the weight of the affliction. The tears that ſtand in your eyes magnify the objects, or make you view them, at leaſt, under imaginary forms. You look upon yourſelf as the unhappieſt of men; there is no ſituation which you do not think preferable to your own; and yet the loſs you have ſuſtained, does not throw you into a ſtate of poſitive ſuffering, 'tis only a privation of pleaſure. I queſtion whether it would not be leſs hardſhip to be ſeparated by death from a wife whom you love, than to be obliged to live with one whom you hate. The latter puniſhment is longer at leaſt, and more uniform; whereas

whereas grief, let it be ever ſo violent, continually diminiſhes.

But here it is we deceive ourſelves, by fooliſhly imagining that our grief is never to decreaſe. We ſhould think it a defect in delicacy of ſentiment, to dare even to hope, that time will ever afford us comfort. We look upon ourſelves as abandoned in prey to perpetual deſpair; and, to increaſe our ſorrow, we add, in ſome meaſure, the future to the preſent. Before you poſſeſſed the object which you now regret, did you feel that painful deſire of an abſent good which now torments you? Well, then, rely upon time, time has an infallible effect; you will find yourſelf, at length, exactly in your former ſtate. After a long interval, to have loſt, or not to have poſſeſſed, is much the ſame thing. Your grief will be transformed into a tender remembrance, which ſome new engagement will, perhaps, one day efface. You are offended at my conjecture; but ten years hence it will appear to you more probable, and will diſpleaſe you leſs.

But behold another object that attracts my pity. 'Tis no longer a huſband weeping over his conſort's tomb; but 'tis old Zozimus expiring. His ghaſtly and ſhriveled face, his livid complexion, and his heavy eyes, already confirm the hopes of his greedy heir. He is given over by his phyſician; for what can a phyſician do with a worn-out machine, whoſe ſprings are all out of order? Cloſe to the patient's bed's-head ſtands a prieſt, who endeavours, at leaſt, to ſave his ſoul. *Alas*, ſays Zozimus in a mournful tone, *are there no hopes of recovery? Polychronis is five years older than I; and yet he is juſt recovered from*

from the ſame diſeaſe. Yes, I too ſhall get over it; I find myſelf better, and I begin to recover freſh ſpirits.

And yet they tell him gently, that he is nearer to his diſſolution than he imagines: at this he is vexed, and does not believe them. They repeat it in ſtronger terms: his diſorder ſoon after increaſes; and, at length, he begins to have leſs hopes of his recovery. He is thrown into agitation with the fright; he ſhrieks, he weeps, he deſpairs; he calls his crucifix to his aſſiſtance, his patron ſaint, and his guardian angel: but they are deaf to his voice. What muſt he do in this extremity? He wrangles with death, and ſtruggles againſt it as well as he can. Since die he muſt, he will not be charged, at leaſt, with having died by his own conſent.

Alas! poor Zozimus, what have you been doing upon earth, for almoſt a century that you have been its inhabitant? You came hither only to learn to die, and all you have done is to imbibe a reliſh for life! What advantage would it be to you, if that century could return? What but ſome years more of ſufferrings and ſorrows, and thoſe, perhaps, more pungent, at the expiration of your reprieve? Death is a debt we all muſt pay; 'tis upon that condition you were born. Inſtead of ſighing at the approach of the fatal term, give thanks to God, that, tho' the breaking of a fibre, of a filament a hundred times more minute than the ſmalleſt hair, might have laid you in the grave, yet he has been pleaſed to let you live to this day.

A zealous Chriſtian would rather loſe his life, than let himſelf be circumciſed; a Jew, ſincere in

his belief, would rather be burnt than baptized: this is, becauſe both the Chriſtian and the Jew are each of them perſuaded, that this ſteadineſs is a conſcientious duty. And yet one of them, at leaſt, is in an error; and neither of them has demonſtrative evidence on his ſide. But you, whom God has viſited with a mortal diſtemper, are ſure of his will: 'tis a demonſtrated truth, that he is willing you ſhould be ſick, ſince ſick you are, and he is omnipotent. You would condemn a perſon that would embrace the doctrines of Confucius or Mahomet; and yet you do worſe yourſelf, by repining at the fever that is commiſſioned to bring you to your end.

How then would you behave, had you nothing to hope for after death? You expect to be happy in another life, and yet you complain of the event that conducts you to it.

But 'tis not, I hear you ſay, *ſo much the loſs of life that alarms me, as the uncertainty of my future condition. Who can tell whether he is deſerving of the divine love or hatred? There are ſo many dreadful ſtories of the other world, as are enough to terrify even the moſt intrepid.*

Come, rely for your future happineſs on God. He has been repreſented to you, perhaps, as a ſevere and unjuſt maſter, who demands what he has not lent, and expects to reap what he has not ſown. Too often, indeed, he is painted in theſe odious colours. Will you give heed rather to theſe blaſphemous portraits, drawn by dark and melancholy enthuſiaſts, than to the repeated teſtimonies you have received of his goodneſs? God is a tender father, and good

to

to all his children; prodigal of his favours to thoſe who obey him, indulgent and placable even to thoſe who offend him.

SECT. II.

Of Puniſhments.

They are the neceſſary conſequences of corrupt morals: every vice has its peculiar puniſhment. God does not puniſh thro' a ſpirit of revenge, but to reclaim us from vice.

OTHER evils there are, which, in ſome meaſure, may be alſo called natural, becauſe, according to the eſtabliſhed order of nature, they are the neceſſary conſequences of corrupt morals: ſuch is the ignominy proceeding from mean actions; the indigence produced by prodigality; and the loſs of vigour and health by intemperance.

Œnophilus, in his fortieth year, already experiences the feebleneſs of old age: his body totters, his hands tremble, his head ſhakes, and his voice falters: he is parched and conſumed by a fire concealed in his bowels. But 'tis he himſelf that firſt kindled and fomented this fire, by the immoderate uſe of wine and ſtrong liquors.

Limarcus is tormented by cruel fits of the gout, a diſtemper for which he is indebted to the ſkill of his cook, the luxury of his table, and to ſome other exceſſes, perhaps, which equally enervate the body.

In what a wretched condition do I behold Aſotus! A ſmall garret, with bare walls, is his whole apartment, and of this a tattered flock-bed takes up very

near two thirds. Cold, nakedneſs, and ſhame, oblige him to lie a-bed 'till very late in the day. Upon the approach of night, a lamp adapted to his gloomy ſituation, a true ſepulchral lamp, rather adds horror than diffuſes light. By the feeble glimmering of this funeral link, he eats a piece of mouldy cruſt, to which his whole repaſt is reduced; and yet he is not ſure that he ſhall fare ſo well to-morrow. What is now become of his great treaſures, of his immenſe revenues, which ſeemed ſufficient to maintain a whole province? You may as well aſk, what becomes of water in a ſieve; or of wax in a furnace. Banqueting, gaming, miſtreſſes, uſurers, and his ſteward, theſe are the bottomleſs gulfs into which he has immerſed his opulence.

But, of all his former friends, has he not one left, that will lend him a helping hand in his preſent diſtreſs?

How! has he not one left? Alas! I ſhould have aſked, had he ever a one in his life? For, if he had, he would have him ſtill. Let people ſay what they pleaſe, adverſity does not baniſh a friend, it only diſperſes thoſe who pretend to be ſuch; and, if it be of any ſervice, as no queſtion it is, ſurely this is one of its greateſt advantages; for 'tis a real gain to get rid of falſe friends. If Aſotus is to be pitied, 'tis for never having had a friend that was ſincere.

Philocerdes is ſtigmatized for his extortions; Aphiſtas for his treachery; and Phryne for her incontinency. Every vice is attended with ſome kind of puniſhment. The tyrant, who ſtrikes you with terror, trembles every moment for himſelf. A father, who permits licentiouſneſs in his family, will ſoon ſee his children puniſh him cruelly for it, by the infamy

ſamy and affronts to which their irregularities will expoſe him. The coquettiſh humour of a mother will be tranſfuſed into the blood of her daughters; and their ſcandalous adventures will cover her with ignominy. In vain does the artful hypocrite endeavour to conceal his vices from the public; 'tis enough that he knows them himſelf, to feel the puniſhment: his own remorſe will be his executioner. Or, if the Divine juſtice ſuffers a few criminals to enjoy upon earth a flattering impunity, 'tis becauſe death cannot ſcreen them from his all-powerful arm. Sooner or later he will aſſert his right.

God, without doubt, chaſtiſes like a father; his chaſtiſements, therefore, in all probability, are only means of reforming us: this I venture to ſay even in reſpect to future puniſhments, unleſs they be eternal, which reaſon tells me they are not. I cannot believe that, like a vindictive mortal, God puniſhes even his guilty creatures, merely for the barbarous pleaſure of ſeeing them ſuffer. If he puniſhes them, 'tis to reclaim them from vice, by experiencing the evils that neceſſarily attend it: but I cannot conceive, that a juſt and good God is capable of puniſhing merely to revenge, and much leſs that his vengeance is eternal. Revenge would not have been forbidden to man, if God had permitted it to himſelf; becauſe man is God's image. Be that as it will, certain it is, at leaſt with reſpect to the puniſhments of this life, that they are only paternal corrections, inflicted with no other view but to bring us back into the paths of virtue: and this is enough for my preſent purpoſe.

If you were oppreſſed by a lethargic ſleep, from which there were no other means to awake you,

than by making you ſenſible of pain, could you blame the ſurgeon whoſe lancet preſerved your life? Now this is exactly what God does, by chaſtiſing our vices and follies. The ſores that follow our crimes, are nothing in compariſon to thoſe which they are capable of curing. But, in order to render them efficacious, 'tis not enough that God chaſtiſes like a father; we muſt receive his ſalutary corrections, with the dutiful ſubmiſſion and docility of children.

SECT. III.

Of Perſecutions.

The friends of virtue are ſubject to misfortunes. Perſecuted under falſe pretences; with what firmneſs they ought to ſupport theſe perſecutions. With what indifference they ought to look at the proſperity of the wicked.

THE friends of virtue are not jealous rivals, that aim at one another's deſtruction: nothing, on the contrary, charms them more, than to ſee the number of thoſe who love her increaſe. 'Tis only from the enemies of virtue, that croſſes and oppoſitions are to be feared; and from thoſe indeed we ought to reckon them inevitable.

According to the idea we commonly form of happineſs, virtue, far from being always happy, is ſcarce ever ſo. Riches, honours, and eminent employments fall rarely to her ſhare. She is a poor orphan, abandoned, unknown, without a portion.

A few,

A few, from time to time, take a liking to her; but moſt of them, upon finding her deſtitute of the bleſſings of fortune, grow quickly indifferent. Another obſtacle there is which cools their paſſion: the avenues to her dwelling are hedged with thorns and brambles, and guarded by evil genius's, who keep off thoſe that approach it; ſome by menaces, others by promiſes; ſome by open force, and others by ſubtle ſnares.

But there is one circumſtance which ought to encourage her lovers, and render them perſeverant; 'tis that they are ſure of conqueſt, if their paſſion be ſincere. To love her, is poſſeſſing her; from thoſe only ſhe ſlips away, who betray her by inconſtancy or weakneſs: now thoſe who love her, can never betray her.

Whoſoever becomes unfaithful to her, muſt do it out of greedineſs for ſome fallacious good of which ſhe has bereft or diſappointed him; ſuch as indolence, eaſe, pomp, and the favour of the great. Now to prefer to virtue, or even to put in competition with her, any of the advantages that may be enjoyed here on earth, were they mitres, tiaras, or even regal ſceptres, is not only not to love her, but even not ſo much as to know her. To put air, ſmoke, and tinſel, in competition with virtue, how injurious a parallel! But to give them the preference, how monſtrous a profanation!

The wicked, whoſe number renders them the governing part of the world, have never openly proſcribed virtue, or oppoſed her under her real name: in order to have a right to perſecute her, they give her odious appellations; they pretend not to know her, and canoniſe vice diſguiſed in her apparel.

Rectitude and plain dealing, they call childiſh ſimplicity; the forgiving of injuries, cowardice; prudent circumſpection, pedantic gravity; the contempt of money, folly; and generoſity, weakneſs. Ambition, on the contrary, is transformed, in their language, into noble emulation; craft and tricking are called induſtry and addreſs; bigotted hypocriſy aſſumes the name of piety; knaviſh chicanery, that of refined policy; falſe pretences, ſhuffling, and diſſimulation, are maſter-pieces of prudence; tranſport of paſſion is vivacity; pride, dignity of ſentiment; thirſt of revenge, an indiſpenſable point of honour; and ferocity, bravery. Their encomiums are real inſults; endeavour therefore to render yourſelf unworthy of them: their favours are poiſoned; take care not to merit them, for they cannot be obtained but at the expence of virtue.

When we are deliberating on an enterprize, which depends on our own choice, 'tis not only allowable, but even neceſſary, to weigh and compare all its inconveniencies: but no inconveniencies muſt we know, when the point relates to the fulfilling our duty. A ſoldier is commanded to mount the breach: 'tis not then a time to examine the riſk he runs; let him march forward without deliberating, were he ſure to encounter death; for ſuch are his orders. In the ſame manner let us march under the ſtandard of virtue, without inquiring into the danger to which we may be expoſed; be it what it will, it ought to be conſidered as inevitable, becauſe nothing but infidelity can preſerve us from it. To be weary of ſuffering for virtue, is making great approaches to vice.

Your reputation is ſullied by baſe calumnies: rejoice, therefore, that your character cannot be injured, but by falſe imputations.

You

You are wrongfully accuſed in a court of judicature, and are unjuſtly condemned; both your accuſers and judges have been ſwayed by paſſion: a very hard caſe, you think, that innocence ſhould thus ſuffer. But would you rather have been guilty? Would the greateſt of misfortunes that can befall a virtuous man, be to you a conſolation? And would it be a means to aſſwage your pain, to mingle it with remorſe?

The opulence of a knave, the poſts he has been raiſed to, and the honours paid him, excite your jealouſy, and fill your boſom with vexation and chagrin. What! ſay you, is it for ſuch wretches as this that riches, employments, and dignities are reſerved! Ceaſe your unjuſt murmurs; were there any reality in thoſe goods which you regret, they would be taken from the wicked, and given to you. What would you ſay of a great warrior, of a Vendome, or of a Maurice, who, after having ſaved his country, ſhould complain that his ſervices were ill requited, becauſe a few ſugar-plumbs were diſtributed in his preſence to ſome children, without giving him a ſhare? Now your complaint is not better founded. Has God no reward to confer upon you, but periſhable riches, and vain empty honours?

SECT. IV.

Of Contradiction.

We ſhould render our tempers flexible, and bear with thoſe of others. The great diverſity of tempers, even among people of merit. Subjects which generally make people fly into a paſſion. We ſhould patiently bear with perſons of weak capacities.

NATURE has ſown as great a variety in the taſtes and characters of mankind, as ſhe has painted diverſity on their countenances; and, ſince it would be unreaſonable to expect in every face a reſemblance of our own, no leſs unreaſonable would it be, to pretend that every man's humour ſhould conform and comply with ours.

Perſons think and act differently, according to the age or climate in which they live, and according to their years, ſex, predominant paſſions, and education; without examining whether they think and act well or ill.

'Tis not to be conceived how few there are, that ſtudy themſelves, and endeavour at their own improvement. We excuſe all our own faults, but let nothing eſcape without cenſure in others: fain would we reform all mankind, and yet we except ourſelves alone from the reformation.

Begin with rendering your tempers flexible, and you will meet with fewer contrarieties.

Roſina owns ſhe is haſty; and the public, leſs tender in their expreſſions, calls her warmth of temper,

temper, rage, fury, and phrenzy. Never has ſhe in the leaſt reflected, that the univerſe was not made merely for her pleaſure: what ſhe deſires, ſhe thinks her due; and conſiders every thing that contradicts her, as outrage and affront. If a child cries, Roſina inſtantly flies out: *What a plague there is with this brat; quick, away with it.* A ſervant breaks a glaſs; *Such a ſtupid, clumſy wretch! get out of my ſight; here, take your wages.* If by chance ſhe happens to be alone, and is tired with ſolitude, immediately ſhe thus upbraids her abſent friends: *Where is now the ungrateful Doris? What is become of the negligent Agatha? Where is the falſe Euphorbus diverting himſelf? What is the perfidious Sylvander doing? O ſuch indifferent friends! In what a forlorn ſituation do they leave me! No, I will never ſee them more.* Capricious, fickle Roſina! never pleaſed to-day with what ſhe liked yeſterday; all ſhe conſtantly wiſhes, is that you ſhould divine her meaning. In vain you attempt it, hardly ever you hit it juſt; and, even when you know what ſhe wants, ſeldom can you ſucceed in doing it to her mind. You have generally miſtaken ſomething, you have been either too quick or too ſlow, or you have done it awkardly. Careſs her, you are too free; treat her with reſpect, you ſcorn her; viſit her but ſeldom, ſhe complains bitterly; if your viſits are frequent, you fatigue and importune her: and, when you have diſobliged her, you hear of it immediately; a torrent of invectives, reproaches, and exclamations, denounce her ſpite and paſſion. Let her vent her rage; to endeavour to appeaſe her, is irritating her ſtill more. When her paſſion has ſubſided, there will be leſs riſk, perhaps,

in a gentle reproof; but you will not gain the more. *In the main I was right*, ſhe will tell you; *why do not you take more care? I own I am a little haſty, but there is no great harm in that; you muſt take me as I am.*

Were all men equally virtuous, ſtill they would differ in a great many points. The principles of virtue and moral ſentiment would be in all the ſame; and yet they would not, nor is there any reaſon they ſhould, copy one another in things indifferent with regard to manners. God has given us his law for the rule of our conduct, and has not propoſed us as models to each other. One perſon may very well be as virtuous as another, tho' not reſemble him in character. Let us then ſuppoſe a ſociety entirely compoſed of virtuous men; ſtill we ſhould find ſomething to exerciſe our patience. The quick and penetrating wit will with difficulty bear the ſlow and heavy underſtanding; the pleaſant and facetious will not agree with thoſe of a melancholy diſpoſition. Suppoſe one ſedate, the other lively; one a babbler, the other a perſon of few words: how many ſubjects of quarrel to impatient tempers! But, in my ſuppoſition, they are all virtuous men, and, conſequently, all deſerving of reſpect. Let us firſt ſeek this eſſential qualification, in thoſe with whom we chuſe to be connected; 'tis a qualification ſufficiently valuable, uncommon, and excellent, to efface, or, at leaſt, to cover ſome ſlight defects. Every thing ſhould be overlooked in a perſon whom you know to be ſteady to the principles of virtue and honour: you ſhould make ſome allowance for his infirmities: for you would loſe a treaſure, were he ever to withdraw his friend-

friendſhip. Nothing bears a greater reſemblance to God than a juſt and virtuous man; it would be, therefore, inſulting God, to affront his image.

Timon is cold and reſerved: mirth and jocund ſmiles never unwrinkle his plaited forehead; aſſemblies, where jollity and pleaſure are permitted, are deſarts to him; whither he carries a dull gloomy countenance, and a melancholy and diſconcerted air. When civility and good manners induce him to go there, the company would have been better pleaſed, if he had kept away. But Timon, on the other hand, has an honeſt heart, a good ſhare of underſtanding, and a generous ſoul. If you have need of his aſſiſtance, 'tis with him a title ſufficient to have deſerved it. He is grave and ſerious; but neither ſuſpicious nor cenſorious. He abſtains even from innocent pleaſures; but he does not condemn them. So far is he from ſlandering, he is never heard to blame the abſent. He ſays little, but what he ſays is truth; his mouth is never ſullied with lyes nor equivocation. Do not be afraid to treat with him, you have no occaſion for witneſſes or bonds, to enſure the execution of his engagements. Where can you find a better ſecurity than Timon himſelf?

Thoſe who moſt frequently give occaſion of uneaſineſs to haſty perſons, are children, domeſtics, and the vulgar. Not that theſe are, in themſelves, of a meaner ſpecies than the reſt of mankind, nor that their hearts are more corrupt; but, as they have never learnt, by what we call the ways of the polite world, to diſguiſe themſelves under a ſpecious appearance, their failings are more viſible, and, conſequently, more offenſive.

Damaris,

Damaris, in common with moſt mothers, has idle, wanton, and heedleſs children. In vain does ſhe ſpend her breath in admonitions and reprimands; they either do not liſten to her, or they forget what ſhe has ſaid to them, the very moment ſhe cloſes her mouth. At length ſhe gives way to her impatience; ſhe exclaims, ſhe menaces, ſhe ſtrikes them, and repeats her blows. Maternal tenderneſs, ſuſpended for a while, makes room for tranſport and paſſion. But are you, or your children, Damaris, moſt to blame? Childiſh levity carries them away; anger tranſports you. Is prudence rather to be expected from their age, than moderation from yours? *They ſhould at leaſt*, you ſay, *obey me*. And you ſhould obey reaſon, which forbids theſe ill-judged acts of violence. To chaſtiſe thro' paſſion, is leſs to chaſtiſe, than to revenge.

What demon is it that has poſſeſſed Aphronia? I hear her continually ſcolding and abuſing her ſervants. Is it, becauſe they have all conſpired to provoke her? No, they are innocent victims to her capricious fury. Let Aphronia's anger ſubſide a little, and immediately all their faults will diſappear: they ſeem culpable, only, becauſe ſhe is in a paſſion. Her impatient temper magnifies every object that diſpleaſes her fancy, and transforms the ſlighteſt defects into crimes.

Our ſervants are men, they cannot, therefore, be exempt from faults; and this ſhould alſo be a reaſon for us to uſe them with humanity and indulgence.

You deſpiſe the vulgar; right, if your contempt falls only upon their ruſticity, ignorance, and mean way of thinking. If we judge of them from this diſagree-

diſagreeable outſide, they are like a ſwarm of inſects, that move and flutter without knowledge and deſign; they are a body deprived of ſight, that walks, but knows not whither; or which is guided merely by the allurement of ſordid gain, and ſcarce ever knows its real intereſt: they are enemies to wiſdom and moderation; turbulent and ſeditious; brutiſhly fierce, when courted; mean and cringing, when oppreſſed; vain, inconſtant, and ſuperſtitious; lovers of novelty, ſlaves to prejudice; arrogating to themſelves a right of judging thoſe who inſtruct and govern them, and judging always wrong.

But if, from this ignoble claſs, you ſelect ſome docil perſons, who, as yet, are of an age ſuſceptible of inſtruction; perhaps, like rough diamonds in the hands of a ſkilful artificer, they will ſurprize you with their dazzling ſplendor. Wiſdom and virtue, the fruits of education, will diſtinguiſh them from the rabble, with whom riches and honours alone would not have hindered them from being confounded. The majority of the great are only a part of the rabble.

Scorn, as much as you pleaſe, the populace in general; but view, in each individual, the common link of humanity; love them upon that account, and bear with their failings. Be indulgent eſpecially to thoſe whom misfortunes humble; your ſupercilious ſeverity would only render the ſenſe of their miſeries ſtill more afflicting. As we excuſe caprice and fretfulneſs in the ſick, ſo we ought to overlook, in the wretched, the extravagances occaſioned by their miſery.

You yourſelf are not perfect; treat, therefore, your fellow-creatures, as 'tis your intereſt they ſhould

treat

treat you. Were you even free from all defects, ſtill you would not have acquired a right to inſult thoſe who are ſubject to human frailties; it would only be a reaſon for your pitying them the more. Tho' Adonis was the handſomeſt of men, yet this would have been no excuſe to him for inſulting Therſites.

ARTICLE II.

Of Courage.

Definition of courage. Diviſion of the preſent article into two ſections.

COURAGE I call that vigour of the mind, which enables it to perform ſuch virtuous actions, as, by reaſon of the obſtacles that are to be ſurmounted, are impracticable to the puſillanimous. Now theſe obſtacles ariſe either from our own breaſts, or from external objects. Hence there are two ſorts of courage: one, which enables us to overcome ourſelves, I call greatneſs of ſoul; the other, which removes ſuch external obſtacles as oppoſe our virtuous deſigns, I diſtinguiſh by the name of heroiſm.

SECT.

SECT. I.

Of Greatneſs of Soul.

It prompts us to the purſuit of true beauty. In what that beauty conſiſts. The contempt of periſhable goods the ſource of virtue: emulation the ſource of intellectual acquirements. Lazineſs pernicious both to ſoul and body. Emulation different from envy and ambition.

BY greatneſs of ſoul, I mean that dignity of ſentiment, which, pointing out the true beauty, inclines us to purſue it with eagerneſs. But where ſhall we find this true beauty? And from whence does it ariſe? Doubtleſs from virtue, and mental acquirements. Every thing elſe, in my opinion, is only parade, ſhew, and tinſel. Now the ſource of virtue is the contempt of periſhable goods, as emulation is that of mental acquirements.

The human heart is naturally virtuous and noble; ſtrip it of all thoſe low affections which it has contracted, by yielding to the allurements of ſenſe, and it will then reſume, of itſelf, its original dignity.

1. Greatneſs of ſoul does not conſiſt in neglecting our own intereſt, but in directing our deſires to real and ſolid goods. The virtuous man has as ſtrong a deſire of felicity as the knave; but he is better acquainted with the means of procuring it, and purſues them more chearfully. He is convinced that nothing but virtue can render him happy; and that, if other advantages ſeem to contribute alſo to his felicity, 'tis only as virtue bears them company. If, without

ſullying the purity of his manners, he is capable of enjoying an eaſy peaceful life, free from diſquiet and pain, and ſweetened by innocent pleaſures, doubtleſs he will prefer it to a life of croſſes, diſaſters, and vexation, embittered by affliction, infamy, and ſorrow. But propoſe to him to chuſe either a virtuous action, that would ruin his fortune, and expoſe his life to danger; or a lucrative action, that would ſtain his virtue: let the emolument that may ariſe from vice be ever ſo great, he will not heſitate a moment, his choice is already made. Virtue, in his opinion, is of a much ſuperior value to eaſe, pleaſure, or life.

Sophronius and Pulcheria ſeemed to have been formed for each other; the conformity of their taſte, genius, and character, might have eſtabliſhed between them an indiſſoluble union; but Pulcheria had already diſpoſed of her perſon. And yet, as Sophronius ſtill loved her, her preſence, without doubt, would have increaſed his paſſion, and, of courſe, his weakneſs. To ſecure his virtue, there was ſtill a ſure method left; a very hard one indeed, but there was no other: it was to deſiſt from ſeeing Pulcheria. This was Sophronius's reſolution; which ſecured his virtue. Love is an enemy that can be vanquiſhed only by flight.

An innocent man is accuſed before Eacus: the proſecutor is a perſon in power, who dictates to Eacus the deciſion which he expects from his complaiſance: the ſentence he is to pronounce muſt determine either his ruin or preferment. But, to an upright judge, what is fortune or preferment, in competition with juſtice?

Callifthenes

Calliſthenes is, by an uncle, appointed truſtee to a large eſtate, which he hoped to have inherited himſelf; and charged to make it over to a perſon whom the uncle owned for his ſon, tho' he was not recognized as ſuch by the law. Calliſthenes promiſed, but without witneſſes or writings, whatever his uncle required of him. And now, diſappointed of an eſtate which he had ſwallowed up in hopes, he groans under the preſſure of neceſſitous circumſtances. "What great "harm would it have been, you will ſay, if he had "appropriated the eſtate to himſelf, or, at leaſt, re-"ſerved a part of it? Who could have known it?" God, I anſwer, to whom all things are known, and Calliſthenes, whoſe conſcience muſt have reproached him with his guilt. What? to get rid of poverty by committing perfidy! This is not a deliverance, but ruin.

Let us ſuppoſe a perſon chained to a ſtake, by thoſe zealots who put people to death under pretence of religion; his life is as yet in his own power; the barbarians will conſent to unbind him, if he will conſent to prevaricate or diſſemble his real ſentiments. What a ſtrange kind of clemency! The condition they inſiſt upon for his delivery, is a much greater evil than that which they would, otherwiſe, make him ſuffer.

2. The activity of our minds, the ſtructure, vigour, and mobility of our organs, but, more than all that, our inceſſant wants, give us to underſtand, that the hand which formed us, formed us for a buſy and active life; now the end for which the Creator undoubtedly deſigned us, is the beſt we can poſſibly aim at.

'Tis

'Tis a mean notion, invented merely by effeminacy, to consider the necessity of labour as a punishment. So far is this from being true, that, were God to forbid all labour, we should be utterly miserable. Inaction is a kind of lethargy, alike pernicious to body and soul.

Of this we have a strong proof in Rhathimus. Rhathimus is displeased with occupation, and fatigued with exercise; 'tis even a pain to him to exist; annihilation would be his supreme felicity. As he fancies that God cannot better recompense those he loves, this is the paradise he expects; and, even in this life, he anticipates his happiness, by constantly lying a-bed 'till very late in the day. Dreadful is the moment he awakes; he keeps it, therefore, at as great a distance as he can; but forced, at length, to part with his beloved bed, he shews for a long time, by his sour look and contracted brow, that he is risen sorely against his will. He makes a matter of twenty pauses in dressing himself, and, at length, drops his arms, unable to go thro' the fatigue. Let us see how he begins the day? *Give me*, says he, *something to eat*. Not that he is hungry, nor, perhaps, a glutton; but because an idle person fills up by that means some vacant hours, without any pain to his indolence: during the twelve hours he is to be up, often will he have recourse to this same expedient. The intervals between those capricious meals are taken up with trifling amusements, which he is continually varying, because none of them can satisfy him. Of all people a lazy man is the least sensible of pleasure: he is a lethargic soul, whom nothing stimulates, nothing awakes. Tired with his own burden, he would be glad, but is incapable, to shun

ſhun himſelf; the eternal wearineſs which he drags about with him, aſſumes a thouſand different forms, for his own and other people's puniſhment. Now 'tis a faintneſs; he feels himſelf dull and heavy, incapable of moving ſo much as a finger: now 'tis an ailment, ſome complaint or another which he knows not how to define: at other times, 'tis a chagrin, without being able to tell what it is that puts him out of humour: thus his temper is conſtantly uneven, moroſe, and captious. If you will take his word, he is never well uſed; people have no regard for him; no body pities him, when he is in pain; his acquaintances are hard-hearted; glad they would be to ſee him dead. This indeed would be wiſhing him well; for his gloomy imagination, his indolence, and lazineſs, will quickly render his imaginary evils real: and he will be to-morrow, if he is not to-day, pale, languid, emaciated, and deſtitute of all vigour of body or mind. Can life be a happineſs to a perſon that preſerves it at ſo dear a rate?

Supineneſs and effeminacy have ruined more conſtitutions than exceſſive labour: moderate exerciſe, far from debilitating, ſtrengthens and conſolidates the body.

As we are members of a ſociety whoſe aſſiſtance we ſtand in need of, to merit this aſſiſtance, we ought to ſerve our fellow-members with alacrity and zeal. To fulfil our duty coldly, is not ſatisfying our obligation; things done with reluctance, are always ill done.

There are a thouſand different employments, which all concur to the public good. 'Tis your buſineſs to chuſe one among thoſe which you have abilities to execute;

execute; conſult your taſte and capacity, and determine upon that ſtate which pleaſes you beſt. But, when once your choice is fixed, make it a point of honour to excel in that profeſſion to which you have given the preference.

Emulation ſeems bordering upon envy and ambition; and yet it partakes of neither. Far from grieving at another perſon's merit, it is encouraged thereby to aſpire more eagerly after perfection. 'Tis honour and the ſenſe of duty, that excites emulation; not the thirſt of grandeur, or the ſting of envy.

Phliſtenes hates thoſe who proſper, who ſhine, or make a figure in the world. Every advantage which he ſees others poſſeſs, he thinks miſplaced; 'tis to him only they are due; unluckily the public does not know his merit. Thus 'tis envy that devours Phliſtenes.

Philotimus, dazzled by the glittering ſplendor of dignities, makes them the only object of his deſires and cares; far more ſolicitous to obtain than to deſerve them. The honours he ſought with ſo much ardour, become inſipid to him, as ſoon as he has enjoyed them; or, to expreſs myſelf more properly, he has had no enjoyment in them; his heart, diſſatisfied with poſſeſſion, extends its deſires to that which he has not as yet obtained. 'Tis ambition that conſumes Philotimus.

But as for Eudoxus, plain it is that a noble emulation is the only motive by which he is excited. Eloquence is his favourite art, an art which he would never have choſen, if he had been ambitious; in the country where Eudoxus reſides, oratory is very little reſpected. And, if even to eloquence were added

the moſt exact judgment, the quickeſt penetration, the profoundeſt knowledge of the manners, laws, and cuſtoms of nations, in ſhort, every poſſible accompliſhment, very little would it avail, without money. In this country every thing is venal; whatever is capable of encouraging private abilities, is ſet up to public ſale. They ſell the very right of diſpoſing of the property and lives of their fellow citizens; the right of facing death at the head of a regiment; the right of managing the revenues of the ſtate and the eſtates of private people, of preſiding on a tribunal, of forming or executing judicial deciſions; they ſell even empty titles, names, coats of arms, and other frivolous diſtinctions, which they call nobility. Since, therefore, this odious venality, which 'tis in vain to attempt to juſtify, deprives merit of all hopes of reward, emulation has very ſeldom an opportunity of ſhewing itſelf: however, when it happens to appear, it ſhines in its full luſtre. Eudoxus, by applying himſelf to the eloquence of the bar, will not be ſuſpected of aſpiring to the firſt employments of the ſtate; ſince he is aſſured, that, not being able to purchaſe them, they are out of his reach. His only view is to excel in the art to which he has confined himſelf, the art of reſcuing truth from the diſmal chaos in which the querks and fetches of lawyers have involved it, of ſetting it before the judges in clear and intelligible terms, and of forcing them, by dint of evidence, to do juſtice to injured right.

If another purſues the ſame glorious path, Eudoxus is not offended; what is it to him, provided good be done, who does it? An innocent perſon had like to have been ruined, and Callidemus ſaved him; an orphan

orphan was oppreſſed, and Euphrades defended him: that does not ſignify, ſince they have ſucceeded: Eudoxus could have done no more himſelf, and their ſucceſs is his.

Were mankind to have no other aim in the exerciſe of their talents, than honour and the public good; they would be inacceſſible to the baſe attacks of jealouſy and envy.

SECT. II.

Of Heroiſm.

Idea of heroiſm. 1. *Conſtancy diſtinct from obſtinacy.* 2. *Intrepidity diſtinct from brutality.* 3. *Commendation of valour. The portrait of a valiant man, oppoſed to that of a brutiſh fellow. The calamitous effects of war. Characteriſtics of falſe valour, and true bravery. Whether the ſatisfying our revenge, and particularly by duels, be the effect of courage or cowardice?*

GReatneſs of ſoul is comprized in heroiſm; for no one can be a heroe with a low groveling diſpoſition. But heroiſm differs from mere greatneſs of ſoul, inaſmuch as it ſuppoſes ſignal virtues, that excite aſtoniſhment and admiration. Tho' it be neceſſary to make generous efforts and to ſtruggle with nature, in order to overcome our vicious inclinations; and to obtain this conqueſt, be, if you pleaſe, greatneſs of ſoul; yet this is not what we commonly diſtinguiſh by the name of heroiſm. A heroe, in the ſenſe in which cuſtom has determined this term, is a perſon

perſon conſtant in difficulties, intrepid in perils, and brave in battle.

1. Conſtancy and obſtinacy reſemble each other in ſome reſpects; but in the two following portſaits you may eaſily diſtinguiſh them.

If Thymocrates embraces an opinion; whoſoever has the misfortune to live under him, will be, likewiſe, forced to adopt it. To tell him that he is miſtaken, is audaciouſneſs and preſumption; but to prove it to him is an unpardonable inſult. He has made a capricious regulation, which he looks upon as a maſter-piece of prudence and policy; by humble remonſtrances he is informed of the inconveniencies that render the execution of it impracticable; but informations and remonſtrances are all loſt. Thymocrates never knew how to think or reflect; his will is the only faculty he employs. To moderate or to recal his ordinance, would have been the moſt prudent way, but not the moſt deſpotic. "Is an "intendant of a province, a magiſtrate of my rank, "to receive law from the populace? *My ordinance* "*is a novelty:* well; let them conform to it, and in "ten years it will not be new. *It is cenſured, and its* "*inconveniencies expoſed.* What care I for the criti-"ciſm of wretches who were made to obey me? "*I bring my authority into queſtion, by commanding im-*"*poſſibilities.* But I ſhall ſoon know how to maintain "it, by puniſhing ſuch as preſume to complain. "Shall I go back after having advanced ſo far? My "orders are given; juſt or not, they muſt be obeyed. "*The country, if I perſiſt, is ready to revolt.* Let them "revolt, we ſhall ſoon know how to reduce them to

" their duty." Such is the portrait of obſtinacy; let us now view that of conſtancy.

Choregus has ſerved his country, as a general, and a ſtateſman: the public good was the only object he had always in view; whatever might tend to promote it, never appeared to him a matter of indifference. When he had once formed a deſign that manifeſtly had this tendency, the execution of it was certain, provided he had no other obſtacle to ſurmount, than the cavilings and machinations of envy. He might be deterred by the inconveniences, but not by the difficulties of a project. Tho' beloved by his prince, yet, far from ſtooping to low flattery in order to pleaſe him, he had courage enough to repreſent truth to him upon all occaſions without veil or diſguiſe. Often did his free remonſtrances expoſe him to the danger of loſing his poſt; but he always conſidered the welfare of the ſtate, as preferable to his own private advantage. He thought it more honourable to ſerve his prince, than to poſſeſs his favour; and was leſs attentive to avoid diſgrace, than not to deſerve it. *I have ventured*, ſays he, *my life in battle, for my maſter's glory and my own; and ſhall I be afraid to hazard my fortune?*

Happy the monarch whom propitious heaven ſhall bleſs with ſuch a miniſter! My reader will, doubtleſs, regard him as an imaginary being; nor ſhall I pretend to affirm his real exiſtence. Alexanders and Cæſars, however rare, are yet leſs ſo than diſintereſted miniſters of ſtate; miniſters I mean, whoſe only aim is the welfare of their country, and the honour of their ſovereign.

Obſtinacy is a blind attachment to ſomething, either trifling or criminal: it generally proceeds either from

from ſtupidity, or vice, or both: ſuch is the character of a perſon who imagines that his glory would be ſullied, by turning back, when he has been told he has miſſed his way.

Conſtancy, on the contrary, is the ſettled determination of a man of ſenſe, who perſiſts in a deſign which he knows to be juſt and uſeful, notwithſtanding the oppoſition he meets with, or the difficulties with which he muſt ſtruggle. 'Tis honour, virtue, and the love of the public good, that inſpire conſtancy. I add, *the love of the public good*, becauſe whoever perſiſts in an enterprize, merely thro' a view of private advantage, is a mercenary wretch, whoſe conſtancy proceeds rather from a mean than from an heroic principle.

For honour and virtue we cannot do too much; but 'tis too much to ſacrifice health, repoſe, our miſtreſs, or our friend, for the ſake of private intereſt.

2. Intrepidity is a kind of conſtancy, but a conſtancy tried by the preſence of danger, pain, and ſufferings; a conſtancy that forms the characteriſtic of a heroe. We ought to diſtinguiſh it from a brutal ferocity, which produces very near the ſame effects, but does not proceed from the ſame principle.

Peniſander is afraid of nothing: gulfs, precipices, fire, ſword, and thunder itſelf, are impotent barriers againſt his daring attempts. Doubtleſs he thinks himſelf intrepid, and aſſumes the heroe; yet he is a profligate wretch, blinded by brutal rage: he rather ſhakes off the thoughts of danger than deſpiſes it; were he to reflect, he would ſink under the apprehenſion of it, like a coward. A villain faces danger, only through ignorance, or becauſe he expects to

eſcape. Be not miſtaken; every man, deſtitute of virtue, is, at heart, a coward; and he muſt always appear in that light, except when he is immediately influenced by paſſion and rage.

In Craterus we have an example of intrepidity. Before he ſets out, he examines whether the undertaking be practicable, and worthy of a man of honour. Danger then has no terrors for him; he ſees it with a ſerene front, and braves it without diſcompoſure. If he is overcome, 'tis power and not courage was wanting; and, whatever be the event, having fought to the very laſt, he comes off with glory.

Between the intrepid and the furious, there is often no other viſible difference, but the motive by which they are excited. The ſavage for frivolous acquiſitions, for chimerical honours, for inſignificant trifles, which the mere deſire of poſſeſſing would too dearly purchaſe, ſacrifices his amuſements, tranquillity, and life. The heroe, on the contrary, is ſenſible of the value of his exiſtence, the charms of pleaſure, and the ſweets of repoſe; and yet all theſe will he renounce, to brave dangers, pains, and even death itſelf, if juſtice and honour command him, but upon no other account. Virtue is dearer to him than life, pleaſure, repoſe; but 'tis the only advantage he prefers to thoſe bleſſings.

2. Let us now go in ſearch of heroiſm, on thoſe bloody theatres where 'tis placed by the vulgar: in camps, in armies, and under the walls of beſieged towns; for the common run of men acknowledge no other heroes but warriors. Let us ſee whether theſe triumphant conquerors, when weighed in the balance

lance of reaſon and equity, are worthy of the great titles that are laviſhed upon them.

Valour is, without doubt, a noble virtue; ſince of all others it requires the greateſt ſelf-denial.

Polemiſtes, lulled in the arms of plenty, and ſurrounded with all the laughing ſports, that wanton in her train, hears the ſhrill ſound of the warlike trumpet: inſtantly he ſtarts up, and flies to battle. Love, feaſts, plays, and balls, pleaſures of every kind, to him you were no more than trifling amuſements; you diverted him in his leiſure hours, but you did not poſſeſs his heart; 'tis only ſince he has ſhaken you off, that he has lived in his element.——But is it him I ſee? Duſt, ſweat, blood, wounds, hunger, thirſt, and fatigue, have ſo disfigured his features, that I no longer know him but by the vigour of his arm and the greatneſs of his exploits. Every thing gives way to his conquering ſword; even death reſigns to him her rights and her ſlaughtering arm. The enemy's battalions are but a feeble barrier againſt him, like ears of corn he cuts them down.

If 'tis honour, a ſenſe of duty, or the love of juſtice, that have armed Polemiſtes, I grant he is a heroe: but, if ſo much blood is ſpilt only to glut his avarice or his ambition, he is an odious monſter.

I am not ignorant, that even theſe monſters, when under proper direction, may be uſeful to their country; ſhe has frequently need of their arm, but the principle that moves it is to her indifferent. *It is certain,* ſays a modern writer *, *that a military ſpirit is neceſſary for the defence of the ſtate; it ſhould be carefully kept up, but juſt as we keep a maſtiff, to*

* *M. de L'Ecluſe,* Not. 5. on the 19th Book of *de Sully's* Memoirs.

watch the houſe, whom we chain up, and let looſe but very ſeldom, leſt he ſhould worry his maſter.

The injuſtice and depravity of mankind have rendered war neceſſary; but yet 'tis an evil, which all the good that may ariſe from it, can never compenſate. War is the offſpring of ferocity, and produces nothing herſelf but violence, cruelty, and murder. By war the hearts of mothers, wives, and miſtreſſes are broken; provinces are depopulated, cities reduced to aſhes, and the moſt fruitful countries laid waſte. But, what is worſe, by war the manners of mankind are corrupted, the polite arts are extinguiſhed, and ruſticity, ignorance, and barbarouſneſs are eſtabliſhed on the ruins of ſocial virtue, ſcience, and polite literature. Then it is that inhumanity glories under the beautiful name of valour: and no other virtue is known but the thirſt of hoſtile blood.

Greece never boaſted of ſo many heroes, as in the infancy of her ſtates, when ſhe was peopled only with robbers and aſſaſſins. When learning and knowledge prevailed, heroes were not ſo numerous. Men of judgment make a careful inquiry, before they grant this title: they ſtrip Alexander of it, and refuſe it to the northern conqueror; nor do they allow it to any prince, who claims it by no other title than that of victories and triumphs. Even Henry the great would have been unworthy of it, if, content with owing his crown to his ſword, he had not rendered himſelf the father and defender of his people.

But the vulgar will be always the vulgar: and, as they have no idea of real grandeur, they often give the title of a heroe to a perſon, who, reduced to his juſt

juſt value, is the ſhame and reproach of mankind.

Theriodes, tho' remarkable for his ſavage temper and brutality of manners, tho' void of taſte, abilities, or virtue, had yet the good fortune to do himſelf juſtice, by engaging in a military life, the only one in which he could expect any ſucceſs. As unfit as he is for every other profeſſion, ſo proper is he for this, if it requires only to be violent, fierce, inhuman, and cruel. He has no remorſe to overcome, before he can be excited to a maſſacre; he is born with a ſanguinary diſpoſition, and no longer looks upon men as his own ſpecies, when he is payed for killing them. The apprehenſion of one day ſharing the ſame fate, does not damp his fury; he looks no farther than the preſent inſtant, and minds not in the leaſt whether there be any difference between living and having lived. He is an armed automaton; a military machine, placed on the field of battle, whoſe ſprings are wound up by the beat of the drum, and the ſound of the trumpet; the thunder of the artillery ſets it completely in motion; then it is that it ſtrikes furiouſly to the right and left; and its whole vivacity and action are comprized in its arms.

And yet with the vulgar this is a valiant man, a heroe, eſpecially if he has a diſtinguiſhed rank in the army; for the title of heroe includes, in common acceptation, the idea of an elevated ſtation: a military man cannot obtain it, if he be only a corporal or a ſerjeant; he muſt, at leaſt, be a Field-marſhal, a Prince, or a Generaliſſimo.

However, let us not diſpute about terms; let us leave warriors of the firſt rank in poſſeſſion of heroiſm, ſince cuſtom, from time immemorial, has

given it excluſively to military valour: but let us not call, by the name of valour, what is not really ſuch.

To ſacrifice life, without fear or heſitation, paſſes for the ſublimeſt and moſt glorious effort of bravery; and yet to make this ſacrifice, for a trifling cauſe, is mere temerity; for a bad one, is the higheſt pitch of villainy.

The contempt of life is not, in itſelf, meritorious; on the contrary, 'tis our duty to provide for our preſervation. The only caſe in which we are allowed to diſpenſe with this law, is when our duty engages us in ſome virtuous act, which cannot be executed without the riſk or loſs of life. 'Tis a glorious thing to lay down our lives in the defence of our country, our honour, or conſcience; but 'tis infamous to fall a victim to our paſſions, to ambition, ſordid avarice, or vindictive fury.

'Tis falſe that an action is glorious in proportion to its difficulty, if, at the ſame time, it be neither uſeful nor virtuous. Difficulty adds no value to it, but inaſmuch as it expreſſes, in the perſon that performs it, a conſtant attachment to his duty.

Let it not be feared, that, by declaiming againſt falſe valour, I ſhall damp the warlike diſpoſition of our troops. The officer is excited by the alluring hope of recompence, which has a much greater influence on his mind, than can be ever apprehended from my dry maxims. As for the common ſoldiers, they are in no manner of danger of being ſoftened by my inſtructions; their habitual ferocity will make them guard againſt me. Beſides, our brave Pandours will hardly read my work.

But

But what do I ſay? let them read it; the military ſervice will be a gainer by it; their bravery will increaſe in proportion as it grows virtuous. Every diſpoſition of the mind, regulated by right reaſon, acquires new ſtrength and ſtability. Know the danger, before you expoſe yourſelf to it; by being ſecured againſt ſurprize, you will become more intrepid. Preſerve your life for that moment, in which it ſhall be moſt neceſſary to hazard or loſe it; (life deſerves at leaſt not to be wantonly thrown away) by this conduct, will you be more ſerviceable to the public.

Of all means, the propereſt for increaſing your intrepidity, is to be an honeſt man: as your conſcience then will give you a pleaſing ſecurity with reſpect to future life, you will be better diſpoſed to make, if need be, a ſacrifice of this. *In battle*, ſays Xenophon, * *thoſe who moſt fear the Gods, are thoſe who leaſt fear men.*

To ſurmount the fear of death, it is neceſſary that a perſon ſhould have the greateſt purity of manners; or that he ſhould be a profligate wretch, whoſe conſcience is quite hardened by habitual guilt. You have here two ways of not being afraid of death: chuſe which you will.

Which will you chuſe, ye furious duellists, who glory in deciding your private quarrels with the ſword? You give yourſelves very little trouble about the dreadful effects of the Divine Juſtice; you who are not afraid that death ſhould ſurprize you in the commiſſion of your crime. Is that life, which you are going to ſacrifice, your own property? Did you give it to yourſelves, that you dare thus diſpoſe of it?

* *Cyropædia, Book* iii.

it? Is that blood your own, which you are going to ſpill; that blood which ought not to flow but for the welfare of the ſtate? Faithleſs depoſitaries, who convert to your own uſe, or rather to your ruin, a truſt, which God and your country have a right to demand at your hands.

But whither am I wandering? To propoſe to theſe frantic wretches arguments drawn from natural equity, is ſpeaking in an unknown language to them: they cannot ſee juſtice but at the point of their ſwords. Let us draw nearer, and place ourſelves within the reach of their apprehenſion: let us undeceive them, if poſſible, with reſpect to a falſe point of honour, with which they are infatuated; if we ſucceed, how many murders ſhall we prevent! For it muſt be allowed, that oftentimes they are not ſo much tranſported by hatred, as by a deſire of paſſing for men of courage. Soon would their thirſt of revenge be quenched, could we convince them, that to avenge themſelves is cowardice. Now this we can eaſily do, unleſs they are ſo obſtinate as not to ſubmit to evidence.

Cowardice is an inexcuſable weakneſs, which renders us remiſs in the diſcharge of ſome of our duties: now the paſſion of revenge bears theſe two characteriſtics.

1. It makes us violate one of our moſt important duties, by exciting us to murder our fellow-creatures, whom the law of nature commands us to love as ourſelves. —— What a difference betwixt loving our brother, and plunging a poniard into his boſom!

2. I may venture to affirm, that the deſire of revenge is a weakneſs. What other appellation can we

we give to the tranſports of a mutinous heart, which ſuffers its tranquillity to be diſturbed by reſenting an affront, which, in itſelf, is oftentimes far from being inſupportable? Is it courage to give way to impatience? To know how to ſuffer, is true courage; a courage that conſiſts rather in forgiving than revenging an injury. In order to forgive, we muſt ſubdue the tranſports of anger; but, to revenge, we have only to give way to them. Your enemy has attempted your life; and his is now in your power: let him live; this is fulfilling a precept of natural equity. By this generous proceeding, you will either extinguiſh his hatred, or you will throw the whole blame upon him; whereas you partake of it, by ſeeking revenge. His attempt has not inveſted you with a right of committing murder.

But what if the treatment, of which you complain, were only a ſcornful ſneer, a ſatyrical joke, a ſmart raillery, a blow of a cane, or a box on the ear? Would you, for ſuch ſlight offences, by your own private authority, either cut the offender's throat, or expiate by your blood the pretended affront!

"Oh! 'tis not ſo much the affront itſelf, you will "ſay, that provokes me, as the diſhonour I ſuffer by "it. A blow of a cane! a box on the ear! What "a terrible diſgrace!"

Unhappy prejudice! Shall I never be able to baniſh it from the minds of my countrymen? What! can another perſon's inſolence and preſumption humble and diſgrace you? Can the fault of another diminiſh your honour? Has it ſtript you of your virtue? Or is there any ſpecies of honour that is not founded on this baſis?

Strange and deplorable abſurdity! A thouſand ſuch prejudices are derived from father to ſon; we are ſenſible of their folly, and yet we dare not openly renounce them.

"I acknowledge, ſays Philalethes, the juſtneſs of "your maxims; in the main I join iſſue with you: "But I ſhall be undone for ever, if I liſten to your "counſels and the dictates of my own conſcience; "I ſhall then be no longer able to appear with "honour, and honour is dearer to me than life."

Are we never to have done with theſe falſe notions of honour? Can honour be oppoſite to right reaſon? Directed by her light, you agree that revenge is weakneſs, is cowardice; and yet you obſtinately perſiſt in deſiring to be revenged, for the ſake of your honour! Dare to oppoſe the vulgar error; and, if you are afraid leſt the world ſhould doubt of your courage, go, and ſignalize it in ſome uſeful and lawful exploit.

If example be of any weight with you, judge of the odiouſneſs of thoſe ſingle combats, by that of all civilized nations. If you except that country, which pretends moſt of all others to politeneſs, where will you find a ſtickler for this furious paſſion, this ſource of vain-glory? Surely thoſe illuſtrious Greeks, thoſe judicious Romans, who by turns gave laws to the univerſe, were judges of valour: but did they make a ſport of the murder of their countrymen? The ſword, the bow, and the ſhield, were uſeleſs inſtruments among them in time of peace.

But, if you want more modern and nearer examples, you may find them in thoſe brave iſlanders, our perpetual rivals in courage, juſtneſs of ſentiment, wit,

wit, ſcience, and the polite arts. Notwithſtanding that ferocity with which we are pleaſed to charge them, they cannot be reproached with that ſavage cuſtom for which I now reprove you.

While prieſts alone declaim from the pulpit againſt this enormity, you let them moralize, without taking any notice of their morality. You have heard them treat, as criminal abuſes, ſo many actions which to you ſeem innocent, and ſome of which are, perhaps, ſo in reality, that you ſuſpect them when they condemn this very cuſtom of duelling. But I who require nothing of you but what God certainly commands, and who debar you of nothing but what he certainly forbids, may I not expect you will believe me? Theſe are not counſels ſuggeſted by effeminacy or cowardice; they proceed from lenity and humanity, names in which I glory. Our ſelf-conceited coxcombs, indeed, will not reliſh my morality; but what reliſh can ſuch as they have for juſt reaſoning and good ſenſe?

CHAP. III.

Of JUSTICE.

What ſpecies of juſtice is here treated of. Diviſion of this chapter.

JUSTICE in general is a virtue, by which we render to God, to ourſelves, and to our neighbour, whatever is due to each: it comprizes all our duties;

duties; wherefore to be juſt, in this ſenſe, and to be virtuous, is the ſame thing.

But here we ſhall conſider juſtice only as a principle of equity, by which we act with rectitude, and give every one their due.

Tho' juſtice, thus defined, may appear to belong to the ſocial virtues, of which we ſhall treat in the third part of this work; yet this is, methinks, a more proper place for it. The ſocial virtues are founded on the different ties which unite mankind to each other, ſuch as love, ſubordination, humanity, and gratitude. Juſtice, on the contrary, ſtands in no need of thoſe ties, which, far from rendering it more active, oftentimes only embarraſs or corrupt it. 'Tis not out of friendſhip, or out of compaſſion and good-nature, that we ought to be juſt; but becauſe we are created after God's image, who is juſt himſelf, and is willing that we ſhould alſo be juſt.

The civilians diſtinguiſh two ſorts of juſtice, and we ſhall adopt their diſtinction. One they call *commutative*, viz. that which eſtabliſhes rectitude in the mutual commerce of mankind; and the other *diſtributive*, namely that which determines their differences according to the rules of equity. The former belongs to private people; the latter to magiſtrates and ſovereigns.

ARTI-

ARTICLE I.

Of Commutative Juſtice.

Diviſion of this article under two general heads.

RECTITUDE, which is the baſis of commutative juſtice, has two parts; ſincerity in our diſcourſe, and integrity in our dealings. Sincerity produces mutual confidence, a thing ſo neceſſary among members of the ſame ſociety: and this mutual confidence is preſerved and maintained by integrity in our dealings.

SECT. I.

Of Sincerity.

It is preſcribed by the law of nature. It admits neither of exception nor alteration, tho' for the preſervation of life. Abuſe and inutility of oaths. No ſort of lye is excuſable: calumny the worſt of all: how it may be avoided. Advantages accruing from ſincerity to human ſocieties.

WERE our ſouls pure ſpirits, diſengaged from the fetters of the body, we might then read each other's minds; our thoughts would be viſible, and might be communicated without the help of ſpeech; nor would there be then any occaſion to make ſincerity a precept. In order to ſupply, as much

much as is wanting, this mental commerce, which is hindered by the body, nature has given us the power of producing articulate ſounds. The tongue is an interpreter, by means of which ſouls converſe with each other; and it becomes guilty, when it does not perform its office faithfully; like a deceitful interpreter, who has betrayed his truſt.

Far from us be thoſe refinements of falſhood, equivocation, ſubterfuges, and mental reſervations; which rather multiply lies than prevent them. Whoever, deſignedly, makes another perſon believe that to be true, which he knows to be falſe; or to believe that to be falſe, which he knows to be true; is, undoubtedly, a lyar.

Abraham lyed, when, by miſtaken prudence, he made his wife paſs for his ſiſter, at the court of Abimelech and Pharaoh. If ſhe was related to him, his ſincerity was ſtill violated. To ſay that ſhe was his ſiſter, was inducing them to believe that ſhe was not his wife; and this is, indeed, what Abraham wanted. He was afraid, it is ſaid, leſt one or other of thoſe princes ſhould put him to death, in order to enjoy the fair Sarah without a rival. What! had this father of believers ſo little faith, ſo little confidence in his God, as not to think him capable of preſerving his life, unleſs he co-operated with him by a lye? And what kind of lye! A lye which would have delivered up his wife to the arms of the firſt that ſhould have deſired to enjoy her. I know not what the Spaniſh huſbands may think of this fineſſe of Abraham; but I believe it would find a greater number of advocates in France, than in Spain.

The law of nature, which requires that truth ſhould prevail in all our diſcourſe, has not excepted even

thoſe

thoſe caſes wherein ſincerity might be attended with the loſs of life. To lye, is offending againſt virtue, conſequently it is injurious to honour: now every one allows, that honour is preferable to life; the ſame muſt, therefore, be granted in reſpect to ſincerity.

Let no one think this doctrine extravagant. Were I even ſingle in my opinion on this point, ſtill I would not give it up: but 'tis more generally received than people perhaps imagine. 'Tis the practiſe of almoſt every court of judicature to make the perſon accuſed, ſwear, before he is interrogated, that he will anſwer nothing but the truth; and this even when he is charged with a capital crime. They do him, therefore, the honour to ſuppoſe, that, tho' he be guilty of the fact with which he is charged, ſtill he will act ſo far the honeſt part, as to depoſe againſt himſelf, tho' at the riſk of loſing his life by an ignominious death. Now could this ſuppoſition be made, if the law of nature diſpenſed with ſincerity in this caſe?

True it is, that the ſolemnity of an oath is generally added to the affirmation of the accuſed: but this is a circumſtance which I cannot commend. Of what uſe is his oath? A villain finds no more difficulty in ſwearing falſely than in lying; and an honeſt man, after the moſt frightful imprecations, will not have a greater regard to truth, than if he had made only a ſimple affirmation. Truth does not admit of degrees of compariſon.

'Tis idly inſulting mankind, to oblige them to take an oath: 'tis ſuppoſing them capable of lying, and ſuperſtitious enough, at the ſame time, to make adif-

a difference between a lye and perjury. I own, indeed, that 'tis only doing juſtice to ſome people, to ſuppoſe them capable of this.

Epiorcus is ſued for the payment of a ſum of money. There is no contract in writing produced againſt him; 'twas only a verbal engagement. Upon appearing before the court, he ſhuffles at firſt: the plaintiff preſſes him; he invents a plauſible ſtory, and dreſſes it out in the minuteſt circumſtances; and, at length, he concludes with denying poſitively the debt. Let us wiſh Epiorcus joy: he is acquitted at a very cheap rate; as he was not obliged to ſwear, he has only affirmed a falſhood in the preſence of the Judges, and of the crowd that ſurrounded them. *I am very well off*, ſays he to his friends, as he goes out of court; *had they put me to my oath, I ſhould have loſt my cauſe, for I would not have forſworn myſelf.*

But let nothing be concluded from this example, in favour of the received cuſtom of inſiſting ſometimes upon the oaths of the parties in courts of juſtice. For who can be anſwerable, in effect, that Epiorcus would rather have retracted his lye, than have confirmed it with an oath? But ſuppoſe the caſe had been ſuch, which is not at all probable, it would be but a ſingle inſtance, from which no conſequence can be drawn; an inſtance that does not hinder us from eſtabliſhing it as a general truth, that whoſoever does not ſcruple to lye, will not ſcruple to ſwear to a lye.

The beſt way to prevent perjury, is to require no oaths. I ſhould not even chuſe, except in caſe of neceſſity, to interrogate a perſon, whom I ſuſpected to be capable of lying, had he an intereſt in doing it;

it; for this would be leading him into the temptation.

Moſt people's morals, in reſpect to ſincerity, are not very rigid. They make no difficulty of denying truth, either thro' a motive of intereſt, or to exculpate themſelves, or to excuſe others. Theſe are called *friendly lyes*; people are apt to tell them, either for the ſake of peace and quietneſs, or to oblige a friend, or to prevent ſome accident. Wretched pretexts! which this ſingle ſentence will demoliſh at once: *'Tis never allowable to do evil that good may come of it.* A good intention may juſtify an indifferent action, but cannot render an action lawful, which, in itſelf, is bad.

'Tis alſo cuſtomary to make no account of jocular lyes, feigned ſtories, and fictitious news. "Theſe "are innocent jokes that hurt no body." What a ſtrange apology! Is an action innocent, becauſe it is not doubly criminal?

As for calumny, I preſume it will find no apologiſt: 'tis an odious ſpecies of falſhood which every one condemns and deteſts, were it only thro' fear of becoming one day its object. But it often happens that thoſe who condemn it, are not innocent themſelves: they have, perhaps, related facts unfaithfully; they have added, diminiſhed, or altered, tho', perhaps, undeſignedly, and merely thro' the habit of embelliſhing or exaggerating their narratives.

The ſureſt and only way to avoid the guilt of calumny, is never to detract.

Let fancy convey you to ſome imaginary world, where words are conſtantly the faithful image of thought; where the friend who offers you his ſervices,

vice, has a heart really filled with benevolence; where no endeavour is uſed to abuſe your confidence, by falſe repreſentations; where every declaration, narrative, and promiſe is dictated by truth; where the inhabitants, conſequently, live without ſuſpicion and miſtruſt, ſheltered from impoſture, fraud, treachery, circumvention, perfidy, calumny, and falſe accuſation. How delightful the intercourſe of thoſe people who inhabit this happy world!

You would be pleaſed, without doubt, if the ſpot you inhabit enjoyed the like felicity; and ſo far you are right: but ſtrive alſo to contribute your part to attain ſo deſirable an end, and begin by being yourſelf upright, ſincere, and a ſtrict obſerver of truth.

SECT. II.

Of Integrity, or Fair Dealing.

There is no need to define it: it is never violated but from views of intereſt: examples in proof of this. Frauds which are conſidered as lawful, becauſe almoſt univerſally practiſed. No one doubts that robbery is a crime. 'Tis robbery to neglect wilfully to pay juſt debts. Different kinds of debts; ſome innocent, others criminal.

THERE is no need to define integrity or fair dealing: even thoſe who have leaſt of it know what it is; and well pleaſed they would be that every body elſe was poſſeſſed of this virtue, in order to cheat them with the greater eaſe; for they

they are not knaves for nothing, they have always ſome view of intereſt in deceiving and cheating you.

How came thoſe deceitful miniſters of mute and lifeleſs idols to forge ſo many myſteries, oracles, and prodigies, to multiply ſacrifices, to invent luſtral waters, conſecrated cakes, and holy bread? 'Twas becauſe by theſe devices they augmented their revenues. Whatever doctrine brought them the moſt money, that they were ſure to preach, as the moſt ſacred and inviolable.

How comes it that lawyers have drowned right reaſon and equity in a deluge of proceedings, formality, and refined chicanery? 'Twas to take an advantage of the litigiouſneſs of their fellow-citizens, and to enrich themſelves by their quarrels.

How comes it that the demure Aſtorgus walks with his eyes fixed on the ground, his head bowed down with an affected humility, buried under an old ruſty hat, and cloathed with mean apparel? Why that ſoft tone, thoſe affectionate expreſſions? Why that pretended zeal for the intereſt of heaven! thoſe hypocritical lamentations for the blindneſs of ſinners? 'Tis to raiſe contributions on the poor female devotees, whom he deceives by his grimace.

In order to terminate a tedious law-ſuit, which has been fruitful in turns and incidents, you are willing to compound with the litigious Eriſtes, even to your diſadvantage. Uſeleſs ſacrifice! Under the ſpecious pretext of coming to an agreement, Eriſtes has laid hold of this opportunity to gain ground againſt you. You have voluntarily given up one part of

of your right, to ſecure the other: and yet this will not ſcreen you from being ſtript of the whole. With the aſſiſtance of a tricking ſcrivener, he has foiſted equivocal terms into the deed, of which he well knows how to take advantage; and thus you are ſo unfortunate as to have ſet your hand unknowingly to your own deſtruction.

I ſtep to a part of the town inhabited by drapers, and I ſee ſuch extravagant and ridiculous cuſtoms, that I almoſt fancy myſelf tranſported by inchantment to ſome diſtant country. The tradeſmen I have ſeen in other places have, for the diſpoſal of their goods, a lower part of the houſe, to which they give the name of ſhop. Theſe have one likewiſe: but 'tis empty, and without any other furniture than the draper's wife and daughters, who, as they appear gorgeouſly dreſſed, ſit in an indolent poſture, and are always idle, ſeem to be ſtationed there as a ſign-poſt. I go in, with an intent of buying. They conduct me to a diſtant hall, inacceſſible to perfect day-light, and where the ſun never penetrates but obliquely, and thro' a narrow crevice. They ſhew me ſome cloth, which they uncover and unroll; deceitful complaiſance, that only helps to impoſe upon me! The contrivance of falſe light hides the blemiſhes and defects of the commodity. Begin with throwing open thoſe high ſhutters which exclude the light; and, if you have a mind I ſhould ſee, do not let me ſee by halves.

In all profeſſions, there are cuſtomary frauds; which ſeem to create no uneaſineſs of conſcience, becauſe they are univerſally practiſed. Thus you may ſee a tradeſman, who, without any manner of ſcruple,

ſcruple, will follow the cuſtom of darkening his warehouſe, tho', perhaps, he would faithfully diſcharge the office of guardian to his nephew.

Thus there are inſtances of captains, who have a great number of fagots at a muſter, whoſe pay they receive; tho' they would be aſhamed of any other kind of robbery.

Thus a ſoldier will pilfer from his hoſt, thinking every thing he lays hold of a fair prize, as long as he wears his uniform; tho', perhaps, you might ſafely truſt him with your ſtrong box under any other dreſs.

Thus a monk, who, in other reſpects, is an honeſt man, exhibits to the public veneration boxes of relics, bones, agnus Dei's, and ſcapularies, which, within himſelf, he rates according to their juſt value: but, as all the reſt of his cloth do the ſame, he would think himſelf a falſe brother, were he not their accomplice.

Thus the lawyers ſell their advice and attendance ſo very dear. The moſt diſintereſted, indeed, amongſt them ſeem to require payment only for what they do: but is this no more than is neceſſary to be done? 'Tis now a common cuſtom to charge their clients with a heap of impertinent writings, three-fourths of which are of no other uſe than to ſwell the lawyer's fee: and yet they are very eaſy about this article. *Is it not right*, ſay they, *that we ſhould live on the follies of mankind?* Live; with all my heart; but do not behave like pirates towards thoſe by whom you get your bread.

I ſhall ſay nothing concerning open plunder and rapine. Every one knows that 'tis an inexcuſable crime

crime to deprive another man of his property by violence; or, at leaſt, there are few but the conquerors of nations that do not know it. Beſides, I do not intend to ſet up for a reformer of robbers; gibbets and wheels are the only arguments fit for them: theſe alone can ſtop their hands; and, indeed, 'tis to theſe alone the greateſt part of mankind are indebted for their pretended honeſty.

The moſt common manner of taking away the property of another, and of which people are leaſt aſhamed, is borrowing and never paying. 'Tis a trite proverb, that an honeſt man may be in debt. And yet 'tis certainly a theft, not only to take away, but likewiſe to retain the property of others.

Let us, however, diſtinguiſh between the different ſorts of debts. Some are innocent, and others criminal. The firſt are thoſe contracted thro' neceſſity, and which neceſſity alſo hinders from being diſcharged. There are likewiſe debts of a middle ſpecies, which are innocent with reſpect to the preſent time, the debtor being under an abſolute impoſſibility of paying; but criminal, if we aſcend to their origin: ſuch are thoſe which were contracted by unjuſtly appropriating the money of others. Criminal, in fine, are thoſe which we permit to remain unpaid, tho' we are able to diſcharge them, for whatever cauſe they were contracted.

Nicander, having been ruined by fire, was ſet up again by the kind aſſiſtance of his friends, who lent him money. His affairs began to take a favourable turn, when a ſeries of new misfortunes, law-ſuits, ſickneſs, ſhip-wrecks, and bankruptcies, plunged him into a deeper ſcene of calamity. Inſtead of being able

able to diſcharge his old debts, he is forced to add new ones to them; and thinks himſelf very lucky if he can get any one to truſt him. Pity Nicander, but do not blame him: were he even to involve every one that has aſſiſted him, in his ruin, ſtill he would be innocent, if his misfortunes are not owing to his own fault, and he has ſeriouſly endeavoured to retrieve his loſſes.

A perſon that runs only the riſk of impoveriſhing himſelf, or of becoming leſs opulent, by neglecting his intereſt, may neglect it, if he has a mind: but 'tis criminal in a man, who is in debt, to pretend to act the magnanimous part, by affecting a contempt of money. He is anſwerable to his creditors for all that he might have honeſtly gained by his induſtry and labour. Now if we judge on this footing, we ſhall not find ſo many innocent debtors as people imagine.

Lyſippus, who was formerly a public officer, and, in virtue of his poſt, was truſtee of the fortunes of a great number of private people, has ſquandered away not only thoſe fortunes but his own. He accuſes himſelf at the foot of the altar, with ſighs and groans, and propoſes to expiate his guilt by faſting and prayer. Lyſippus, ſay they, is converted, he has quitted the world, and ſpends his whole time in devout exerciſes. What ſort of a converſion is this? Not ſo much praying, Lyſippus; the beſt way to expiate your faults, is by making due reparation. Improve your talents, apply yourſelf to buſineſs; ſpare neither care nor pains; nor allow yourſelf reſpite 'till your creditors are indemnified. Go then and proſtrate yourſelf before the throne of the Al-

mighty; for then only can you expect to find mercy.

Indigence itſelf does not excuſe a perſon from the obligation of diſcharging his debts, if they were contracted, or continued, by imprudence, indolence, or prodigality.

A debtor has nothing that he can really call his own, but the overplus of his debts: whatever he ſpends beyond this, is taken from his creditors. Humanity permits him the neceſſaries of life, but nothing further; and even theſe on condition that he endeavours ſincerely to pay every body their own.

How admirable is the tranquillity of Miſochreſtes! With what eaſe he diſengages himſelf from a multitude of creditors, who importune him with their impatient clamours! Often has he already avoided them by making his ſervants deny him: but what muſt he do to-day, what ſtratagem muſt he invent to eſcape them? They have waited on him before his uſual hour of riſing. He is determined he will not ſtir out of his chamber; and they are as obſtinately bent to ſtay 'till they ſee him. He orders his ſervant to tell them he is indiſpoſed, and can ſpeak to no body, but the news of his indiſpoſition does not ſoften them in the leaſt: if he defers opening the door, they declare they will enter the room by force. Upon this he ſends word that he is ready to ſurrender, and immediately comes to a parley.

"How now, gentlemen, ſays he, can't a perſon "be ſick in his own houſe? Give me leave to tell "you, that you do not behave handſomely.

"What have you to ſay, Mr. Rheden? You "made me a chaiſe, I fancy, about three years "ago;

" ago; and have not I paid you twenty piſtoles on " account? Indeed you are vaſtly to be pitied! " Go, go, do not be afraid of your money, no body " loſes any thing by me. See, there is an honeſt " man, who has been my baker theſe ſix years: he " knows how to behave himſelf to a perſon of my " diſtinction; he has had great patience; and he " ſhall not be a ſufferer by it. Mr. Rhedon, your " ſervant—I have ſomething to ſay to theſe gentle- " men; you will call again.

" My good friend Artopolus, I have really a re- " gard for you: You ſerve me extremely well. " How do you manage to make ſuch good bread as " you ſend me? 'Tis excellent; there can be no " fault found with ſuch bread.——Let me ſee what " is it I owe you?——Two thouſand three hundred " and forty-ſix livres, four ſous, and nine farthings. " ——So much I owe you.——I ſhall not examine " your account, I don't queſtion but it is right. Two " thouſand three hundred and odd livres——I ſhall " be able to pay you. Well, Mr. Artopolus, the " firſt money I receive ſhall be yours; you ſhall not " be at the trouble of coming for it: 'tis not reaſon- " able you ſhould, 'tis you that keep me alive.

" So, here is my wine-merchant: I have longed for " an opportunity, my friend, to take you to talk. You " know full well, Mr. Vintner, that you have a pleaſure " in poiſoning me with your wine. What the devil is " it you put into it? I cannot drink three bottles but it " deprives me of my underſtanding. And yet 'tis " money you want. Go about your buſineſs, go, " people who expect to be paid, never ſerve their " cuſtomers in that manner. You ſhall have no

" money, 'till every body elſe is paid, if it were only " to teach you to ſell good wine.

" As for you, Monſieur Guillaumet, I am quite " aſhamed to have been ſo long without paying you. " I am ſenſible of all the complaints you have againſt " me. You have cloathed me and my whole family " theſe five years, and I have not as yet paid you a " farthing. I promiſed to pay you towards the end " of the laſt year, but I diſappointed you. Is not " that all you have to ſay to me? You know me " very well, Monſieur Guillaumet; do you imagine " I could be ſo cruel as to let you be all this time " out of your money, after you had diſburſed ſuch " conſiderable ſums for my uſe, if my tenants did " but pay me? I muſt be a great villain, if I could " behave after that manner. But they will pay me " by-and-by, and then you ſhall have your money. " Your ſervant. Give me leave to ſpeak to that " gentlewoman.

" Good morrow, Mrs. Pernelle, I ſuppoſe you " are come to demand your money for thoſe thirty " pieces of holland, which I had of you? I cannot " pay you ſo ſoon. You ſee what a number of " people I have promiſed already. But you can afford " to wait a little: you are well to paſs!" " No, Sir, " you are miſtaken, my circumſtances are very in- " different." " Oh! ſo much the worſe, my good " miſtreſs: when people cannot afford to give credit, " they ſhould never pretend to ſell.

" As to the reſt of you, my good friends," ſays Miſochreſtes, addreſſing himſelf to thoſe creditors who had not as yet received audience, " I fancy, I don't " owe you any great matter. You ſee I am en-

" deavour-

"deavouring to regulate my affairs: give me a "little more time; and, if I can do no better at "preſent, I will, at leaſt, look over and ſettle your "accounts."

As ſoon as Miſochreſtes had finiſhed thoſe words, he flew away from them like lightning; leaving his creditors ſo aſtoniſhed at his impudence, that he was quite out of their hearing, before they had recollected themſelves ſufficiently to make him a reply.

ARTICLE II.

Of Diſtributive Juſtice.

Why neceſſary. It belongs properly to the ſovereign; who commits the adminiſtration of it to magiſtrates. Its characteriſtics. 1. The unjuſt and exorbitant expences attending it. 2. The inexcuſable delays of the judges. Sollicitations an affront to the magiſtrate. Appeals prolong the judicial proceedings, to no purpoſe. Trifling formalities introduced into proceedings at law. Incapacity of the greater part of the judges. The opinion of the minority ought to be preferred to that of the majority. Whether a judge can favour his friend, without commiting an injuſtice?

WERE all men honeſt in their dealings, there would be no occaſion for diſtributive juſtice: for 'tis only a kind of a barrier againſt the proceedings of knaves. Moſt people have confounded the

uſeful with the agreeable. Whatever pleaſes their ſenſes, or gratifies their deſires, they immediately pronounce to be uſeful. It would be ſo, indeed, were the ſenſes and deſires always regulated by the laws of equity: but, if they are not, that which gratifies them may be unjuſt. Now, that *whatſoever is unjuſt cannot be uſeful*, is a maxim which I ſhall prove by the following arguments.

Nothing is uſeful but what tends to make us happy: ſupreme utility is ſupreme happineſs, and 'tis to this happineſs that whatever merits the name of uſeful, is relative as to its ultimate end. Now whatever is unjuſt, far from having this tendency, diverts us from happineſs: for whatever is unjuſt, is contrary to the divine will. But 'tis impoſſible for us to be happy while we reſiſt this will: ſince its object is nothing but our felicity. God is not a tyrant, proud of deſpotic power, that impoſes laws on us, only to exerciſe our obedience, and to make us feel the weight of his yoke. All his precepts are leſſons that teach us how to be happy. But it is the will of God that we ſhould be juſt. It follows then, that, for thoſe who are unjuſt, there is no true happineſs. Therefore, an action contrary to juſtice, being contrary to the will of God, muſt be inconſiſtent with our felicity: and, conſequently, far from being uſeful to us, can only lead us to miſery and ruin.

But brutal and carnal men, who, amuſing themſelves with the preſent, ſee things only with a corporeal eye, and eſtimate the merit of actions, in proportion to the profit from thence ariſing; theſe wretches, I ſay, have ſettled a diſtinction between

juſtice

juſtice and utility. Every day they ballance the uſeful with the honeſt; and the latter is always ſacrificed to the former, when the ſuppoſed utility ſeems to be conſiderable. Now they always judge of its importance, in proportion to the vehemence of their deſires: therefore they have no regard for juſtice, any farther than as they reckon to gain by it, or, at leaſt, not to loſe; being always ready to deſert it, in order to prefer the uſeful, if it expoſes them to any danger, or may be attended with any loſs.

Hence thoſe diſputes about intereſt, with which the avidity of gain, and the want of ſincerity, have perpetually imbroiled civil ſocieties: hence that deluge of crimes which has overwhelmed the world. This preference of the uſeful to the honeſt, is the ſource of unjuſt litigations, and of every act of violence.

In order, therefore, to prevent the horrible confuſion, into which all ſocieties might have been thrown by this miſtaken notion concerning utility, it became neceſſary to aſcend to the innate laws of juſtice, and, with ſcales in hand, to terminate all conteſts, and puniſh the commiſſion of crimes.

As it was not ſufficient for a legiſlator to be endowed with judgment and wiſdom, unleſs he had alſo ſuch an authority as might enable him to put his laws in execution: hence the legiſlative power was conferred upon ſuch perſons as had already an eſtabliſhed preeminence over the reſt of mankind: diſtributive juſtice was, therefore, made an appendage of ſovereignty.

To prevent this juſtice from being arbitrary, they publiſhed ſolemn ordinances, to regulate ordinary differences in ſociety; and repreſſed the inſolence of thoſe who ſhould preſume to violate the public peace, by poſſeſſing them with the fear of bodily puniſhment or ignominy. If any unforeſeen caſe happened, they deduced the deciſion of it from that ſame natural equity, which had dictated the general laws. In thoſe days princes adminiſtered juſtice themſelves in perſon, and without delay.

But being overloaded at length, by the multiplicity of buſineſs, which increaſed together with their dominions, or diverted from the civil adminiſtration by the command of armies, they committed the exerciſe of diſtributive juſtice to the care of ſubordinate judges, whom, for this purpoſe, they inveſted with part of their authority. Thoſe judges, nominated by the ſovereign, were called magiſtrates; and 'tis theſe magiſtrates that at preſent adminiſter juſtice. Let us inquire how they acquit themſelves of this truſt, and in what manner they ought to acquit themſelves.

Juſtice ought to be adminiſtered without expence to the parties, ſpeedily, and impartially.

1. No one will pretend to deny in this country, any more than in others, that juſtice ought to be adminiſtered without expence to the parties: this has been always a received maxim, but, unluckily, it is now reduced to theory. With reſpect to this point, as well as an infinite number of others, means have been found to elude the auſterity of practical virtue.

The firſt thing they did, was to deprive private people of the privilege, which by the law of nature belongs

belongs to them, of pleading their own cauſe. If this ſtrange regulation be founded on juſt motives, I confeſs I have not penetration ſufficient to diſtinguiſh them; but I know enough to perceive the inconveniences that ariſe from it.

What occaſion have I for a mercenary ſubſtitute, whom I am obliged to pay, for defending my intereſt, when I am better able to defend it myſelf? He will lay my caſe, you ſay, before the judges with greater perſpicuity, and without ill-humour or paſſion. But, if I am capable of making the lawyer underſtand my affair, ſurely I have the ſame capacity in reſpect to my judges. Who can anſwer that he has comprehended my caſe thoroughly, that he has taken its entire ſenſe, that he has given himſelf the trouble of reading thoſe writings which I put into his hands? Who can aſſure me, that he will take all the neceſſary pains with it, that he will ſet it in its cleareſt light, that he will not forget ſome of my reaſons, and that he will repreſent them in their full force? How can I tell, but he will even be corrupted by my adverſary, and, by making a weak defence, facilitate the other's triumph? There are none of theſe prevarications but are ſometimes committed; conſequently, I have reaſon to dread them. Let me defend my own cauſe, and you will ſave me from all thoſe dangers.

But ſuppoſe, for argument ſake, that I have found out an able and honeſt lawyer. Of what ſignification are all thoſe qualifications to me? One defect cancels them all: he is intereſted. Stript of my eſtate, by potent uſurpers, in vain does juſtice offer me her aſſiſtance, if there is no acceſs to her but by money.

And, were I even to get over this firſt difficulty, ſtill at every ſtep a new obſtacle retards me. The palace of Themis is a deſtructive cuſtom-houſe, where a hundred greedy extortioners come, one after another, to devour the ſubſtance of the unfortunate client. The judge himſelf, at their head, authorizes the pillage, and contributes to conſume it. Delicate, nevertheleſs, on the manner of plundering, he would bluſh to profane his hand, by the acceptance of preſents: but yet the barbarian inſiſts upon your paying him; and juſtice he will do you none, 'till you have even paid him before-hand.

In vain would it be to object, that theſe exorbitant charges are the juſt puniſhment of the unfair wrangler, who, at the upſhot, is the only perſon that ſuffers.

I anſwer, in the firſt place, that I do not perceive the equity of thoſe pecuniary puniſhments, the whole benefit of which is reaped by thoſe who inflict them. Intereſted juſtice I always ſuſpect. Why ſhould my judge get ſuch extravagant fees, in conſequence of Harpaſtus's entering an unjuſt action againſt me? 'Tis I that ought to be indemnified, and not the judge, who has ſuſtained no damage; and who ought to acquit or condemn without drawing any advantage from the cauſe.

Again; 'tis not always true that one of the parties at law is, neceſſarily, a knave; the ſubject of diſpute may be doubtful; and, in that caſe, the party worſted deſerves rather compaſſion than puniſhment.

But let us ſuppoſe, if you will, that the perſon on whom the coſts fall, ought in juſtice to bear them, for having entered into a litigation on groundleſs pretences:

tences: his adverſary, however, who comes off triumphant, pays very dear for his victory. He has been vexed by a thouſand ſecret extortions which he cannot recover; and, even in reſpect to the ſettled coſts, 'tis he only that muſt pay them, if the perſon on whom they fall, happens, unluckily, to be inſolvent.

Another caſe I muſt add, in which the coſts fall upon the party who ought not to pay them: 'tis when a cauſe is determined contrary to equity. And of this there are frequent inſtances; for thoſe haughty arbiters of our eſtates and fortunes have not received, of heaven, either an unerring underſtanding or conſcience.

2. Suppoſe even diſintereſted judges; they will, indeed, have a more diſtinct view of things, and decide with more prudence: but I am not yet ſatisfied, unleſs they are expeditious. 'Tis being unjuſt to defer an act of juſtice that may be determined without delay. Time is precious to thoſe whoſe intereſts are in danger.

'Tis the folly of perſons in public offices to make people ſollicit for that as a favour, which even the duty of their ſtation requires them to perform. We muſt purchaſe of them, by humble petitions, what we have a right to demand. Rather ſell me juſtice at the moſt extravagant price, and let me have it immediately: rate it ever ſo high, I muſt be a gainer.

The preſident Cenocephalus thinks it becomes his dignity to be followed by a crown of petitioners, even to the foot of the tribunal. The trouble and uneaſineſs which he ſees painted on their countenances, flatters his vanity; and he ſays to himſelf,

with a ſecret ſatisfaction, *'Tis on me the fate of theſe people depends.* He will be ſure not to make a quick diſpatch of their affairs, leſt his court ſhould become leſs numerous.

I cannot conceive how the firſt perſon that ſollicited a judge, could preſume to do it; nor how the judges could accuſtom themſelves to put up patiently with ſo great an affront. Let us ſee what is implied by ſolliciting a judge? 'Tis telling him in other terms: *I am convinced you would neglect my affair, did I not preſs you. I know that you love eaſe and pleaſure; that you prefer them to the careful execution of your office: but I entreat you to do your duty, at leaſt for my ſake. Examine my caſe by yourſelf; and do not depend upon your clerk's information; when you are thorough maſter of it, let equity dictate your judgment. Should the fair Hortenſia come to ſollicit you againſt me, let your eyes be ſhut to her charms. Princes and lords will plead in her favour: but remember that theſe recommendations add no juſtice to her cauſe. They will attempt to dazzle you with promiſes, and perhaps with preſents: but be proof againſt bribery and corruption. In ſhort, do me the favour to behave like an honeſt man.*

How much more injurious would be the ſollicitation of a perſon who engages in an unjuſt cauſe! To ſollicit his judge to determine the ſuit in his favour, is telling him, that he takes him either for a knave or a fool.

I queſtion whether it be not alſo inſulting him, to thank him after having carried your cauſe; methinks this renders him liable to be ſuſpected of partiality; otherwiſe, what occaſion is there to thank him? If he has pronounced his decree purſuant to ſtrict equity,

you are under no more obligation of returning him thanks, than of thanking a tenant that pays you a quarter's rent, when it becomes due: both have done what they could not have avoided, without prevarication and injuſtice. As much eſteem as you pleaſe; this, indeed, an upright judge deſerves; but no thanks, no acknowledgment.

On the contrary, with all the integrity imaginable, he may ſtill merit reproach, if he has ſuffered the parties to linger a long time in expectation of a decree, which he might have pronounced immediately. A magiſtrate is accountable for every moment of his time, while there are any cauſes remaining on his hands undecided. Is it not enough, that a perſon has been obliged to bear the ſlowneſs of all the ſubaltern officers, but the very diſtributors of juſtice muſt add to theſe delays, by continually putting off the cauſe?

At length, after ſeveral years of expectation, and uncertainty, you have obtained a decree: but this is nothing as yet; your adverſary, to elude its effect, is going to remove the cauſe, by ſucceſſive appeals, from court to court. Nor muſt you pretend to think your right ſecure, becauſe it is inconteſtable. The rites of Themis ſubject her clients to ſo many trifling formalities, on which their ſucceſs depends, that they find it extremely difficult to reach, without ſtumbling, as far as her tribunal. In effect, we daily behold, in her venerable ſanctuary, the ſubſtance of things ſwallowed up by forms, and the moſt undoubted right ſolemnly forfeited by the omiſſion of a word, a letter, or the moſt inſignificant trifle.

But,

But, ſuppoſing you have been ſo lucky as to eſcape all theſe rocks, ſtill you may be ſhipwrecked, even as you enter the harbour, thro' the iniquity or incapacity of the judge.

Of all profeſſions, that of a magiſtrate is, methinks, the moſt important to ſociety. But I queſtion whether there be any one calling, for which leſs proofs of ability are required. Every one is qualified for this ſtation, that has taken his degrees in civil law, and is able to pay the expences of his admiſſion.

I will not pretend to determine whether young Adraſtus be a good judge or not; he never pretends to decide, but only gives his opinion; and even in this, perhaps, he does too much. But I can tell you his morals, pleaſures, and diverſions. He is waggiſh, lively, amorous, thoughtleſs, and idle. He has conceived from his infancy an antipathy, which he ſtill preſerves, to books; but eſpecially to law caſes, reports, and precedents. He is ſomewhat leſs prejudiced againſt pamphlets; he has turned over *Acajou, Grigri, the Sopha,* and *the Etrennes de la S. Jean.* He loves good cheer, and, above all, long ſuppers; he is fond of gaming, dancing, hunting, arms, and horſes. All pleaſures are agreeable to him, provided they be not of a ſedentary nature.

Had I not, therefore, good reaſon to acquaint you before-hand, that Adraſtus is a magiſtrate? Otherwiſe, by the portrait drawn, you would have taken him for a young officer or a page.

Cloſe to him ſits the gouty Menalippus, an old judge, in whom a knack at deciding cauſes by rote, acquired by ſixty years practice, ſupplies the want of capacity. As ſoon as a counſellor appears before him, he

he knows every word he has to ſay; he therefore ſleeps as long as the pleading laſts; and paſſes judgment afterwards with as much confidence as if he had been ever ſo attentive. His age and infirmities ſecure him from being ſeduced by any fair ſollicitreſs; ſo that on this ſide he is uncorruptible. Could any allurement enſnare him, it would be the dazzling ſplendor of gold: but 'tis not a trifle that could do the buſineſs; it would raiſe the indignation of his virtue, that any one ſhould preſume to tempt him with an ordinary bribe. You need not apprehend that he will neglect his duty, out of tenderneſs or compaſſion; or that the remorſe, grief, or deſpair of the criminal will make him in the leaſt relent. You may be ſure he will never loſe the opportunity of pronouncing ſentence againſt a capital offender; this is an act of authority, of which he is jealous. Long has he been inſenſible to prayers and tears, long an intrepid ſpectator of torture and executions: ſuch is his cruelty, that he would ſooner ſend a hundred innocent perſons to the gallows, than let one criminal eſcape.

Suppoſe you were to place twenty ſuch perſons on the bench as Adraſtus and Menalippus; do you imagine that the juſtice of your cauſe would ſecure its favourable iſſue? And yet our benches are not always filled with a better ſet of magiſtrates, than thoſe now deſcribed. For one judge worthy of the poſt he occupies, there are thirty who ought to have no other employment in court, but that of a crier.

'Tis cuſtomary, in our courts of juſtice, to determine cauſes by a plurality of voices. This is doing too

too great an honour, methinks, to our magiſtrates: 'tis ſuppoſing that the majority are ſufficiently endowed with integrity and diſcernment. I queſtion whether it would not be a better way to regulate the ſentence by the judgment of a minority. Is it not more reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that out of twenty-five counſellors there are five of them men of ſagacity, than to preſume there are twenty? Sagacity is not ſo common an accompliſhment.

Notwithſtanding the paradoxical air, which this opinion ſeems to carry with it at firſt ſight; yet the Jewiſh legiſlator embraced it long ago. He adviſes the Iſraelites not to paſs their judgment, according to the opinion of the greater number†.

I ſhould prefer the ſuffrage of a ſingle judge, who ſupported his opinion with ſound proofs, to that of fifty who voted only by inſtinct.

The moſt delicate, and, conſequently, the moſt dangerous temptation to a judge, is an ill-placed generoſity, or a deſire of obliging his friends at the expence of juſtice. We have ſeen inſtances of magiſtrates, who were proof againſt promiſes and ſeducing offers, yet could not withſtand the repeated intreaties and ſollicitations of a friend they loved. They thought to find an excuſe in the very motives that urged them. They would not have forgiven themſelves, had they been prevailed upon by the mean allurement of gain, or any other intereſt: but ſurely tenderneſs, love, friendſhip, gratitude, are noble ſentiments! Yes, very noble ſentiments indeed, when they ſympathize with virtue; but baſe and criminal, when they oppoſe her.

† *Non in judicio plurimorum acquieſces ſententiæ.* Ex. xxiii. 2.

Cuſtom,

Cuſtom, and even obligation, require a judge to excuſe himſelf from taking cognizance of an affair, when one of the parties happens to be related to him by affinity or by blood: but there are ſeveral other connexions in ſociety, which have no leſs influence on our actions; and againſt which we ought, therefore, to be upon our guard. It may ſeem very hard to you to pronounce ſentence againſt a friend; well; do not pretend to be his judge.

There are none but God, and ſovereign princes as his vicegerents, that have a power to ſhew indulgence, and to favour thoſe they love, in the exerciſe of their judicial authority. Beſides, neither ſovereigns, nor God himſelf, can do either to the prejudice of one of the parties. But a ſimple magiſtrate has never any right to do it: he has no other authority but what he derives from the law, of which he is only the depoſitary and inſtrument; if he deviates from it, upon any account whatever, he exceeds his power, and violates his duty.

But, if the law is not explicit concerning the ſubject on which the parties are divided, is not the judge then allowed to give an interpretation of it in favour of his friend? Not at all; his friend ſhould by no means be conſidered in this interpretation. The conſequences, drawn from the law, conſtitute part of the law itſelf, and deſerve the very ſame reſpect.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of TEMPERANCE.

Definition of temperance. Its branches. Diviſion of this chapter.

TEMPERANCE, in a vague and general ſenſe, is a prudent moderation, which reſtrains our deſires, appetites, and paſſions within juſt bounds. But we ſhall conſider it here in a more limited ſignification, as a virtue that bridles our corporeal appetites, and confining them to a medium equally diſtant from two oppoſite extremes, renders them not only innocent, but commendable and uſeful.

The principal vices, repreſſed by temperance, are incontinency and exceſs in eating and drinking: if there be any more, they all flow from one of theſe two ſources; conſequently, its branches are chaſtity and ſobriety.

ARTICLE I.

Of Chaſtity.

Continence and chaſtity diſtinct from each other. None obliged to continence, but thoſe only who are unmarried; and none are forbid to marry. Mutual conſent alone conſtitutes marriage. Whether the perpetuity of marriage excludes all divorce. Inconveniences that ariſe from the prohibition of divorce. Concubinage forbidden

hidden by poſitive laws, and even by the law of nature, when it does not participate of the nature of marriage by its continuance. Within what degrees of conſanguinity nature includes inceſt. Adultery forbidden by the law of nature.

WE ought not to confound, as is frequently done, continence with chaſtity. The abuſe of terms draws after it a confuſion of ideas. As a perſon may be chaſte without tying himſelf down to continence; ſo he may impoſe continence on himſelf as a law, and yet not be chaſte. Thought alone is ſufficient to violate chaſtity; but it is not ſufficient to make a breach of continence. All mankind, without exception of time, age, ſex, or quality, are obliged to be chaſte; but no one is obliged to be continent.

Continence conſiſts in abſtaining from the pleaſures of love; chaſtity in confining thoſe pleaſures within the bounds preſcribed by the law of nature. Continence, tho' voluntary, is of no value in itſelf; and can acquire none but inaſmuch as it contributes to the practice of ſome virtue, or to the execution of ſome generous purpoſe: except in theſe caſes, it frequently merits more cenſure than praiſe.

Whoſoever is formed with abilities to propagate his ſpecies, has a right, and ought to do it. This is nature's voice; a voice that merits much more regard, than the human inſtitutions that ſeem to contradict it.

I know of no reaſons that oblige to perpetual continence; the moſt we can allow is, that ſome of

of the prudential kind may render it neceſſary for a time.

Every man has a right, by the law of nature, to diſpoſe of his own property. And yet 'tis doing no injuſtice to a minor, to a prodigal, or to a madman, to deprive them of the exerciſe of this right, which they would infallibly abuſe. In like manner, tho' the commerce of the ſexes is lawful for all mankind, yet ſome circumſtances may occur, in which it may be more advantageous to particular perſons to be reſtrained from this commerce, for the ſake of a greater good.

'Tis juſt, for example, that a child who is not yet arrived to the years of diſcretion, ſhould not be at liberty to tie himſelf in the indiſſoluble bands of wedlock, without the conſent of his parents. On the contrary, it would be a moſt ſhocking inhumanity to abandon him to the inconſiderateneſs and temerity, ſo common to that age, when he is about to determine, by marriage, the happineſs or miſery of his whole life. His natural guardians may, without incroaching on his rights, hinder him from engaging in this ſtate, or annul an engagement already made, if they think it unworthy of him, or made at leaſt with precipitation. Now continence is a duty in reſpect to this young perſon, until he is married. 'Tis to be underſtood, however, that parents on their ſide ought to provide for the ſettlement of their children, or, at leaſt, to give their conſent when a proper match is propoſed.

As the ſtory of Proxenes and Cloris, his daughter, has made ſome noiſe in the world, it will be no ſlander to relate it. Cloris, under the tutelage of an avaricious

avaricious father, had waited with patience for his reſigning her mother's fortune into her hands; when the agreeable Chariton, by his tenderneſs and aſſiduity, gained this young lady's heart. His fortune and rank were ſuch, that Proxenes had no occaſion to be aſhamed of him for a ſon-in-law. The propoſal was made to him; and Proxenes refuſed it. He did not declare the motive of his refuſal, but it was eaſily conjectured. The invincible repugnance he had to part with the money, decided the point in the negative. He deſired Chariton to deſiſt from making any farther addreſſes to his daughter. This prohibition, according to cuſtom, contributed only to inflame the paſſion of the young lovers; who both agreed to take the method which to them appeared moſt effectual, to extort the father's conſent. They were miſtaken: this agreeable expedient, of which ſo many have experienced the efficacy, did not ſucceed upon Proxenes. Tho' he was ſenſible that the ignominy of his daughter muſt reflect upon himſelf, he broke out, notwithſtanding, into furious tranſports; and, not ſatisfied with reproaches, he conſigned her himſelf to the infamous horror of thoſe melancholy retreats, which are conſecrated to repentance and tears.

To which of the three actors of this ſcandalous ſcene ſhall we impute the blame? To all three, without doubt. A ſevere and unjuſt father, a lover who ſeduces his miſtreſs, and a daughter who contemns paternal authority, are three guilty characters.

" But does the law of nature, *you will aſk me*, that " law whoſe excellence is ſo much cried up, require " all

" all that vain apparatus of disagreeable cere-
" mony, which is now observed in the union of two
" lovers."

Not at all; it requires only the free consent of both parties; their union then is confirmed by heaven, if nothing else opposes it. But the excellent simplicity of this natural law has not deprived our legislators of the power of regulating, by positive laws, the solemnity of marriage. These positive laws are venerable and obligatory, when they do not contradict the law of nature, but serve only to illustrate it by way of comment and interpretation. They oblige, indeed, no further than as civil laws; yet civil laws are binding to all the members of the state.

Necessary it was for the order of society, that marriage should be an engagement for life; and nature itself seems to have made it a precept. The continual obligation which it imposes on married people of loving one another, indicates its intention in respect to the perpetuity of that tie: for 'tis not natural to quit a spouse we love. We have another proof in the care which nature requires we should have for our children. To these the assistance of father and mother is equally necessary; an assistance which would certainly be wanting, were marriage no more than a temporary engagement. 'Tis from conjugal love, blended with self love, that paternal or maternal tenderness derives its force. Now those positive laws which determine the solemnities of marriage, only promote the intent of the law of nature in respect to its perpetuity: by adding a new sanction to it, they render it more difficult to dissolve.

A secret

A ſecret and ſtolen engagement might be eaſily broken; but when it is contracted in the preſence of credible witneſſes, confirmed by paternal authority, eſtabliſhed by the laws of the ſtate, and conſecrated by religion; how great an acceſſion of force does it not then acquire?

Far be it from me, however, to cenſure thoſe nations among whom divorce is permitted, or to accuſe them of violating, by this permiſſion, the law of nature. 'Tis not violating a law, to ſoften it by reaſonable modifications: even juſtice itſelf, by exceſſive rigour, becomes unjuſt. Diſpenſations and exceptions, if they be not too frequent, contribute rather to ſtrengthen than to ſubvert a law: it would be endeavouring to aboliſh it, to extend it to caſes in which it is impracticable. Now it may poſſibly happen, and often, indeed, it does happen, that an incompatibility of temper produces an impoſſibility of harmony between man and wife. In that caſe, even the moſt rigid nations permit a kind of diſunion, which they call ſeparation of the body; it does not break, ſay they, the bond of marriage, it only bereaves the married couple of all the ſweets of a conjugal life. But this is the very inconveniency with which it is reproached. If Pamphilus is clowniſh, brutal, and paſſionate, is this a reaſon that the diſconſolate Sophoniſba, ſeparated from ſo worthleſs a huſband, ſhould bear the pain, which he alone deſerves to ſuffer? Is ſhe unworthy of any one elſe, becauſe he is unworthy of her? To oblige her to pine away in a ſtate of uncomfortable celibacy, a ſtate infinitely more diſagreeable than the moſt helpleſs widowhood, is compelling her to deſire the death

of

of the author of her misery, from which a divorce would have delivered her.

The members of the human body are designed to be united to it as long as it lives. And yet this union, tho' naturally indissoluble, does not hinder us from cutting off gangrened or mortified members. So, without making marriage a temporary essay, those who have been ill-matched, ought to be disengaged, methinks, in cases of extremity, from the fatal knot by which they are tied.

This absolute indissolubility of wedlock, which in some parts of the world has been made a point of conscience, secures only its duration: but, so far from engaging the married couple to perform their reciprocal duties, it contributes, perhaps, more than any other cause to the breach of them. Displeased with each other, and seeing the evil past all remedy, they think only how to palliate it; and, to soften their sufferings, they strive to ease themselves, one in the arms of a mistress, and the other in those of a gallant. 'Tis to this same cause, without doubt, we must attribute the clandestine commerce, called concubinage. People are afraid to bind themselves with knots that can never be untied.

Ten years have Hermogenes and Junia, who are at their own disposal, cohabited as man and wife, without being united by any other bonds than those of constant love. As they are alarmed with the possibility of a separation, they are always upon their guard; he is afraid of displeasing Junia, she of offending Hermogenes; and from this apprehension, tempered by the assurance of being loved, a mutual regard and compalaisance arises, the perpetual fuel of

of that tender flame with which they burn. Free to part, when they pleaſe, they become thereby more united. Nothing that is voluntary is painful; but pleaſure itſelf is diſtaſteful, when it becomes a duty.

" But if this be what is called concubinage, how " comes it to be generally condemned as a crime? " This is a laſting union between two faithful lovers, " who have only one heart, one will, and one ſoul. " Does the inſtinct of pure nature require any thing " more? What is there more deſerving of preference in " the heavy yoke of matrimony? – Its indiſſolubility? " Is not a union founded on tenderneſs more pure, " more holy, and more valuable, than that which " is ſecured merely by neceſſity? "

I grant you the whole: the connexion between Hermogenes and Junia is approved of by nature; eſpecially if it be ſuppoſed they never intend to break it. The marriages of our forefathers, which it does not become us to criticiſe, had no other ſolemnity. The two lovers conſented to take each other as man and wife; they acted as ſuch; and ſuch they were from that time in effect.

But in our days the civil power, in almoſt all nations, has, out of political conſiderations, annexed a note of infamy to thoſe marriages, which ſtains the married pair, and reflects diſgrace on the children. Now if you join eſteem to love, how could you propoſe, to the lovely object of your paſſion, a union that muſt diſhonour her? How, if you have any regard for yourſelf in your poſterity, could you conſent to give ſuch children to your country as ſhe deſpiſes and diſowns? Wretched outcaſts of ſociety,

whom an unjuſt prejudice will render always anſwerable for the ſuppoſed crime of their father.

But how much more criminal are thoſe inconſtant voluptuaries, who love only for the ſake of enjoyment, and no longer than they have enjoyed; who, like beaſts, after they have ſatisfied their brutal paſſion, take no further notice of the object that contributed to their pleaſure, or of the fruit that ſprang from their embrace? Nature herſelf, as indulgent as ſhe is, condemns their guilty fires. In every union which ſhe forms, ſhe propoſes the procreation of children: on the contrary, this is what theſe wretches are moſt afraid of.

And yet, how inexcuſable ſoever this ſhameful licentiouſneſs may be, ſtill it is only a venial fault, if compared with adultery, the moſt dreadful of all other breaches of chaſtity. *The moſt dreadful* I ſay; for even inceſt itſelf, the only one that may ſeem to imply a higher degree of guilt, is nothing to compare to it.

To violate the chaſtity of a ſiſter, a mother, or a daughter; or to yield to the laſcivious ſollicitations of a ſon, a father, or a brother; are the only real inceſts: nature knows no other; and the carnal knowledge of more diſtant relations is inceſtuous only in name. But I do not pretend to compare thoſe real inceſts with adultery; examples of them are too rare, and the idea of them too ſhocking, to fall under our conſideration: I ſpeak only of thoſe which have been invented by men, who have been pleaſed to reſtrain, for the ſake of alliances or kindred, the liberty of marriage. Now is there any proportion between fictitious crimes, whoſe origin is entirely owing to arbitrary regulations; and

and thoſe direct contraventions of the pure inſtinct of nature, which are included in adultery?

To the exceſs of incontinence and laſciviouſneſs, which it implies in common with other vices contrary to chaſtity, it adds injuſtice, perjury, and perfidiouſneſs.

Adultery is either ſimple or complex. The firſt is, when one of the two parties that commit it, is not engaged in wedlock. The ſecond is, when they are both engaged; for then each of the delinquents, beſides the crime he commits as principal, becomes guilty of a ſecond, by partaking of the iniquity of his accomplice.

Were Palladius and Thais free from all prior engagements, ſtill the familiarities they allow themſelves, would not be innocent; out of the marriage ſtate they are never permitted. But Thais, being wife to Euryalus, is ſtill much more guilty; becauſe ſhe adds to unchaſteneſs perjury and injuſtice: perjury, by violating the vow ſhe made to her huſband; injuſtice, by bringing him, or, at leaſt, by expoſing herſelf to bring him, ſuppoſitious heirs; who are to have a ſhare, nevertheleſs, in his eſtate, to the prejudice of his own children, or the collateral branches of his family. Now, in every circumſtance that aggravates the crime of Thais, Palladius has an equal ſhare; and, tho' he is free from the nuptial tye, yet, like her, he is guilty of adultery, injuſtice, and perjury; for concurring in a crime is really committing it.

Let us change ſides; ſuppoſe Thais ſingle, and Palladius engaged; ſtill the guilt is the ſame. Palladius on the one ſide is in the ſame ſituation as

Thais, when we ſuppoſed her unfaithful to Euryalus; for conjugal fidelity is a duty in reſpect to him, as it was to her: and if the woman, that violates this duty, is liable to bring illegitimate heirs to her huſband, the huſband, that breaks his marriage vow, is liable to deprive his wife of legitimate heirs. Thais on the other ſide, being Palladius's accomplice, is intirely as guilty as he. And both of them would incur a greater degree of guilt, if their adultery was complex.

Every thing elſe equal, of two faults the greateſt is that which injures another; and, if they are both injurious to another, the moſt enormous is that which does the greateſt injury, or hurts the greateſt number. Now, according to this maxim, the complex adultery is more criminal than the ſimple; and the ſimple implies a greater guilt than any other breach of chaſtity.

The laſt, but not the leaſt complaint I have againſt adultery, is that it diſturbs the peace of the married pair; ſo that, if love united their hearts, adultery, by extinguiſhing that love, divides them. 'Tis neceſſary to love, to be ſenſible of this cruel pain. I dare affirm, from the happy experience I have made myſelf, that there is no ſweeter enjoyment in life, at leaſt to a tender heart, than to love and to meet with a return. Fortune, honours, riches, and diverſions, all are trifles in compariſon to this inеſtimable happineſs; an happineſs of which we are bereft by adultery.

For want of liſtening to the internal voice of nature, which inveighs againſt an adulterous commerce, it is commonly taken for an excuſable gallantry; upon the credit of abandoned wretches, who, far from

from bluſhing, glory in their impiety. But pirates and robbers glory alſo in their plunder; and a grenadier boaſts of the rapes he has committed in a city taken by ſtorm. When you are to decide the enormity of a crime, is it from the criminal you are to take the deciſion?

ARTICLE II.

Of Sobriety.

Nothing is more adapted to inſpire a love of ſobriety, than the ſight of thoſe ſhameful diſorders which are occaſioned by intemperance. The duty of ſobriety, founded on the ſame law of nature as ſelf-preſervation. Digreſſion on ſuicide. Another on the inordinate deſire of riches, and the diſſipation of them by prodigals.

IN order to inſpire the Lacedemonian youth with the love of ſobriety, it was cuſtomary to expoſe ſlaves before them, who had been made drunk on purpoſe; and this ſpectacle, which exhibited a faithful picture of the ſhameful brutality with which drunkenneſs is attended, generally made a ſtrong impreſſion on their minds. 'Tis not our caſe to be reduced to ſuch ſhifts for making an experiment: we have no occaſion to make our ſervants drunk, to give our children leſſons of intemperance. Numbers of our fellow-citizens, of all ranks and conditions, act daily before our eyes the character of thoſe Spartan ſlaves. Nay ſome, perhaps, who in the morning

have preached againſt intemperance, will be an inſtance themſelves, at night, of the bad effects of this vice. Were nothing more requiſite to teach temperance, than not to practiſe it, we ſhould be in no danger of wanting maſters.

One maſter, indeed, we have now leſs, *viz.* a certain lord, more famous for his intemperance, than for his nobility, which was of modern date. Wine, that treacherous liquor, the ſole delight of his heart, proved his poiſon. But, dead as he is, he ſtill preaches ſobriety; his memory alone will inform thoſe who know in what manner he lived, into how contemptible a ſituation even the great may fall, whoſe emulation nothing but the ridiculous praiſe of being a hard drinker is capable to excite. But we have apoſtles enough of this kind ſtill living, to prevent our being diſconſolate for the loſs of one out of a thouſand.

Have we not ſtill before our eyes the judge Eupotimus, that organized caſk, whoſe ſole occupation on earth is to drink, to ſleep, and to try cauſes? See how he totters, when he aſcends the tribunal; hear him ſnoar, when he has taken his ſeat; follow him, when in the middle of a cauſe, whoſe particulars he thinks too tedious, he quits the bench to wait, in the neighbouring drinking-room, till the council ſhall have done pleading: obſerve him by the way, as they are carrying him home drunk towards midnight, without motion, ſenſe or pulſe; livid, bruiſed and bloody by the falls which he has received. Can there be a ſtronger example to make you deteſt intemperance, and deſpiſe the intemperate?

Behold the illuſtrious Diogenetes, a prelate diſtinguiſhed by his rank and birth, enervated, and almoſt reduced

reduced to a ſkeleton; who is ſcarce able, ſo great is his weakneſs, to delineate, with two of his fingers in the air, thoſe ſacred hieroglyphics, which devout people call benedictions. His legs which bend under him, his arms, that dangle a uſeleſs weight at his ſides, are ſufficient to inſtruct you of the terrible effects of intemperance. Do you mean, that 'tis not the intemperance of the table only that has reduced him to this deplorable ſtate? I agree with you; and this affords us yet another leſſon.

From my dwelling ſo long on the prejudice which intemperance does to health, let no one accuſe me, of conſidering the law which preſcribes ſobriety, as a ſimple law of regimen, and indifferent in reſpect to manners. Nothing, commanded by the law of nature, can be indifferent in this reſpect: and, that to be temperant is an expreſs law of nature, I ſhall endeavour to demonſtrate. Nature has determined the quantity of aliments which we ought to take, by the degree of heat, and the capacity of the ſtomach; and the quality of them, not only by the agreeable or diſagreeable ſenſation which they excite in the palate, but by the good or bad effects which they produce with reſpect to health.

Health is that conſtitution of the body, wherein the breath of life, by which it is animated, acts with moſt vigour. To prejudice health is diminiſhing life: a man lives leſs, when he is leſs in health; and dies, when his health is utterly deſtroyed. The ſame law, which forbids us to put an end to our own lives, forbids us alſo to do any voluntary prejudice to our health. Let this, if you will, be called a law of regimen; what ſignifies it how it be called, if we agree that it is indiſpenſable?

From this principle it follows, that in whatſoever manner we ruin our health, if it be our own voluntary deed, 'tis always a violation of the law of nature, which requires us to preſerve it. Sobriety, as well as every other virtue, is a mean between two oppoſite extremes. To deſtroy our conſtitution, by exceſſive abſtinence, is as culpable an exceſs, as ſhortening our days by intemperance. Is a perſon that takes a ſlow poiſon leſs a ſelf-murtherer, than a reſolute wretch who ſtabs himſelf? The latter we condemn without the leaſt heſitation: why then ſhould we ſhew indulgence to the former?

Should any one, notwithſtanding, pretend to queſtion whether ſuicide be contrary to the law of nature; there would be no great difficulty, methinks, to prove it. This law, as I have before obſerved, does not command us to treat our neighbours better than ourſelves; now 'tis generally agreed that we are not allowed to put our neighbours to death, at leaſt by our own private authority; much leſs, therefore, are we allowed to make away with ourſelves.

"But if life, *you will ſay*, is become rather a "burden, than an advantage to us; why might not "we then put a ſtop to its courſe, ſince even natural "inſtinct prompts us to make ourſelves happy?"

Why? Becauſe, as we belong to God, of whom we have received our being, we ought not to diſpoſe of ourſelves without his conſent. Beſides, we are too ſlenderly acquainted with the nature of real advantages, eſpecially when ſome violent paſſion blinds us, to be able to judge with certainty, even under the moſt melancholy circumſtances, that life is rather a burden than an advantage. Certain it is, on the contrary,

contrary, that even under theſe circumſtances it is of ſome uſe to us, if not for the time preſent, at leaſt for the time to come. For, that we now live, is doubtleſs, becauſe it ſo pleaſes God: now God deſires nothing in regard to us, but what is proper to render us happy; for no other view had he in creating us. 'Tis, therefore, neglecting, and even renouncing, the felicity, which he has prepared for us, to lay violent hands upon ourſelves.

But ſuppoſe even that life was become a burden to us, we ſhould ſtill have no more right, on that account, to put an end to it; than we have a right to take away the life of another, when it obſtructs our intereſt. Our own life is no more at our diſpoſal, than that of another perſon.

Some men famous in hiſtory, directed by this maxim, (a maxim always falſe, unleſs it be underſtood with proper reſtrictions) that an action is great and generous, in proportion as it requires greater efforts; imagined that by deſtroying themſelves they ſhould merit the applauſe of poſterity; and, in fact, by this means, they have found ſome fooliſh admirers in ſucceeding ages. But, to plunge the poniard in the breaſt of a parent, would, doubtleſs, coſt the parricide moſt terrible conflicts, and painful efforts, before he could ſilence the voice of nature. Now, would all this ſtruggle ever render ſo horrid a crime a meritorious action? To ſtruggle againſt our inclinations is a virtue, only when theſe inclinations are vicious.

'Tis courage to meet death with intrepidity; but to ſeek it is cowardice. People put an end to their lives, only to free themſelves from ſome trouble, which

they conſider as unſupportable. They ſeek for death, becauſe they are weary of miſery. The violence of the remedy, by which a man reſolves to put an end to his ſufferings, proves rather the exceſs of his impatience, than the greatneſs of his courage.

Adopt theſe ſage maxims, founded on right reaſon and humanity: and never will the moſt frightful calamities be able to make you lay violent hands on yourſelf. In vain does the Perſian Uſbek *, make to his friend Ibben an apology for ſuicide. Look upon his captious ſophiſms, only as frivolous palliatives of the blindeſt fury; and, perſuaded that to deprive yourſelf of life is a crime, you will make it a duty to preſerve it. Now, nothing contributes more to the preſervation of life, than ſobriety.

There are two kinds of ſobriety; one conſiſts in the moderate uſe of aliments; which is that we have been now treating of: the other in diſintereſtedneſs and the good uſe of riches. This is, to the ſoul, what the other is to the body: health depends on the former; on the latter virtue.

Among the different claſſes of the rich, the moſt tolerable are thoſe who, during a long ſucceſſion from father to ſon, have lived at their eaſe, and ſcarce know whether there be any ſuch thing, as a perſon reduced to neceſſity. They are, indeed, moſt commonly inſenſible of the miſery of others; and, were it not for this, they would merit no reproach, for 'tis no crime to be rich.

Thoſe whom riches corrupt the moſt, are the Cræſus's of modern date, who ſeem to carry the ſpecific ſum of their great poſſeſſions written on their foreheads. Their diſdainful look, their arrogance,

* *Perſian letters, letter* lxxiv.

and

and ſuperciliouſneſs, increaſe every day, in proportion as their coffer fills. Some conſolation, however, it ought to be to an honeſt man, who is daily expoſed to their inſults, to ſee theſe immenſe fortunes melt away as faſt as they were gathered.

To accumulate, and to diſſipate immenſe riches, is ſeldom the work of more than two generations. The father ſcrapes, and the ſon ſquanders; the father grows rich, the ſon poor. This is the uſual courſe of things; this is what facilitates commerce; otherwiſe the money hoarded up by private families would never circulate.

You have ſeen Philargyrus's fortune mount up to the higheſt pitch in a very little time: and now you behold, how that of his ſon Scorpiſon declines.

Philargyrus was born without wealth, but with a violent paſſion to acquire it. He did not amuſe himſelf with thoſe barren ſciences, which, to thoſe who cultivate them, produce nothing but glory and empty praiſe: he was neither geometrician, poet, grammarian, nor aſtronomer; but he was ſucceſſively a cuſtom-houſe clerk, a caſhier, a director, and an under-farmer of the revenues. Arrived to this pitch, he had only one ſtep more to advance, to be at the very height of his wiſhes. This ſtep alſo he took; for a hundred thouſand crowns, diſtributed in a proper manner, procured him at length the honour of a place among the *opulent forty*; and he was made receiver in chief. You would imagine, perhaps, that his deſires were now at a ſtand; quite the reverſe, they increaſed with his fortune, and his fortune ſwelled every day in proportion to his deſires. When he died, one might have made ten principalities out of his eſtate.

The year of mourning was not yet expired, when Scorpiſon, tho' ſole heir, was leſs rich by one half than his father. The keeping a miſtreſs, reimburſements of ſums he had borrowed, uſurers intereſt to pay, the building and pulling down of houſes, gaming, ſumptuous entertainments, a paſſion for pictures, medals, and cockle-ſhells, but above all the neglect of his domeſtic affairs, ſo greatly reduced his patrimony in ſo ſhort a time. He has made a conſiderable progreſs ſince: he has not only exhauſted his whole fortune; but he has likewiſe contrived to bring himſelf deeply into debt.

A great many imagine themſelves prudent œconomiſts, when they keep barely on this ſide prodigality. They do not think of diminiſhing their idle expences, provided they ſpend only their income, without touching the principal or impairing their eſtate. To aſſiſt the unfortunate does not ſeem to them a duty; nor do they ſo much as know that it can be a pleaſure.

I know not by what fatality it happens, that the more mankind are favoured with the gifts of fortune, the leſs they are diſpoſed to aſſiſt thoſe that are deſtitute. The poor have greater ſuccours from people almoſt as indigent as themſelves, than from the rich. One would imagine that our compaſſion is raiſed only for evils which we partly feel. I ſay, *partly*; for a man, oppreſſed with excruciating pain, exhauſts all his ſenſibility on himſelf; and the exceſs of miſery renders us as incapable of pity, as the higheſt pitch of proſperity.

Another very ſtrange ſingularity is, that there are few men more inſenſible to human miſeries, than thoſe

thoſe whoſe profeſſion is to preach up charity. Perhaps they think themſelves excuſed from aſſiſting the miſerable, becauſe of the care they take to exhort others to do it; and imagine that they have done enough by interceding for them?

'Tis a common ſaying, that people *make a noble uſe of their fortune*, when they keep a ſplendid table, have vaſt apartments, rich furniture, coſtly jewels, a large number of ſervants, and ſumptuous equipages; in ſhort, when they live as luxuriouſly as they can, without hurting their eſtates.

For my part, I ſhall beg leave to deviate from this improper language. What I call making a noble uſe of one's fortune, is to uſe it like a prudent, or rather like a beneficent, man.

Does the noble and pious Demophilus make a wrong uſe of his eſtate, becauſe having abjured all ſenſual pleaſures, and the vain amuſements and ſuperfluities of life, he diſtributes with both hands his bounties to the indigent? If a wiſe man can find any advantage in riches, 'tis only by procuring the ſweet ſatisfaction of contributing to other people's happineſs.

MANNERS.

MANNERS.

PART III.

Of the SOCIAL VIRTUES.

Love alone can render us faithful to our duty. Different degrees of union among men; from whence ariſe different degrees of affection.

DO you love God, was ſaid in the firſt part of this work; if ſo, you will be obedient to his laws: do you love yourſelf, was ſaid in the ſecond part, I mean with a love guided by reaſon; then you will be happy: do you love your fellow creatures, I may ſay now in this third part; if you do, you will not fail in your duty towards them. *Love*, ſays St. Paul to his proſelytes, *is the fulfilling of the law*. Love alone can make us faithful to all our duties: it is the foundation of all our engagements, and the only bond that connects them. Without love all human intercourſe would be nothing but artifice and diſſimulation, ſociety would have only the ſhadow of virtue; a deceitful appearance of friendſhip, humanity, and generoſity; which would be a thouſand times more dangerous than declared hatred

hatred and open abuſe. We have ſhewn, in the firſt part, the characters and effects of the love which man owes to God; in the ſecond, we have deſcribed the love which he ſhould have for himſelf; let us now delineate the characters and effects of that love which men ought to have for one another.

Every union amongſt men, in proportion as it is more or leſs intimate, is cemented by ſtronger or weaker degrees of affection. *Love*, we call that affection, which unites two lovers, as likewiſe huſband and wife, parents and children, *&c.* *Friendſhip* is that affection which riſes from choice, not derived from the charms of either ſex, nor dependent on the ties of blood. We give the name of *Humanity*, to that diſpoſition of the mind, which inclines us to aſſiſt our fellow creatures.

We are allowed to make a difference between theſe affections. Love in its own nature is more lively and ardent than friendſhip; and we may lawfully do more for choſen friends, than for the reſt of mankind. But theſe three kinds of affection do not differ, but in the greater or leſſer degree of ardency: they are ſubordinate, indeed, to each other; but they have this in common, that they all incline us to wiſh well to thoſe whom they render dear to us, and to procure them all the good in our power.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

Of LOVE.

Different kinds of love diſtinct from each other, which will be the ſubject of the four following articles.

THO' the word Love ſignifies every affection in general, which ariſes from nature, and draws the heart, as it were, in ſpite of itſelf, towards the object beloved; ſuch as the tenderneſs of lovers and married people, as alſo filial and much more paternal affection; yet cuſtom has particularly appropriated it to ſignify that ſtrong ſympathy which perſons of different ſexes conceive for each other. Of this kind of love we ſhall ſpeak in the firſt place, being that which has the moſt abſolute empire over the heart of man. The other three ſhall likewiſe be the ſubject of diſtinct articles.

ARTICLE I.

Of Love properly ſo called.

Deſcription of love, conſidered as a paſſion. Its characteriſtics. The delight which attends it. The deſire of enjoyment is not love. Inconveniences of a union which is not founded on virtue. Deſcription of ſenſual love. Love, in a virtuous mind, is a virtue itſelf.

CALISTA was young and beautiful, endowed with a great ſhare of wit and ſolid ſenſe. Agathocles, whoſe age very little exceeded her's,

her's, was well-made, brave, and prudent. He had the good fortune to be introduced at Caliſta's; where his looks, wandering indifferently over a numerous circle, ſoon diſtinguiſhed and fixed upon her. But, recovering from the ſhort extaſy occaſioned by the firſt ſight, he immediately reproached himſelf, as being guilty of rudeneſs to the reſt of the company; a fault which he endeavoured to correct, by looking round on other objects. Vain attempt! they were attracted by a powerful charm, and turned again towards Caliſta. He bluſhed as well as ſhe, while a ſweet emotion, 'till then unfelt, produced a kind of fluttering in his heart, and confuſion in his countenance. They both became, at the ſame time, more timid, and more curious. He was pleaſed with gazing at Caliſta; which he could not do without trembling: whilſt Caliſta, ſecretly ſatisfied with this flattering preference, caſt her eyes on him by ſtealth. They were both under an apprehenſion, but eſpecially Caliſta, of being caught by the other in the fact; and yet caught they were almoſt every moment.

The hour of ſeparation came, which to them appeared too ſudden: melancholy were the reflections they made on the rapidity of time. Imagination, however, did not permit them to be entirely abſent from each other: for the image of Caliſta was deeply engraved on the mind of Agathocles; and his features were as ſtrongly impreſſed on that of Caliſta. They both appeared leſs chearful, the reſt of the day. A lively ſentiment, which they did not well comprehend themſelves, intirely employed their minds, in ſpite of every attempt to divert themſelves.

Two

Two days paſſed without ſeeing one another again: and, tho' this interval of time had been filled up either by buſineſs or recreations; yet they both, notwithſtanding, experienced a wearineſs and diſſatisfaction in their minds, for which they could no way account. But the moment, which brought them together again, explained it to them: the perfect contentment they felt in each other's company, made them ſenſible of the real ſource of their melancholy.

Agathocles took more courage that day: he addreſſed Caliſta in a moſt obliging manner, and had the happineſs to converſe with her for the firſt time. As yet he had ſeen only her outward charms; but now he diſcovered the beauty of her mind, the integrity of her heart, the dignity of her ſentiments, and the delicacy of her wit; but what charmed him the moſt, was the opinion he conceived that ſhe did not judge him unworthy of her eſteem. From this time he made her frequent viſits, in every one of which he diſcovered ſome new perfection in the fair Caliſta. This is the characteriſtic of true merit; it gains by being expoſed to the eye of a judicious perſon. A man of ſenſe will ſoon diſlike a coquette, a fool, or a giddy woman: but if he falls in love with a woman of merit, time, far from weakening, will only ſtrengthen and augment his paſſion.

The fixed inclination of Agathocles, convinced him now that what he felt for Caliſta, was love, and that of the moſt tender nature. This he knew; but Caliſta did not as yet know it, or at leaſt had not learnt it from his lips. Love is timorous and diffident. A bold ſuitor is not the real lover of the

lady whom he addreſſes: he ſeeks for nothing but pleaſure. Agathocles at laſt reſolved to open his heart to Caliſta; but he did not do it in the affected language of a romantic paſſion. "Lovely Caliſta, ſaid "he ingenuouſly, it is not mere eſteem that binds "me to you, but a moſt paſſionate and tender love. "I feel that I cannot live without you: can you, "without violence to your inclinations, conſent to "make me happy? I may love you without of- "fence; 'tis a tribute due to your merit: but may "I flatter myſelf with the hope of ſome ſmall "return?"

A coquette would have affected to be diſpleaſed at ſuch a declaration. But Caliſta not only liſtened to her lover without interrupting him, but anſwered him without ill-nature, and gave him leave to hope. Nor did ſhe put his conſtancy to a tedious trial: the happineſs for which he ſighed was no longer delayed than was neceſſary to prepare the ceremony. The marriage ſettlements were eaſily regulated betwixt the parties; for intereſt was out of the queſtion: the chief article conſiſted in the mutual exchange of hearts; which was already fulfilled.

What will be the lot of this new-married couple? The happieſt, I may venture to foretel, that mortals can enjoy upon earth. No pleaſures are comparable to thoſe that affect the heart; and there are none, as I have obſerved before, that affect it with ſuch exquiſite delight, as loving and being beloved. To this tender union we can never apply the words of Democritus, that *the pleaſure of love is but a ſhort epilepſy*. He meant, without doubt, that mere ſenſual pleaſure, which has ſo little in it of the nature

of love, that a man may enjoy it without loving, and love without ever enjoying it. They will be conſtant in their love. This I dare alſo predict; and I know the reaſon. Their affection is not founded on the dazzling charms of beauty: they are both the friends of virtue; they love each other on this account; they will, therefore, continue to love, as long as they are virtuous; and their union itſelf is a pledge of their perſeverance: for nothing ſo much ſecures our continuance in the paths of virtue, as to have perpetually before our eyes the example of a perſon whom we love.

Nothing is capable to diſturb their happineſs, but thoſe diſaſters and misfortunes, from which their love cannot ſhelter them. But, ſuppoſing ſuch a reverſe of fortune, would not their fate in this regard be common with that of the reſt of mankind? Thoſe who have never taſted the pleaſures of love, are not exempt from the like caſualties; and the lover is, at leaſt, a gainer in regard to thoſe pleaſures, which conſtitute no ſmall part of the happineſs of life.

Beſides, even love itſelf will greatly diminiſh the ſenſe of their misfortunes. For love has the peculiar property of alleviating the ſufferings of two fond hearts, and of rendering their pleaſures more exquiſite. By this communication of diſtreſs, they ſeem to divide its weight: and, on the contrary, by participation their ſatisfaction is doubled. As a ſquadron of horſe is with greater difficulty broke thro' by the enemy, in proportion to its cloſeneſs: ſo the happy pair reſiſt the attacks of adverſity with ſo much the more ſtrength and ſucceſs, as they are more cloſely united.

Ye

Ye ſenſual lovers of carnal pleaſures, this hiſtory of theſe chaſte delights is to you an incomprehenſible ænigma, or a ridiculous paradox! Love, whoſe ſtandard you pretend to follow, is to you unknown: you are in his eyes the profane who do not deſerve to be initiated into his myſteries. What have you done in his ſervice? By what exploits have you merited his favour? You have ridiculouſly affected forced geſtures, and theatrical attitudes; you have followed exactly every riſing mode; you have practiſed, in your glaſs, the complaiſant ſmile, the lively glance, and the paſſionate look. You have exhauſted the delicacy of your taſte, and the ſtrength of your imagination, in the frivolous employment of adorning your perſons, with all the extravagance of dreſs. Fooliſhly elated with theſe pitiful advantages, you have diſplayed in aſſemblies your triumphant airs. Upon the planting of your batteries, there was no beauty, to be ſure, but muſt lay down her arms, and ſurrender at diſcretion. You have practiſed every art, either to ſeduce or ſurprize, and have ſpared neither flattery, nor lyes, nor offers, nor promiſes, nor pretences, nor the baſeſt diſſimulation.

Some few, it is true, have ſerved as trophies to your odious vanity. The fall of one was a long time prepared by the levity of her manners, or perhaps by the warmth of her conſtitution: another has been dazzled by the glitter of gold and jewels: the innocent Agnes has been enſnared thro' ſimplicity; and the young Hebe by an indiſcreet curioſity. But confeſs the truth; do not you bluſh at your conqueſts? None of them could ever make you happy. This appears by your repeated inconſtancy and infidelity,

from

from your perfidy and perjuries, from your uneaſineſs and regret. Your love is turned into hatred; you blaſpheme what you once adored; there is no woman ſafe from your outrageous declamations; you vilify and abuſe that amiable ſex which was formed for the happineſs of ours. But how is it poſſible for you to conceive an eſteem for the ſex, when you judge of them by the worſt of patterns?

No true bliſs can be expected from this paſſion, but by thoſe who love with delicacy an object worthy of their affection. Without theſe circumſtances you will infallibly be unhappy, either by the inconſtancy of the object beloved, or by your own: and then you will perceive, that what bore the appearance of love, was not really ſo; for true love is always conſtant: it was only a conformity of taſte for pleaſure.

Love being the bond of two hearts which ſympathiſe with each other, it is in the qualifications of the heart that we muſt ſeek for the foundation of this ſympathy: now the firſt and principal, and that which, indeed, preſides over all the reſt, is the love of virtue. What a fatal preſent to a man of honour is a worthleſs heart that knows not thoſe ſentiments! Can he accept it without expoſing his own innocence? In a union ſo ſtrict as that of lovers, ſentiments are communicated imperceptibly: and, as experience ſadly teaches us, the bad are communicated with greater eaſe than the good. The diſorders of the mind are more contagious than thoſe of the body: its ſpots defile all thoſe who approach too near.

Add to the danger of this fatal conſequence the intereſt of your own love. By what rare perfections would

would you ever hope to fix a heart that finds no charms in virtue? Would you adopt her crimes? Would you become an accomplice? This would be only ſacrificing your honour, without any advantage to your love: even the fair ſeducer herſelf would deſpiſe you; and what we deſpiſe we cannot love. If you ſhould continue conſtant to virtue, you would only frighten her, and make her fly you. Should you ſtoop to baſe condeſcenſions, ſhe would abuſe them, and, at the ſame time, ſhe would not think herſelf obliged to you: nay it would be a motive for her one day to reproach you, and to throw upon you the whole blame of her own guilt: for, if you encouraged her crimes, you would be charged with being the author of them.

What medium is then to be taken between theſe two extremes? Avoid this perplexing ſituation: be virtuous yourſelf, and love no one that is not ſo.

What view can Beliſa have in ſhewing ſuch favours to the young Lindorus? Surely no other than that of becoming the Minerva of this lovely Telemachus. She would act but poorly the part of Circe. He is a youth that has ſcarce got rid of the ferula, and has not yet ſhook off the duſt of the college. Beliſa, on the contrary, is of full age. She has ſeen the beginning of the preſent century, and ought now to have laid aſide the trifling, vain amuſements of gallantry and intrigue. Full five and forty years experience, and ſome mortifying anecdotes, which are not yet blotted out of her memory, ought to keep her upon her guard againſt the levity and indiſcretion, which ſhe has but too often experienced in young gentle-

gentlemen. She has a friendſhip for Lindorus's mother: and takes him under her care, as a pupil. But ſlandering tongues ſay, ſhe has a particular intereſt in the ſucceſs of her leſſons. 'Tis generally, ſay they, in the arms of ſuch old women, that young men firſt loſe their innocence. The timidity natural to youth would ſufficiently protect him, if theſe dangerous ſeducers did not undertake to corrupt his modeſty by looſe expreſſions, and, to complete the conqueſt, by indecent fooleries. Let us obſerve the miſtreſs and her pupil. What? does ſhe deſign to juſtify theſe ſuſpicions? Why is ſhe always with him tete a tete? Why thoſe affected ways, and bolting the room? Is there no other ſeat for Beliſa, but a couch? No other attitude, but a reclined poſture? No other dreſs, but a light diſhabille? Does mere friendſhip ſpread ſuch a glow on the cheeks? Has it ſuch a rolling eye? Does it expreſs itſelf in kiſſes, given and repeated with the moſt paſſionate warmth? But let us draw a veil over the reſt of the picture: I want to inſpire my readers with virtue, and perhaps I ſhall alarm their modeſty.

Encolpus rivals Beliſa; for he ſeeks to attain the ſame end, tho' by different means. His long cloak, the venerable character with which he is veſted, the many wrinkles on his forehead, and his hypocritical deportment, inſpire every one with an unbounded confidence. Young beauties kneel down before him, to bluſh at their own weakneſs; to diſcloſe to him their ſecret inclinations; to acquaint him with the empire which the violence of their conſtitution has over their reaſon; to complain of the aſcendancy of their ir-

regular appetites; and to apply to him for a remedy. Heloiſa has confeſſed to him the invincible propenſion ſhe has to tenderneſs, and the miſtakes this weakneſs has made her commit. Before he proceeds to a cure, he probes the depth of the wound; he queſtions, he examines, he ſearches into the nature of her diſeaſe; and, leſt ſhe ſhould omit any material circumſtance, he enters into a ſmutty detail, far more capable of ſullying her imagination, than of ſtrengthening her chaſtity. The more open and ſincere ſhe is, the ſooner this impoſtor will deceive and triumph over her. He already knows the weak places of the fortreſs; and there he will make his attack. In vain the young Almanzor, tho' of a bold and enterprizing genius, has ſtrove to overcome that wavering modeſty, which has hitherto preſerved this young beauty from ruin: this hypocritical director will be more ſucceſsful in his attack. When he has led her to the brink of the precipice, her fear will hurry her into it; and what a young agreeable lover never could obtain by all his careſſes, this grey-haired villain will obtain by his ſacrilegious artifices.

Will you give the name of love to the fiery paſſion of Beliſa, or to the criminal deſires of Encolpus? Is it love to rob the object beloved of her innocence, the moſt precious gift of heaven! and to ſully her ſoul with a ſtain of the deepeſt dye? Is it poſſible to plunge the poniard into a perſon's breaſt out of love, or to poiſon him thro' friendſhip?

Eraſtus has more honourable intentions: he has a ſincere paſſion for Iſabella; which you may eaſily perceive by the advantageous picture he gives of her. One feature only ſeems wanting to finiſh the portrait;

portrait; he ſays nothing of the diſpoſition of her mind nor of her manners. But theſe are not the objects which ſtrike him: her beauty, her graceful air, and her ſprightlineſs, have charms that raviſh his ſoul; theſe are enough for him; and he imagines no greater happineſs, than that of enjoying her. Irradiated by her bright eyes, he is loſt in extaſy: when abſent from her, he languiſhes and waſtes with deſire. Would not you imagine this to be love? Eraſtes thinks it is, and believes himſelf more in love than any other perſon in the univerſe. But I ſee the ſource of his error: he miſtakes, for love, the deſire of enjoyment.

If you would ſound your heart ſincerely, in order to diſcover by which of theſe two paſſions you are led, examine the eyes of the beauty who holds you in her chains. If her preſence intimidates you, and holds your ſenſes in a reſpectful ſubmiſſion, you love her. Love admits of no obſcene idea, no ſally of the imagination, by which the delicacy of the object beloved might be offended, were it poſſible for her to know it. Love is chaſte even in our dreams. But, if the charms which you admire make a greater impreſſion upon your ſenſes than upon your mind, then it is not love, but a ſenſual appetite.

If this paſſion be ſincere, it will never induce us to commit ſuch acts as are injurious to conſcience or honour; for whoever is capable of love, is virtuous. And, on the other hand, I may venture to affirm, that whoever is virtuous, is alſo capable of love: for all the virtues are cloſely connected with each other, and the tenderneſs of the heart is one of them. As it would be a defect in the body to be

unfit for generation, ſo it is a defect in the ſoul to be incapable of love.

I am not afraid that love will hurt the morals of the lover; it will rather improve them. 'Tis love that renders the heart leſs ſavage, and the temper more pliable and more humane. By loving we are accuſtomed to bend our will to the inclinations of the beloved object: by this means we acquire the habit of commanding, controlling, and even of ſuppreſſing our deſires, and of conforming our taſte and inclinations to places, times, and perſons. But it is a different thing, when we yield to thoſe impulſes of a ſenſual appetite, which groſs people confound with love.

ARTICLE II.

Of Conjugal Love.

It is eaſy to diſtinguiſh the true from the falſe. What is the common cauſe of indifference between man and wife. From what motives love ſeems to have been excluded from the marriage ſtate. The cauſes of diviſions between married people. Jealouſy the principal. Jealouſy may be without love. Means to ſecure and ſtrengthen the conjugal union.

THE characteriſtics of conjugal love are not ſo equivocal. A lover may be ſuch a dupe to himſelf, as to fancy he loves without really loving: but a married man certainly knows, whether he loves or not; for enjoyment is the touchſtone of love.

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The true receives a new force from hence, but the falſe is here extinguiſhed.

If, after the experiment is made, we find ourſelves miſtaken, I know of no other remedy but patience. If it be poſſible, let friendſhip ſupply the place of love. But I dare not flatter you, that this will be practicable. Friendſhip betwixt the married pair is the fruit of a long and ſettled love, when time and repeated enjoyment have calmed the tranſport of paſſion. In the married ſtate there is generally no medium, they either love or hate one another; at the moſt, ſome few of a better caſt of temper will confine themſelves to indifference.

Behold Alcippus and Celimena, who have been married theſe ſix months: tho' their apartments are diſtant from each other, yet their viſits are frequent; and they even go ſo far as to embrace each other. This is certainly true; for it never happens but before credible witneſſes. You will not ſee them guilty of thoſe childiſh careſſes, and that fooliſh toying for which young married people are often blamed; but they behave with civility, reſpect, aſſiduity, attention, and eſpecially the exacteſt decency. They made no expreſs agreement to live together in this manner; but a happy kind of ſympathy firſt inſpired them with the idea of it.

It is much more ſurprizing to ſee that coolneſs which ſubſiſts betwixt Lyſander and Daphne, after ſo many apparent teſtimonies of the ſtrongeſt paſſion. Never did love appear more ardent: a thouſand obſtacles oppoſed it; but their courage ſurmounted them all. Locks, bolts, and walls, ſecured the fair priſoner. Three or four prudiſh gaolers, with a

canting tone, exhorted her to continency, and, propoſing themſelves for an example, invited her to ſigh like them after no other object but the ſpouſe in the canticles. A ladder freed her at once from the cloiſter and theſe ſermons. Lyſander, whoſe father at that very time was endeavouring to diſinherit him, preferred the intereſt of his heart to that of his fortune, and the poſſeſſion of Daphne to the ties of blood. He flew with her to the foot of the altar to ſwear eternal love and fidelity. The firſt year is not yet paſt, and Lyſander is already unfaithful. Daphne ſighs, weeps, and laments; but ſhe has comforters, who will, perhaps, one day, aſſiſt her to be fully revenged of the perfidious Lyſander. What can be the cauſe of ſo ſudden a change? The ſame which cooled the affections of Alcippus and Celimena. Lyſander and Daphne had miſtaken, for love, the powerful impulſes of their wanton appetites: they are now undeceived; and, as they are both of impatient and warm tempers, their vexation is as ſharp as their paſſion ſeemed to be violent.

It would be entering upon too large a field, to think of tracing here the different ſcenes with which the marriage ſtate would furniſh us, if its ſecrets, which lie concealed in myſterious darkneſs, were ſuddenly unveiled. What a variety of humours, caprices, extravagancies, and contradictions, ſhould we find among ſo many diſunited pairs; who, ſo far from having been deceived by a falſe notion of love, never in the leaſt imagined that this paſſion was at all required in their engagement!

The

The belles and the coquettes have, in all ages, cauſed ſo many fooliſh paſſions, ſuch troubles, diviſions, and wars; that ſuperficial thinkers, without ſparing genuine love, a love grounded upon eſteem, have raſhly condemned this noble paſſion, as an unpardonable folly. Baſe avarice, taking advantage of this fantaſtic error, encouraged it as much as poſſible, in favour of her partiſans; and at length eſtabliſhed it as a ſtandard doctrine. Then it was decreed that no one ought to marry a woman inferior to himſelf: and the equality of their ſtation has been extended to that of fortune. Love by this means was baniſhed from marriage, and confined to romances. And if any one, either thro' weakneſs or taſte, happened to be inflamed with this paſſion, he was obliged, at leaſt for fear of ſcandal, to hide it as much as poſſible; to ſhew only a cold civility in public to his ſpouſe; and, when he happened to be in company with other ladies, to ſhew more complaiſance to them than to his own; under penalty of incurring the cenſure and ridicule of the polite world. And, as unequal matches are by far the moſt numerous, they naturally led the faſhon; and this regulation, agreeable to their ſyſtem, has been ever ſince religiouſly obſerved. On this footing things are at preſent, except only that thoſe who heartily hate each other, after marriage, behave much worſe.

I have nothing to preſcribe to this laſt claſs, about the marriage duties: they are deficient in the moſt eſſential part, becauſe they want love; how then ſhould they fulfil the reſt?

A marriage contracted without affection is a kind of rape. A woman (and the ſame muſt be applied to our ſex) by the laws of natural inſtinct, belongs only to him who is poſſeſſed of her heart. We ſhould not receive the gifts of Hymen, but from the hands of love: to acquire them otherways is uſurpation.

Shall I counſel theſe inconſiderate raviſhers to repair their paſt injuſtice, by endeavouring to love; and to perform after their engagement what ought to have been done before? Alas! the affections of the heart are no more capable of counſel than of command. Thoſe who hate, or do not love one another in wedlock, are incorrigible ſinners; wherefore I ſhall not addreſs my diſcourſe to them, upon the topic of conjugal affection.

But will theſe hints be better addreſſed to thoſe happy ſouls, who, ſenſible of the power of love from the firſt moment, have derived, from the knowledge which their intimate union has given them of each other, new motives of ſtrengthening their affection? Theſe ſeem to need no precepts on perſeverance in love; a tenderneſs, ſo well grounded, promiſes perpetuity. And yet the human heart is ſo changeable, that no one can flatter himſelf, without temerity, that his paſſion ſhall always continue with equal ardour. Love is a fire: it may, therefore, be extinguiſhed by water, or for want of neceſſary nouriſhment.

Euriſthenes loved his wife; and love made him the happieſt of men. He knew the value of his own felicity; and declared it one day to a certain old Druid, the depoſitary of his moſt intimate ſecrets; who,

who, being himſelf weaned from thoſe pleaſing ſenſations which he heard now recited, took it into his head, under a pretence of promoting the glory of God, to diſengage him from thoſe carnal ties, which bound him, he ſaid, to the world.

" Brother, ſaid the bigot, I grieve to ſee you " ſo blind. You ſigh, but it is after another object " than the Lord! Know you not that it is written, he " that hateth not, for God, his father and his mother, " his wife, and his brethren, is unworthy of God. " Before the fall of the firſt man, your affection " would, perhaps, have been innocent: but ſinful " man ought to taſte no bread but what is ſteeped " in tears. Your wife is a daughter of Eve, that " cruel mother who ruined us all: and yet you love " her! Fear the lot of your firſt progenitor; it was " love that was his undoing. You are pleaſed with " her tenderneſs and obliging manner; for this very " reaſon you ought to fear her; becauſe it is by " this artifice ſhe gains you, and raviſhes from God " a heart made for him alone. Think well of it: " hell opens under your feet."

This word *hell* made the ſimple Euriſthenes tremble: his troubled imagination ſaw no longer any thing but dæmons, fire, ſulphur, and burning furnaces. A fanatic zeal took poſſeſſion of his mind: he looked upon his wife as an enemy to his happineſs; took her careſſes for ſo many ſnares, and her remonſtrances for attempts to ſeduce him. If any remains of affection plead for her in his heart, he faſts, prays, and mortifies himſelf, in order to ſtifle it.

As for Methyſus, 'tis not by faſting that he has ſhaken off all conjugal affection. Three parts of

his life were ſpent with the glaſs in his hand, in thoſe licentious receſſes, where intemperance rides in full triumph; where, in rivers of intoxicating Burgundy, men ſwallow, at the ſame time, their health, honour, and ſubſtance. Here all delicate ſentiments are treated as viſionary ideas; tenderneſs as inſipidity; complaiſance as ſlavery; and reſpect as meanneſs of ſoul. Methyſus has at length learned the language of his ignoble haunts. At firſt he ſpoke it as a kind of jargon, that ſerved only for amuſement, without debaſing the heart; but now he is more advanced; he has imbibed the very ſpirit of it, and has loſt all reliſh for rational pleaſures. He is as inſenſible as marble to the fair ſex, eſpecially to the modeſt, the wiſe, and diſcreet, and, unluckily for him, his wife is of this number.

Polydore was conſtant in his affection for twenty years; at the expiration of this term, it had ſuffered no other alteration but what naturally ariſes from a long ſeries of time, and the eaſy ſituation of a heart that has nothing further to wiſh. It is no longer love, but friendſhip; a friendſhip, however, of too tender a nature ever to ſubſiſt between perſons of the ſame ſex. But, as it irritates the deſires leſs, this indolent tranquillity proves often dangerous; and I would counſel every one who happens to be in this ſituation, to watch over their eyes and their hearts, leſt ſome new object ſhould revive the paſſion of love, and lead them by degrees to the blackeſt perfidy. Polydore became guilty. He truſted, thro' a long habit, that he was ſecure of not loving any other woman than his wife; and it was this very confidence that expoſed him to betray her. When

love

love is ſatisfied, it does not increaſe with age. That ſweet tranquillity, which he enjoyed under Hymen's empire, made him believe that his paſſions were quite ſubdued; and thus expoſing himſelf to the danger, without any apprehenſion, he perceived not the precipice, 'till he fell from it.

Vicious habits, capricious tempers, and contrary opinions, may, likewiſe, diſturb the moſt ſettled love. Thus an avaricious, niggardly huſband will take a diſtaſte for a wife, who, thinking more nobly, believes it reaſonable to regulate her expences by their joint income. A ſpendthrift, on the contrary, will deſpiſe a wife, becauſe ſhe is an œconomiſt.

Callias, who is as handſome as Narciſſus, and as proud of his beauty, ſhews by his looks, his diſcourſe, and his behaviour, that he thinks Elvira beholden to him, ſince he has vouchſafed to make her the partner of his bed.

Phorbas has read in ſome Turkiſh hiſtory, perhaps, an exaggerated account of the deſpotic power which the deſcendants of Mahomet exerciſe in their ſeraglios. He, therefore, behaves at home with the imperiouſneſs of a ſultan. In his very ſoul he loves Artamene; but does not think it becomes his dignity to acknowledge it; and rather chuſes to receive her ſubmiſſions than her careſſes.

The devout Theotimus, ſenſible of the calamities of the church, and weeping over its decline, viſits all thoſe *that think right*, and exhorts them to ſupport a remnant of faith which begins to waver. All paſtors have betrayed the *good cauſe*; truth will ſoon have no more defenders. He thinks himſelf a ſecond Atlas, formed to prevent the fall of the

heavens, ready to tumble upon our heads. What a ſweet conſolation would it be to him, if his wife but aſſiſted him to bear ſo weighty a burden! But ſhe, thoughtleſs infidel, is not moved with his pious groans. She follows blindly the broad way pointed out to her by looſe directors; and thinks her ſalvation depends on following implicitly the laws of Rome, and the counſels of her curate. Theotimus has done his beſt to convert her; but, unable to prevail, he breaks into a paſſion; then they fall to abuſes and anathema's, and at length they cordially hate each other.

But who is that madman I behold, ſo ſwelled with anger? What ſudden emotion has thus inflamed his countenance? Why thoſe fierce looks, that interrupted voice, thoſe threatening geſtures? Alas! who is it he menaces? A tender wife, the faithful Artemiſia, who loves him, and whom he himſelf loves; at leaſt there was all the reaſon in the world to think ſo 'till this very moment. Is it poſſible to paſs thus in an inſtant from love to hatred, from eſteem to contempt, from tenderneſs to outrage? Yes, when a perſon is jealous; and this is the madneſs of Argantes: like the miſer, who, the fonder he is of his treaſure, the more he is afraid of being robbed. Friends, relations, domeſtics, even old men and children, all give him uneaſineſs, and excite his ſuſpicions; they all ſeem capable of ſeducing his wife. This of all misfortunes is what he moſt dreads, and yet it is a misfortune which he thinks moſt imminent. Thus, his fears diſturbing his reaſon, he takes his diſtruſts for preſages, and his ſuſpicions for realities. His preſent rage is owing to his having over-

overheard her ſpeaking to ſome one in a familiar tone. He advances gently, with a deſign to ſurprize her; but he ſucceeds only by halves. He finds her alone in that chamber where he had heard two voices: but he ſees a pair of man's gloves, which bereaves him of his underſtanding; he ſeizes them and tears them to pieces. Fain would ſhe ſpeak; but he is deaf, and prevents all explanation by a torrent of invectives. Theſe are followed by a volley of menaces, which, perhaps, would have been immediately put into execution, had not an unexpected witneſs entered, whoſe preſence diſconcerts and condemns him. It is Artemiſia's father, who ſtepping from the cloſet, where he had concealed himſelf on purpoſe to ſurprize his ſon-in-law, comes forth to demand his gloves, and juſtify Artemiſia.

Hideous jealouſy, thou bane of matrimonial happineſs, why doſt thou not rather quite extinguiſh love, than turn it thus into a fury?

Yet there is a kind of jealouſy that inſeparably attends a lively and delicate love; it does not exclude eſteem, it neither injures nor offends. We may be afraid of loſing the affection of the object we love, becauſe we know the value of it; we may be afraid of diſpleaſing the fair one, without ſuſpecting her of inconſtancy; we may dread her indifference, tho' we are ſure of her fidelity. This tender apprehenſion is a ſtrong ſpur that enlivens love, and makes it more vigilant and active; without this it would grow languid, from too great a ſecurity.

But to be jealous, without loving, is a phenomenon not eaſy to comprehend, and yet nothing is more common.

Dori-

Dorimene married Clito, rather out of complaiſance than affection; and yet ſhe is enraged, if he ſo much as ſmiles on an amiable woman. An obliging word, a civil geſture, a polite and affable reception, to any lady but herſelf, is a crime which ſhe can never pardon. If he is abſent for any time, "he is falſe: long has ſhe perceived herſelf neg-"lected, tho' ſhe thought ſhe merited better uſage." Is Dorimene fallen in love with her huſband ſince their marriage? This would be a miracle indeed; now I very much doubt whether any are ever wrought, eſpecially of that ſort. Hymen never warms thoſe hearts with love, which before were inſenſible of it. He confirms its purity, but he does not kindle the flame, and very ſeldom increaſes it. Marriage may be called the crucible, but not the cradle of love. From whence, therefore, can Dorimene's jealouſy ariſe? Not from love, but from a paſſion which in ſome meaſure reſembles it.

The affections of men, generally ſpeaking, are excited by a particular object; before their hearts can be inflamed, they muſt find an object proper to inflame them. But, as to the women, tenderneſs is interwoven with their nature; it is an appendage of their conſtitution. They love, even before they know what love is. To us, love is an amuſement; to them 'tis a capital affair. But if this innate tenderneſs is fixed on a particular object, and the fire is increaſed by the allurement of ſenſual pleaſure, like the rays of the ſun collected by the burning-glaſs, it becomes more ardent, and its ſcattered beams, thus concentring in a point, derive from thence a greater force and activity. It is alſo ſaid that their tenderneſs

tenderneſs has this advantage above ours, it increaſes by enjoyment: hence it is that the ſex never experience that laſſitude and ſatiety, which weigh down our hearts, when our deſires are gratified.

Women in general love better than men. Nature, in every thing wiſe, has imparted to them an almoſt inexhauſtible fund of tenderneſs, with a ſtrong propenſity to pleaſure, that they might be leſs afraid of the conſequences of marriage; their pains being ſoothed, and their ſufferings compenſated, by the ſoft allurements of delight. This is what, in moſt of them, ſupplies the place of deliberate love. We love from choice; but we often ſee them extravagantly fond of huſbands whom they have taken blindfold.

This ſenſation, which is ſo like love, that there is hardly any difference to be diſcerned, is apt alſo to inſpire tranſports of jealouſy; and 'tis from this ſource that Dorimene's extravagance proceeds.

But why ſhould Amintas be jealous? What title has he to the heart of Emilia? He hates and deſpiſes her. Why then does he trouble himſelf about her love or indifference? Love, indeed, is not what he requires of her; but, as he thinks his honour intereſted in the conduct of his wife, he would have her faithful to him; but, judging of her by himſelf, he cannot believe it. Ridiculous prejudice! contrary to all juſtice and reaſon! Shall Amintas think himſelf diſhonoured, if Emilia violates her conjugal faith? And ſhall he, who boaſts of having betrayed it a hundred times, triumph in his perfidy without the leaſt diminution of honour? Since when has honour con-

contracted this alliance with vice? Is it then the prey of the ſtrongeſt, like gold and ſceptres?

Love, and eſpecially that of the conjugal kind, is nouriſhed by love. When a lover endeavours to win a heart, even hope alone is able to nouriſh his flame: but, after he has made a conqueſt of this heart, he has a right to expect a conſtant return of affection. The ſacred bond of matrimony ſtrengthens the obligation, and adds, to the natural duty of love between huſband and wife, a duty of religion; upon condition, however, that this love be reciprocal: for even religion itſelf commands nothing impoſſible.

It is ſo general a maxim amongſt all nations, that mutual love ought to be the bond of marriage; that there are few who do not permit a divorce, when an incompatibility of temper raiſes an invincible obſtacle to love.

If you would live happy under Hymen's empire, never engage without loving and being loved; and let this love be ſolid, by grounding it on virtue. If it has no other object but beauty, a graceful air, or the bloom of youth; frail as thoſe fading bleſſings, it will vaniſh with them: but, if it fixes on the beauty of the mind, it will be proof againſt time.

In order to have a right to another perſon's love, endeavour to merit it. After a union of twenty years be as attentive to pleaſe, and as careful to avoid giving offence, as if you had begun only to-day to make your addreſſes. It is as glorious to keep poſſeſſion of a heart, as to conquer it.

Let love, honour, and a mutual condeſcenſion, perpetually reign between the married pair, and I dare anſwer for the happineſs of their union. It will be

ſubject

ſubject to alteration, if any of theſe three requiſites be wanting; but, if the firſt, it will be utterly deſtroyed.

ARTICLE III.

Of Paternal Love.

Inſtinct ſufficient to inſpire this affection. Obligations of the mother to provide for the bodily wants of her children, and of the father to employ himſelf perſonally in the cultivation of their minds. A parallel between fathers and kings.

DID not the reaſon of man, or rather the abuſe of it, deprave ſometimes his natural inſtinct, we ſhould have nothing to ſay on this ſubject. The brutes have no need of our treatiſes on morality, to learn to love their young, to feed and bring them up. This is, becauſe they are guided only by inſtinct; now inſtinct, when it is not perverted by the ſophiſms of a captious reaſon, always anſwers the end of nature, does its duty, and never errs. If man, therefore, was in this reſpect like other animals, as ſoon as the child ſhould ſee the light, the mother would nouriſh it with her own milk, watch its wants, preſerve it from all accidents, and think no moments of her life better employed than thoſe ſhe ſpent in theſe important duties. The father, on his ſide, would endeavour to form the manners of his ſon; he would ſtudy his taſte, humour, and inclinations, in order to employ his talents to the beſt

beſt advantage, and prepare him betimes to ſerve his country in that ſtation for which he ſhewed a proper capacity. He would himſelf cultivate this young plant, and look upon it as a criminal neglect to abandon it to the diſcretion of an ignorant, or, perhaps, a vicious governor.

But the power of cuſtom, in ſpite of inſtinct, diſpoſes otherwiſe. The child is ſcarce born, but it is ſeparated from its mother: ſhe is too weak or too delicate, or ſhe is of too elevated a rank, to ſuckle her own child. In vain has nature diverted the courſe of that fluid, which nouriſhed it in the womb, and conveyed to the breaſt of the inſenſible parent two milky ſtreams deſigned for its nouriſhment. Nature muſt not be liſtened to, her gifts are rejected and deſpiſed; the very perſon whom ſhe has thus enriched, will, even at the hazard of her health, dry up the ſprings of this precious nectar. The child is delivered to a foreign and mercenary parent, who will proportion her care to the gain ſhe expects by it.

As for the father, he is too buſy to think of forming the manners of his own ſon; his affairs permit it not; and it is a care which he chuſes to avoid. So many perſons offer to ſupply this place, who will be content with a moderate ſalary, that he would think himſelf a bad œconomiſt if he did not accept of their ſervices; for they deſire no more, out of his whole eſtate, than the income of a day or two.

Several before me have enforced the neceſſity of theſe two indiſpenſable duties: that of the mother, to nurſe her own child; and that of the father, to take care of his education: but all their arguments have

have been to no purpoſe. What then will my ſuffrage avail? Nothing at all. However, I have at leaſt given my voice, and openly proteſted againſt an abuſe which I heartily condemn.

"What? to ſuckle a child! cries Celia, a fine "employment indeed! an agreeable amuſement! "I love to paſs the night in eaſy ſleep; or, if my "ſlumbers muſt be interrupted, let it be by pleaſure. "In the day-time I receive and return viſits: I "dreſs, and, to ſhew a gown in a new taſte, I flant "away at the mall, at the opera, or the play-"houſe: I play, I dance, I tattle: in ſhort, all "my time is agreeably filled up. Ah! do not you "perceive that I muſt renounce all this, were I ſuch "a fool as to ſubject myſelf to the vile drudgery "of a nurſe?"

Yes, I ſee, faireſt Celia, by the plan you have drawn of your amuſements, the motives that give you a diſreliſh to this duty: but from that ſnowy boſom, which with ſuch complaiſance you expoſe to view, I ſee much better thoſe reaſons which ſhould oblige you to it.

Where is the mother, that would conſent to receive of another a child which ſhe knew was not her own? And yet, can that infant be truly her's, which, when it was newly born, ſhe baniſhed far from her preſence; whilſt, for ſeveral years, the continual loſs of ſubſtance, which animal bodies undergo every inſtant, has been repaired by the milk of a ſtranger, which has metamorphoſed and transformed it into a new child? No, it is no longer the ſon of Celia, but Claudina's, who, by ſuckling it ſo long, has been delivered of it in ſome meaſure a ſecond

ſecond time. I know not what he can gain by this change; but I know what he may loſe. The milk he has ſucked, was not made for his organs; therefore it muſt have been a nutriment leſs proper for him, than his mother's milk. Who knows but his conſtitution, originally robuſt and ſound, has not been weakened? Who knows but this metamorphoſis may have reached his heart; and, as the ſoul and body are ſo dependent on each other, he may not merely, on this account, become one day a baſe villain, a cheat, a robber, a murderer? That fruit which is the moſt delicious, in a proper ſoil, never fails to degenerate, when tranſplanted to another. 'Tis the ſame in regard to animals: thoſe dogs ſo much cried up in England, for their ſtrength and fidelity, no ſooner croſs the ſea, than they degenerate, and become the moſt ſtupid of all animals, without inſtinct, ſtrength, or any ability for ſervice.

'Tis time now to change the ſcene: let us ſearch into the heart of a father; or rather, without ſearching, let us judge of it by his conduct.

Trimalcio is the preſident of a court of juſtice: the ſlowneſs and majeſty of his gait, the ſeverity of his countenance, his unalterable gravity, and, more than all this, the enormous ſize of his peruke, and the number of his ſervants, declare, in the moſt diſtinct terms, the quality of this perſonage. One would imagine that the ſalary of a judge had the ſupernatural virtue of giving him the air and majeſty of a hero. All the wit of Moliere, all the buffoonery of Scarron, would not be able to unwrinkle his forehead. But now comes the critical moment, when he is to lay aſide in ſome meaſure this magiſterial

giſterial air, this thick covering, with which his countenance is darkened. His ſon is brought from nurſe. "See, my lord, cries a ſilly governante, at a diſtance, "we have brought you little maſter." He riſes, advances a few ſteps, and walks, for the firſt time, to meet a human creature. He takes him in his arms; imagines he ſees his own features in the child's; and condeſcends even to embrace him. The child returns his kiſſes and endearments with intereſt, and liſps the name of *Papa*; a name that ſounds agreeable in the ears of Trimalcio. The more this title is dubious, the more people love to hear it given them. The child, thus extravagantly careſſed, anſwers with wanton fooleries. Thus he grows bold and unruly; and that majeſtic peruke, which a quarter of an hour before had filled the bar with awe, is now, by the young chevalier, pulled, tumbled, and unpowdered without mercy.

Trimalcio loves his ſon; one may ſee it, you ſay, by this fond reception. Do you judge of it by ſuch frivolous tokens? You will judge of it much better, by examining, what care he has taken to improve his underſtanding, to adorn his mind, and to inſpire him with virtue. But at the firſt ſight of his ſon he has exhauſted all his tenderneſs: think not he will go further. Would you have a preſident puzzle his brain with accidence and ſyntax for the ſake of his ſon? No, no, fear it not; the governor is already pitched upon. He is neither a Seneca nor a Burrhus; nor is he a perſon modelled by thoſe illuſtrious maſters, who formed the tender minds of our princes towards the cloſe of the laſt century: but he is a man extremely complaiſant, who, for a ſalary

a ſalary of thirty piſtoles, will take care not to fatigue his pupil, but will condeſcend to all his caprices and follies: theſe are the articles of the agreement. "Gently, *Monſieur L'Abbé*, gently, "ſaid Trimalcio, committing his ſon to the ſage's "ca e: I would not have my boy ruin his health. "Let him learn a little Latin, but no Greek; Greek "is deſtruction to the ſight. Look you, I do not "deſign him for the church: he ſhall be a preſi- "dent like myſelf: and, ſhould I make a biſhop of "him, believe me, *Monſieur L'Abbé*, your biſhops "are no conjurers."

The Abbé performs accordingly. What a happineſs it is for him to direct his pupil under the inſpection of a dunce, and to have nothing more to do but to make the ſon rival the father? How eaſy ſoever this undertaking may appear, ſtill it was the utmoſt extent of his ability.

Trimalcio has many friends, who, in all probability, will murmur againſt me. A perſon in a public employment, they will ſay, would have enough to do, were he to be preceptor to his own children. But is this a reaſon that will excuſe him? A rich financer would, doubtleſs, have a great deal to reſtore, were he to return all that he has unjuſtly uſurped: muſt he for that reaſon keep it?

Tho' I would have a father be his ſon's preceptor, yet I would likewiſe have him call in, to his aſſiſtance in this important taſk, perſons of approved merit: this is highly reaſonable; for they will render his labours much mote ſucceſsful. But let him always be governor in chief, inſpector, and ſuperintendant; and let his penſioned teachers be no more than aſſiſtants, or ſeconds.

Bubalcus,

Bubalcus, you'll ſay, is a father. He is an idiot, who, like any other animal, has contributed to the production of a creature of his own ſpecies; but he is incapable of any thing more. He knows nothing, has a ſenſe of nothing, thinks of nothing. What ſhare can ſuch a wretch have in the education of his ſon? The beſt thing he can do, is not to meddle with it.

I agree with you: and, if any one of my readers can alledge a like excuſe, he has a right to a diſpenſation, and I do not refuſe it. But I cannot exempt him, on this account, from ſeeking out the beſt maſters to ſupply his defect; from encouraging them to perform their duty by a genteel ſalary; and from inquiring with care after the progreſs of their pupil. If he carries his inſenſibility ſo far, as to no way intereſt himſelf about this, he muſt be a monſter, whom the deformity of his ſoul can never excuſe.

Ariſtides deſerves more indulgence: he is abroad in the ſervice of the ſtate, without a fixed abode, or ſettled habitation. A good citizen ought always to be ready to ſacrifice his deareſt intereſts, his eſtate, his health, and his repoſe, to the good of his country: Ariſtides does it. But even more than all this is required of him: his whole time is employed; ſo that he is obliged to wean himſelf from his family, and deprived of the ſweet pleaſure of forming the minds of his children with his own hand. I cannot blame, but I pity him. I know the full extent of his tenderneſs. He would make no difficulty to abandon his houſe to the diſcretion of a ſervant, his eſtate to the mercy of a ſteward, and even his life itſelf to the perils

perils of war, if his country required it: but it is not without a ſenſible regret, that he ſees himſelf a father, and deprived, at the ſame time, of an opportunity of performing the duty of a parent.

When a father is capable of inſtructing his children himſelf, he is the beſt maſter they can have: Ariſtides is thoroughly capable; which is ſufficiently ſhewn by the choice he has made of thoſe to whom he has committed this important truſt. Why, alas! does it ſo often happen, to the prejudice of the public good, that abilities fall to one man's ſhare, and the opportunity of exerting them to another's?

Parents are not acquitted from any further duty towards their children, by giving them exiſtence; as long as they ſtand in need of their aſſiſtance, they have a right to demand it. They are young plants that ought to be nurſed with care, 'till they have taken root. But nature has diſtinguiſhed the duties of a father, from thoſe of a mother. To the mother ſhe ſeems particularly to have aſſigned the care of the body, and the preſervation of the animal frame. The province of the father is more noble: the care of the thinking ſubſtance falls to his ſhare. But, alas! too frequently they both perform their reſpective duties very ill.

The mother carried the child in her womb, with unavoidable pain; ſhe was delivered at the end of nine months, by other pains entailed upon the ſex. The obligation of ſuckling the new-born infant is alſo indiſpenſable: but it is poſſible for her to avoid this trouble; and, therefore, the obligation is violated.

The father, on his ſide, correſponds no better with the intentions of nature. He takes upon himſelf the office

office of the mother, employs himſelf entirely about the bodily advantages of his children, their health, their eaſe, their outward carriage, their table, and their pleaſures. The culture of the mind, the moſt important concern of all, is what they both neglect.

Upon this plan Lycidas was educated. He dances well, rides the great horſe, and is a tolerable maſter of the ſword. As to every thing elſe, he is ignorant and vain, qualities almoſt inſeparable. He has a low and grovelling mind, and yet he expreſſes himſelf with haughtineſs. He is filled with prejudices, and, at the ſame time, is both impious and ſuperſtitious: without either bridle, or rule, or the leaſt ſenſe of morality. His preſent inclinations determine his manners, and theſe inclinations are almoſt generally depraved.

" Who is it he takes after! (cries Dorimont his " father, who, as fifty years have ſlid away, ſince " he was a young man, has had leiſure to forget his " own youthful extravagancies.) Surely not after me. " I have been young: every one muſt be ſo, ſome " time or other: but I was not ſuch a rake. Ah! " youth in my time were better behaved."

If you ſpeak truth, Dorimont, it was becauſe fathers were not then the corrupters of their children: it was becauſe they loved them better.

" Alas! replies Dorimont, if I have any thing " to reproach myſelf with, in regard of Lycidas, " 'tis for having loved him too well. It is this love, " carried, indeed, too far, that has made me blind " to his faults and extravagancies: 'tis this love, that " made me indulgent, when I ought to have been " reſolute: this which held my arm, when I had " lifted it up to puniſh him."

What a ſtrange idea you muſt then have formed of paternal love, if you are really perſuaded, that it has made you fail in the moſt eſſential duty of a good parent?

Julia ſees Araminta. Immediately a fluttering joy ſparkles in her eyes: ſhe runs to meet her; accoſts her in a hurry, careſſes her, and aſks her ſeveral queſtions. From whence comes this fit of tenderneſs? She hates Araminta and every amiable woman. Liſten to her: "Oh my dear! where had you this "gown? Who is your mercer? What is his name? "Let me ſee him? Let me embrace him? He "is an incomparable man. What a rich brocade! "What charming flowers! What a regularity of "deſign! What a choice of colours! What a "variety of ſhades! O Araminta! I am in love "with your gown. Oh! how it fits you! It is be-"yond expreſſion."

Dorimont, you think Julia a ridiculous character. Turn your eyes from Julia, and view yourſelf. You love your ſon, you ſay; but what is this ſon? He is a being, compoſed like you, of ſoul and body: he is an image, an emanation, a ray of the divinity, encompaſſed with a terreſtial veil, which ſerves to make him viſible and palpable. Now, which is it you love beſt of theſe two oppoſite ſubſtances in Lycidas? Is it his ſoul, that ſpiritual being, whoſe origin is ſo noble? But, to juſtify this love, do you perceive in it any traces of its native dignity? Is it not ſhamefully degenerated? Where is its reliſh for virtue, its love of truth? If it ſtill retains the luſtre of its original grandeur, 'tis by theſe features only it can be diſtinguiſhed. But theſe are all effaced; it is ſo altered, that you cannot even perceive its exiſtence

exiſtence but by the tenement of clay which conceals it. We ſee there organs, lineaments, and proportioned limbs, juſt as in other bodies, where we know a ſoul reſides; but we have no better proof.

But deformed as it is, perhaps you will ſay, you ſtill love it. I ſhould more readily believe you, if you had conſulted its good with greater zeal; if you had done your beſt to reſtore it to its original purity, innocence, and virtue: But, ſo far from that, 'twas you that was the occaſion of their being deſtroyed. You was afraid leſt the body of Lycidas ſhould be emaciated, and fall into a conſumption, if you reſtrained his caprices, if you curbed his anger, moderated his deſires, or watched over his conduct. Would you refuſe to dreſs a wound, for fear of ſpoiling the patient's cloaths? And you are afraid the body ſhould ſuffer, when the firſt and moſt eſſential concern ought to have been the ſoul; for the body is little more than the ſoul's garment.

Once more, what is it you love in your ſon? You love what is not himſelf. This organized matter, with which he is cloathed, is only a machine, made for his uſe, without which he can ſubſiſt, and which without him is only a little duſt: this is not your ſon, 'tis but the ſhell that covers him.

Let us return to Julia. Is it now ſo ridiculous in her to be paſſionately fond of Araminta's gown? Or, if ſuch a love is whimſical and fooliſh, is yours much more reaſonable?

Kings are juſtly compared to fathers of families; for this compariſon is grounded on the very nature and origin of royalty.

The firſt of kings ſucceſs in war adorn'd.

Says a poet * of the preſent age. But 'tis proper to obſerve, that this is put into the mouth of a tyrant, an uſurper, and the murderer of his king: for it is a maxim unworthy of an equitable prince. Any other but a Polyphontes would have ſaid:

The firſt of monarchs o'er his children reign'd.

The father was naturally the head of the family: this family, by multiplying, became a people; and, by conſequence, the father of the family became a king. The eldeſt ſon, without doubt, thought he had a right to inherit his father's authority; and thus the ſceptre continued in the ſame houſe, 'till a *ſucceſsful warrior*, or a rebellious ſubject, became the firſt ſtem of a new race.

As a king may be compared to a father, ſo we may reciprocally compare a father to a king; and thus determine the duties of a monarch by thoſe of the head of a family; and the obligations of a father, by thoſe of a ſovereign.

To *love*, to *govern*, to *recompence*, and to *puniſh*, are, methinks, all the duties both of a father and of a king.

A father who *loves not* his children, is a monſter; and a king who loves not his ſubjects, is a tyrant. Both the father and the king are the living images of God, whoſe empire is founded on love. Nature made the father for the good of his children: policy made the king for the happineſs of his people. As

* *Voltaire* in his Tragedy of *Merope*.

man

man in his infancy is ignorant of his true intereſt, and cannot provide for his happineſs or ſubſiſtance; ſo a blind, giddy, and turbulent people, without a head to govern them, will form none but vain and ridiculous projects, will have only confuſed views, and will neither know what they ought to wiſh for, what to love, or what to fear; and, whatever meaſures they take, they are generally ſuch as tend to their ruin. Hence, there is as abſolute a neceſſity that there ſhould be a head both in a family and in the ſtate, as that an arch ſhould have a principal ſtone, which is to determine the center, and conſolidate the whole. But if this head ſhould be unconcerned for the members, which cannot happen but by an immoderate ſelf-love, he will refer every thing to himſelf; their advantage will be always ſacrificed to his; he will increaſe in opulence by their labour and toil; and, to ſecure his deſpotic power, he will keep them in ſlavery: in fine, he will conſider them only as mere inſtruments formed to make him happy.

On the contrary, when benevolence and love regulate the will of the chief, and dictate all his commands, there will ariſe then betwixt him and the members a free and eaſy circulation, diffuſing health, vigour, and ſtrength to every individual; and all will concur with zeal in promoting the public good of the whole body. The chief himſelf will here find a ſolid advantage: For to treat his family or people with mildneſs, is promoting his own intereſt. Tho' the head be the principal ſeat of life and ſenſation, yet it will always ſuffer, when joined to a meagre carcaſs.

There is the ſame reſemblance betwixt the government of a ſtate and that of a family. The maſter

who governs either of theſe, has two duties to fulfil: the one to make good manners, virtue, and piety flouriſh; the other, to ſhield them from troubles, diſaſters, and indigence. It is the love of order that ought to direct him; and not that paſſion of domineering, which delights in tiring the patience even of the moſt ſubmiſſive tempers. Both the child and the ſubject are too ſhort-ſighted to look after themſelves; but they can ſee well enough to diſcover the faults of thoſe who govern them ill.

The power of rewarding and puniſhing is the ſinews of government. God himſelf commands nothing without terrifying by his menaces, and inviting by his promiſes. Every legiſlator ought to do the ſame; for it would ſeem hard and unjuſt, were he to threaten the rebellious, without encouraging, at the ſame time, the loyal ſubject by proper rewards. The Roman laws, which were conformable in this reſpect to thoſe of all other nations, in forbidding; under ſevere penalties, the committing of murder, decreed a *civic* crown for him who had ſaved the life even of a ſingle citizen.

The two ſprings of the human heart are hope and fear. Fathers and kings! you have in your hands all that is neceſſary to excite theſe two paſſions. But remember that juſtice requires you ſhould be as careful to recompenſe, as you are ſtrict in puniſhing. God has made you his ſubſtitutes and repreſentatives on earth, not merely to thunder; but to diffuſe around the bleſſings of refreſhing dews and falling rains.

ARTI-

ARTICLE IV.

Of Filial Love.

Characters of filial love. Parents ought to blame themſelves for the want of it in their children. The duties of children to a father. Falſe tenderneſs of ſome parents. Parallel between children and ſubjects.

THOSE parents, whoſe diſpoſitions correſpond with nature's views, are tender and beneficent ſuperiors; to whom, by conſequence, their children owe an obedience, founded upon a reſpectful love. Their ſubmiſſion is not like that of a ſlave to an imperious maſter. It is, indeed, as indiſpenſable: but it ought to be voluntary, and to come from the heart. A child of a generous diſpoſition obeys, becauſe he loves his father, and is by him beloved.

In the firſt ages of the world, as there were no fathers who abuſed their authority, and it was never ſuſpected that any would, their power was unlimited. A father had in his family all the rights of a ſovereign. And indeed what riſk was there in reſigning children to the diſcretion of a judge, whoſe ſeverity was tempered by paternal tenderneſs? But, as the world ſometimes produces monſters, ſome fathers were found without love, and, by a neceſſary conſequence, void of pity: there have been even inſtances of ſome who have imbrewed their barbarous hands in their own children's blood. For this reaſon their power was reſtrained: they were permitted to be accuſers, but they were diveſted of the office of

judge or executioner. Nature, indeed, has forbid them to treat their offspring with paſſion, violence, or too great ſeverity: but the civil polity goes not ſo far; the internal regulation of families is out of its province.

Wicked fathers, free in this point from the reſtraint of laws, became tyrants over their children, ruled them with a rod of iron, and, by making that life inſupportable which they had given, they taught them to hate them. This race of monſters is not yet extinct: the preſent age ſwarms with them. 'Tis not to the children of ſuch fathers that I recommend filial love. I ſhall confine myſelf, in regard to them, to the terms of the law, which Moſes formerly impoſed on the deſcendants of Jacob: *Honour*, ſays the law, *your father and mother*; it does not ſay, *love them*. He ſpoke to hard-hearted wretches, void of tender ſentiments, and incapable of exciting them in others. He durſt not even, in his famous tables, enjoin the love of God. For how could he do it? He had painted the deity ſo terrible, ſo cruel, and ſo jealous, that a people who had embraced his doctrine could not help dreading him, and were no other way able to revere him than as the Romans honoured the *Fever*, a malignant deity, whom it was dangerous to put out of humour.

Soſtratus married Sophronia: ſhe was beautiful, young, and rich; but it was the laſt of theſe perfections that touched the heart of Soſtratus. Tho' all the graces and perfections, which nature has diffuſed thro' this enchanting ſex, were centered in one perſon, yet he would not be more affected with them; for, as he believes himſelf formed of a finer mould,

mould, his vanity renders him inſenſible of love. The children whom he has had by Sophronia, were the fruits of a commerce in which love had no ſhare, and never excited in him the leaſt tender emotion; they only indulged his inclination for deſpotic power. He conſidered them as ſubjects over whom he might domineer as abſolute maſter; and, from the moment he became a father, he thought he commenced ſovereign: a ſovereignty the moſt odious and tyrannical, as his children felt its full ſeverity, without reaping any advantage from it. With what cruel barbarity did he daily increaſe the weight of his yoke! To how many capricious humours, unjuſt and extravagant demands, were they forced to ſubmit, even without complaint! Their remonſtrances provoked him; and, how reaſonable ſoever they were in their nature, yet, without hearing them through, he condemned them as criminal inſurrections. But this imaginary monarch, not content with theſe ſeverities, by a thouſand ridiculous projects, by his luxury, his pleaſures, and, above all, by his indolence, ſoon exhauſted his moderate fortune: his eſtate became mortgaged; and Sophronia's jewels, as well as her dowry, were ſwallowed up by Softratus. Yet his proud ſoul, which poverty itſelf could not humble, became only more fierce: vexation and diſappointment ſerved to increaſe his natural ferocity. His children were unprovided for; without education, money, or friends: (for who could ever be a friend to Softratus?) In vain did they make ſome courageous efforts, to free themſelves from the horrors of indigence: Softratus took care to fruſtrate all their endeavours. Jealous of his own offspring, he would

have been driven to deſpair, had he ſeen any of them more ſucceſsful than himſelf.

Unhappy children of ſo unnatural father! how ought you to be affected towards him! I have told you already: the Jewiſh legiſlator ſays, *Honour thy father:* there is no caſe in life, that can exempt children from this duty. Be ſubject to him, becauſe he is your maſter, though at the expence of your private intereſt; but never at the expence of your honour. Render him all the good offices you can: this is a duty which you owe to your bittereſt enemy; and your father has at leaſt this advantage over all thoſe that hate you, of being the neareſt related to you. His hard-heartedneſs is no excuſe for yours. As to filial love, I find you have but a ſmall degree of it, nor do I blame you: but there is a kind of love which you owe to all men; and this your father, as a man, has a right to in common with others: and, all things elſe being equal, you ought to give him the preference.

But as to filial love, which is a much more tender and affectionate attachment, it is not an obligation ſo generally binding, as to be indiſpenſable. 'Tis impoſſible to love a father who has given us proofs of nothing but hatred, otherwiſe than as we are obliged to love our enemies themſelves: all the diſtinction due to him, is to treat him as an enemy whom you reſpect.

If children do not ſhew an ardent affection for thoſe to whom they are indebted for life, if they do not prevent their deſires and adopt their ſentiments; this is not a ſufficient reaſon to condemn them without hearing. See firſt how they behave in other reſpects.

Do

Do they walk in the paths of honour and virtue? if ſo, their coldneſs has, without doubt, a lawful excuſe: we may preſume that, if they feel not the delightful tranſports of an ardent affection, it is, doubtleſs, becauſe the crimes of the father, his cruelty, or his baſeneſs, have ſtifled it in their breaſts. Examine, likewiſe, the manners of the father: if they are irregular, the apology for his children is already made.

On the contrary, if a perſon, who joins, to an irreproachable life, all the tenderneſs of a parent, finds the repeated proofs of his affection ill beſtowed, and receives no return from his ungrateful offspring, their crime is manifeſt. Whatever be the foibles of his temper, of his underſtanding, or conduct, theſe are vain pretences for ingratitude. Fall at his feet, ſtubborn and unnatural children! embrace his knees with the tendereſt affection! He is virtuous, and he loves you: if, thus intitled to your affection, you refuſe it to him, can you tax him with injuſtice, ſhould his love be converted into hatred?

As for thoſe perverſe families, where all follow, with a kind of emulation, the frightful ſtandard of vice; where the father ſets the example, and the children even improve upon their model; we ought not to be ſurprized if the trunk and the branches are divided in intereſt, and every one has his own private views: union, love, and concord, are the gifts of heaven, reſerved only for virtuous ſocieties.

Virtue is uniform, ſimple, and immutable, the ſame as truth: this is the reaſon that it produces, amongſt thoſe who practiſe it, an unalterable harmony: whereas a union among the vicious can no longer ſubſiſt than while their intereſts ſympathiſe:

for deſiring every thing which flatters their appetites, having no certain object to fix their deſires; and ſailing, as it were, without a compaſs; ever jealous, covetous, and inſatiable; how is it poſſible that they ſhould long reconcile their jarring intereſts?

Virtue is more eaſily tranſmitted from father to ſon, than the goods of fortune. Theſe are ſubject to revolutions, which human prudence can neither foreſee nor prevent. But the ſeeds of honour, virtue, and wiſdom, early ſown in the hearts of children, take root there, grow ſtrong, and bring forth fruit: their effects are ſtable and permanent; and if, in ſome moments of deluſion, their virtue ſhould become eclipſed or obſcured, they will ſoon pierce thro' the cloud, and ſhine out again in their full luſtre. If parents were careful to enrich their children with this ineſtimable inheritance, filial love would be much more common. A virtuous ſon would never fail to love his virtuous father: and, when he himſelf became a parent in his turn, the ſame charm, acting upon his children, would ſecure their tenderneſs. Filial love, and the love of virtue, would mutually aſſiſt each other: the child to pleaſe his father would follow virtue; and his love of virtue would inſpire him with filial affection.

"Periander is aſtoniſhed that not any one of his "three children love, or even pretend to love, him. I "have not, ſays he, neglected any thing for their "good: twenty long years have I toiled: I have "watched; I have ruined my health, and abridged "my days, to make theirs happy. I have planted, "they will gather. I have borne the labour, they will

" will reap the benefit of it. I came into the world " poor; and, by my induſtry, I have procured riches " for them. For whom then do theſe ungrateful " creatures reſerve their love? What more would " they have me do for them? Have I forgot " any thing which might contribute to their hap- " pineſs?"

You have forgot nothing, Periander, but to teach them how to behave, but to inſpire them with virtue. If they are ſparing and ſordid in their œconomy, you may well be aſtoniſhed; for you have provided them with wealth. But be not ſurprized that you cannot find in their hearts any reliſh for virtue; this you never inculcated; and, leſt they ſhould become vicious only by halves, you have plunged them in opulence. Blind, deluded father! not to know, that to intruſt riches to baſe and corrupt hearts, is to put a ſword into the hands of a madman. What can now ſtem the impetuous torrent of their paſſions? Honour being a thing unknown to them, nothing could preſerve them from the moſt ſhameful exceſſes, except the inability of committing them. But your paternal care has provided againſt that; you have removed this obſtacle out of their way, by giving them riches. Admirable fruit of your wakeful hours, and your boaſted labour! It would have been leſs trouble to you, to inſpire them with virtue; and, doubtleſs, you would have done it, had you known its real value. But gold ſeemed to you the only means of attaining happineſs; and gold you procured for them. They eſteem it no leſs than you; and, tho' they do not love you, yet they will, at leaſt, imitate your example.

Time

Time produces a change in the duties of a ſon to his father. During his infancy, he owes him an unlimited ſubmiſſion: for as he is incapable of reaſoning, he has nothing to examine. In the ſubſequent ſtage he begins to diſtinguiſh objects, and his reaſon unfolds itſelf by degrees. He ought not then to be debarred the liberty of making reſpectful remonſtrances: but, if theſe are diſregarded, nothing then remains but to ſhew his obedience. When he is become in his turn a man, he does not ceaſe to be a ſon: but he is a competent judge of his own actions. He ſtill owes to his father reſpect and deference, tho' not a blind ſubmiſſion. The law hath even ſettled this point; for the ſon, being of age, paſſes under another government; his country takes cognizance of his manners and conduct; he begins to be a member of the community; and, if he is under a monarchical government, 'tis the king that becomes his father.

But, under this abſolute father, three ages are not diſtinguiſhed. All the children he governs, are perpetually under his tutelage. They are divided only into two different claſſes, people and magiſtrates. Thoſe who compoſe the firſt, are always reputed infants; formed only to obey: their advice is never taken; and, if they preſumed to give it, they would be treated as criminals. Magiſtrates, by whom I mean all thoſe to whom the prince gives a ſhare in the government, are the youth; and with theſe he vouchſafes ſometimes to conſult. Their ſuffrages are collected; but the king takes what notice of them he pleaſes. 'Tis he that makes the law; and, ſoon as it is publiſhed, all muſt be ſilent and obey.

A father

A father is often beloved only from inſtinct, or a ſenſe of duty, (if duty be capable of engendering love): but a king who is beloved of his ſubjects, has much more reaſon to be flattered with their affection; for they never love him, but from reaſon and choice. This is rather friendſhip than filial love; or, to expreſs myſelf better, 'tis a mixture of both. It partakes of filial love, inaſmuch as it is reſpectful: and it reſembles friendſhip, as it is free, diſintereſted, and proceeds from reflexion; qualities, which, being united, characteriſe what is called friendſhip, as we ſhall ſee in the next chapter.

CHAP. II.

Of FRIENDSHIP.

Friendſhip ought to be founded on virtue. We ſhould diſtinguiſh it from the engagements contracted by a conformity of a taſte for pleaſure, by the ties of blood, or even by gratitude. Definition of Friendſhip. Of the choice of friends. Effects ariſing from confidence and benevolence, ſentiments naturally reſulting from friendſhip. What indulgence is due to our friends. Of the breach of friendſhip, and the utility of good offices for its ſupport.

I Have eſtabliſhed it as a maxim in the preceding chapter, that there can be no ſolid love, which has not virtue for its baſis. The ſame may be ſaid of friendſhip. It is not a mere reſemblance of character

racter and manners that cements friendſhip: there muſt be alſo probity and ſincerity.

We muſt diſtinguiſh the friend from the companion. A conformity of taſte for pleaſure, and for any thing beſides virtue, conſtitutes ſocieties of good fellowſhip; but never creates true friends. The table companion, in whom you find ſo much cordiality, while he holds the glaſs; if entruſted with a ſecret on which even your honour depends, will thence take occaſion to ſhew his wit at your expence; and, by this means, you will ſoon be rallied, expoſed, and derided. Truſt him with your intereſt; he will betray it to promote his own. You complain after this, that you have been betrayed by a friend; when it was only by a man that eat and drank with you for his own conveniency.

Do not confound the relation with the friend. The former is connected with you by neceſſary ties, which do not command the heart: but the other is united to you by voluntary bonds, formed by a perfect ſympathy. It is a free and deliberate choice that conciliates friends: but fate or nature gives us relations.

Gratitude itſelf is not friendſhip. We are affected with the generoſity of our benefactor; we love to ſhew him that we are ſenſible of our obligations: and we ardently deſire to have an opportunity of proving this by real ſervices. But it may happen, at the ſame time, that we reliſh not his temper, his character, or his conduct.

Friendſhip is a ſource of kind offices: it brings them forth without pain, and feels a delight in pouring out them with profuſion: but kind offices alone do not pro-

produce friendſhip; they only ſometimes give riſe to it. They beſpeak, indeed, our benevolence; and we are, therefore, inclinable to love the perſon from whom they proceed; and love ſoon follows, when, after ſtudying his character, we find nothing in it incompatible with our own. But we ſhould have loved him, in like manner, if any other leſs intereſting occaſion had brought us acquainted with his merit.

Gratitude is a duty. The ancient Perſians even made a formal law of it; and decreed penalties againſt the ungrateful. On the contrary, 'tis eſſential to friendſhip to act without conſtraint.

Friendſhip is a diſintereſted affection, founded ſolely on eſteem. The paſſion it moſt nearly reſembles is love; nor will it any way differ from this laſt, if we exclude the deſire of enjoyment, and ſuppoſe it independent of the ſex of the perſon beloved. If platonic love be not a mere chimæra (a queſtion which I will not pretend to reſolve) it is nothing but a friendſhip, which is neither increaſed nor diminiſhed by the difference of ſex of the two friends.

As man is compoſed of two parts, ſoul and body, ſo friendſhip is compoſed likewiſe of two, comparable to theſe; the internal ſentiment, and the external ſigns or proofs, by which it is demonſtrated.

In regard to the ſentiment itſelf, or its degree of force, I have no precepts to give. It would be as ridiculous to pretend to teach men how to love, as how to breathe: both theſe actions are equally natural; and it is the degree of men's ſenſibility, that will regulate the ſtrength of their friendſhip. But

that

that which we may more eaſily teach them, and which moſt men are ignorant of, is, that we ſerve our friends very ill, if we attempt to do it by proſtituting our honour and conſcience. No man can love a friend too much; for it is not the exceſs of friendſhip that leads us into guilt, but ſome other miſtaken affection.

Has that officious nobleman, who is ſaid to have made ſo generous a uſe of his credit and influence, acted the real part of a friend to *Calais*, in procuring him that honourable poſt, of which he was ſoon after deprived on account of his incapacity? By attempting to ſerve him, at the expence of his prince and country, he has only drawn upon him the moſt mortifying diſgrace.

Will Arideus, if ever he ſhould be reclaimed from that ſhameful libertiniſm, into which Lyſias has plunged him, think himſelf obliged to Lyſias for his pernicious counſels, and baſe complaiſance? To procure unlawful pleaſures for another, is to play the part of a corrupter rather than of a friend.

The firſt rule in the choice of a friend, is, not to love him without firſt knowing him: the ſecond, which is not leſs important, is, never to chuſe him but from among the ſociety of the honeſt and virtuous.

The moſt long-lived plants are not thoſe that ſhoot up the ſooneſt. Friendſhip, in like manner, is firm and durable, only when it is formed by degrees. To love haſtily, is to expoſe ourſelves to a ſudden rupture.

The moſt ordinary victims of deceitful friendſhip, are thoſe who leaſt deſerve it. It is rare to ſee a perſon diſtruſtful that has an honeſt heart; and ſtill more rare for thoſe who are not diſtruſtful, not to be de-

deceived. Some men are of ſo open and generous a temper, that there is no one but would be a gainer by making them their friends: but theſe run a greater riſk than others in contracting a friendſhip. For there is ſo great an advantage in gaining their eſteem, that they never can be ſure, it is courted without a view to intereſt; and a ſelf-intereſted friend is never a true one.

'Tis to theſe ſincere and upright hearts that I addreſs, particularly, my counſels concerning friendſhip: for what ſignifies it whether deceivers be deceived? It is theſe I adviſe to make a trial before they love. Lovers of virtue ought to have none for their friends, but ſuch as are virtuous: it is in this the trial ought chiefly to conſiſt.

At the firſt ſight, or interview, we may know whether a man be active or heavy, gay or ſerious, clowniſh or polite, talkative or reſerved, witty or ſtupid. Almoſt all this is ſeen in his eyes, in his attitude, in his geſtures, and diſcourſe: but we cannot diſcover ſo eaſily whether he has probity and virtue. It requires more time to be ſure of this laſt point: and 'till we have as great a certainty of it as poſſible, we ought not to laviſh upon him, from dubious appearances, the precious title of friend. If at laſt we are thoroughly convinced that he deſerves it, then there ſhould be no reſerve: we ought to enter then with him into an intercourſe of ſentiments, taſtes, pleaſures, and intereſts. Friendſhip is a ſpiritual marriage, which eſtabliſhes betwixt two ſouls a general commerce, and perfect correſpondence.

The appendages of friendſhip are confidence and benevolence. The purſe and the heart ought ever to

to be open to a friend: and in no caſe can we ſhut them, except in ſuch as will juſtify our having no longer any regard for him. We run no riſk in truſting either our ſecret, or our ſtrong box, to a friend whom we have deliberately choſen; for we may be ſure he will make a diſcreet uſe of both.

I. Confidence produces two effects: the one is a perfect reliance on the prudence, integrity, conſtancy, and affection of the perſon beloved: it baniſhes all injurious ſuſpicions.

The other effect, which reſults from this very reliance, is that openneſs with which two friends diſcloſe their moſt intimate ſentiments, their thoughts, their projects, and, in a word, every thing in which either of them may be any way intereſted: and this oftentimes extends even to trifles, becauſe trifles themſelves become intereſting between friends.

We ſhould keep nothing concealed from a friend, but another friend's ſecret. That which we cannot truſt to an indifferent perſon, without being guilty of imprudence, we may and ought to depoſit in the boſom of a friend. He has a right to read your heart. To reveal your faults to him, is not imprudence; to tell him your laudable qualities, is not vanity; for the good you ſay to your friend concerning yourſelf, is rather an effuſion of the heart, than boaſting or vain-glory. To converſe with a friend is almoſt the ſame thing as to reflect, or converſe with one's ſelf.

II. As to the benevolence which friendſhip inſpires, it produces alſo two effects: indulgence and kind offices.

1. Friend-

1. Friendſhip ought to be offended with nothing but what is really an injury. Overlook in your friend all thoſe faults in which his heart has no ſhare; in ſhort, all but ſuch as prove that the affection he had for you is extinguiſhed. An inſtance of neglect, of forgetfulneſs, a miſtake, or a ſudden ſally, ought to be reckoned as nothing. To break with a friend, to betray, or inſult him, are the only irremiſſible crimes in friendſhip.

Have a care, nevertheleſs, not to hate a perfidious friend. Deprive him of your friendſhip; this is all the revenge you are allowed to take. To continue living with him on the foot of a friend, would be, indeed, imprudent; but to hate him would be criminal. Tho' he has offended you, yet he does not ceaſe to be a man; and there is no man whom you are permitted to hate. If death had ſnatched him from you but one hour before he was guilty of treachery, you would have lamented his loſs: a baſe action takes him from you; pity him for having committed it, but hate him not. He has done himſelf more hurt than you; for, to prejudice your intereſt, he has ſacrificed his own honour.

2. Though friendſhip be not ſelf-intereſted, yet it delights in kind offices: theſe are to friends the ſame as mutual careſſes to lovers; they are not the original motives of love, but reaſons which make it increaſe; like the breath of the wind, which does not engender the flame, but renders it more ardent.

We may oblige a friend ſo many ways, that ſome of them are always practicable in whatever ſituation we find ourſelves: let us, therefore, lay hold of every occaſion that offers. Never wait if you can help

help it, 'till he himſelf has told you, in what inſtance it is you may ſerve him. Endeavour to know his neceſſities, and how to provide for them, before he has felt them: in return, he will always be ready to prevent yours.

What an agreeable contention, what a noble jealouſy, is that of two friends, who envy one another the happy occaſion of obliging! We may, indeed, receive without mortification the ſuccour of a friendly hand; for to be aſhamed would ſhew a doubt, injurious to the generoſity of the benefactor: but it muſt be confeſſed, that the part which he acts deſerves our envy. To receive a proof of friendſhip is delightful, but to give one is more ſo.

Have a regard, however, to the delicacy of your friend: the exceſs of profuſion on your ſide might make him aſhamed, becauſe of the impoſſibility you would lay him under of making a return. By ſtriving to oblige him too much, you may, perhaps, diſoblige him. Cover, therefore, the ſervices you do him, with ſuch pretexts as may ſeem to diſpenſe with his gratitude. Do not confound him by exceſs of good treatment. Who can tell but the weight of the obligation he has received, may lie too heavy upon him? Some ſouls, jealous of their honour even to a degree of fierceneſs, imagine thoſe favours which are heaped upon them, degrade them as much as they ennoble him that confers them. There have been inſtances (and could we ſee into the hearts of men, perhaps, thoſe inſtances we ſhould find innumerable) of people who have conceived a mortal averſion for a benefactor, out of no other motive than his generoſity.

However

However this be, we ought rather to treſpaſs by exceſs of generoſity and goodneſs towards a friend, than confine ourſelves, out of avarice or want of affection, to empty proteſtations of friendſhip.

But would you give your friend a ſtrong, and, at the ſame time, an uncommon proof of friendſhip, be ſincere with him in all your diſcourſe; let the advice you give him, and the remonſtrances you make him, be the faithful image of your thoughts and ſentiments. Dare to ſhew him the naked truth: or if, out of condeſcenſion, you embelliſh it a little, let your ornaments be only ſuch as will ſet off its beauty, without diſguiſing it.

CHAP. III.

Of HUMANITY.

Definition of humanity. Different claſſes of affection, of which this is, at the ſame time, the moſt general and the moſt weak. And yet all other ſocial affections depend on this: it is this alſo which prevents us from hating our enemies. Diviſion of this chapter.

BY humanity I underſtand the concern which mankind feel for one another in general, only becauſe they are of the ſame ſpecies, without being united either by the ties of blood, love, or friendſhip.

'Tis right to have a particular tenderneſs for a father, a wife, or a friend: but there is a ſort of affection

affection which we owe to all mankind, as being all members of the ſame family, of which God is the creator and father.

Imagine to yourſelf thoſe circular undulations, which are cauſed on the ſurface of a ſmooth and tranſparent water, by the fall of a ſtone. The agitation in the center, by communicating itſelf to ſome diſtance, forms a great number of trembling circles, the impreſſion of which is weaker in proportion to the largeneſs of their circumference, 'till the laſt of all eſcapes from our ſight. This is a picture of the different degrees of our affections. We love, principally, what is moſt nearly related to us; and leſs and leſs whatever is further removed. We conſider all mankind, in regard to ourſelves, as divided into ſeveral claſſes, more numerous the one than the other; and ſhutting ourſelves up, as it were, in the ſmalleſt, which is ſurrounded by others more extended, from thence we diſtribute, to the different orders of men which they contain, different degrees of affection, more or leſs ſtrong in proportion to their diſtance from us, ſo that the laſt of all has ſcarce any ſhare of it. Theſe different claſſes may be ranked in the following order, beginning with ſuch as are deareſt to us: a wife, friends, relations, all that think as we do in points of religion; but this laſt claſs is nearer or more remote, according to the greater or leſſer degree of fanaticiſm in the perſon who determines its place. Then follow thoſe who exerciſe the ſame trade or profeſſion: the other claſſes comprehend our neighbours, fellow-citizens, countrymen, the inhabitants of the ſame part of the globe; and the laſt, which incloſes all the reſt, is the univerſal claſs of

of mankind. But this moſt commonly is reckoned as nothing.

When the Spaniards, without the leaſt colour of reaſon, maſſacred millions of Americans, they never imagined ſurely that they ought to make any account of men, whom chance had thrown in their way, in an unknown hemiſphere; and who were neither their couſins, nor their friends, nor Caſtilians, nor Catholics, nor chriſtians.

To love men, and treat them with kindneſs, merely becauſe they are of the ſame ſpecies as ourſelves, is properly humanity. This ſentiment, engraved on the heart, anſwers for the other ſocial virtues, and ſuppoſes that they alſo are imprinted there. He who loves another, upon this account alone, that he is a man, tho' a ſtranger to him in all reſpects, will much leſs fail to love a perſon to whom he is united by ſtronger ties, and who joins, to the quality of a man, that of a friend, a relation, or a countryman. This diſpoſition will, likewiſe, be a bridle to us, when we break with perſons who were our intimate friends; and will hinder us from falling into any exceſs of reſentment. If we are highly offended by a wife, a ſon, or by any one elſe whom we held dear, we may loſe, indeed, the tender affection which we have hitherto felt for them; but we cannot ceaſe to love them, at leaſt, as our fellow creatures. A man who is truly humane, may ceaſe to be a friend, but he will never become an enemy.

Humanity is, in regard to the other ſocial affections, what the firſt lay of colours is in reſpect to a picture. 'Tis a ground, on which are

painted the different kinds of love, engagements, and friendſhip. Whoever wants humanity, will be a bad father, a bad ſon, a bad huſband, and a bad friend.

The ſentiment of humanity, or the love of our fellow-creatures, may ſhew itſelf two ways; either by real effects, or by ſimple teſtimonies of affection. We have not always an opportunity of doing good offices to mankind; but we may at any time let them ſee that we love them, by external marks of kindneſs: to humanity manifeſted by real effects, I ſhall give the name of *goodneſs*; when it is ſhewn only by external ſigns, I call it *politeneſs*.

ARTICLE I.

Of Goodneſs.

In what goodneſs conſiſts. 1. *What ſort of treatment is that which we ought to ſhew to no one. Whether there are any men whom we are permitted to hate. Digreſſion on the French law of Aubaine. On the exceſſive ſeverity of the laws of civil governments againſt malefactors. A motive to excite us to humanity.* 2. *The good offices, done to our fellow-creatures, are not favours, but debts.*

MORAL goodneſs conſiſts of two parts: the firſt is *to do no harm to our fellow-creatures*; the ſecond, *to do them good.*

I. *Never*

I. *Never do to another what we would not have him do to us:* this is the compendious rule, which determines the behaviour forbidden by nature towards the reſt of mankind. Every thing which, were it done to ourſelves, would appear to us hard, barbarous, and cruel, is comprehended in this prohibition. But this maxim of ſo large an extent, is much reſtrained in its application, by the greateſt part of mankind, who behave to one another, as if they thought it ought not to take place but among friends.

The particular affection which the members of every ſociety have for each other, is uſeful and neceſſary for their common good. It is proper that fellow-citizens, the ſubjects of the ſame prince, and the followers of the ſame religion, ſhould be united in intereſt and ſentiments: but it is contrary to humanity, to reſerve all their affection for their aſſociates, and conſider every body elſe as enemies.

That a Norman ſhould have a kindneſs for a Norman, I do not wonder; for who ſhould ſooner agree in temper? That a Pariſian ſhould have a particular inclination for a Pariſian, I freely conſent; he will ſcarce find any where elſe more candor and ingenuity. But ought a Frenchman born at Domfront, at Vîre, or at Caudebec, to hate another, for no other reaſon but becauſe he was born at Paris; or the latter entertain an averſion to every Norman? Theſe hereditary hatreds which the inhabitants of one province have for thoſe of another, muſt certainly influence all their proceedings.

We Frenchmen look upon ourſelves as ſuperior to all other nations, both in mental and moral ac-

compliſhments. The moſt favourable ſentiment we entertain for our neighbours is compaſſion: we pity them for being ſo inferior to us. The French have a ſprightly wit, they are courageous and enterprizing; their humour is gay, their character friendly and beneficent. They receive ſtrangers with greater civility, than they meet with themſelves in other countries. But why then ſhould this nation, ſo extremely hoſpitable, in virtue of I know not what law, which their civilians call *Aubaine*, invade the inheritance of a German, an Italian, or an Engliſhman, whom death has deprived of the opportunity of returning to his native country?

Give me leave, for a while, to digreſs from my principal purpoſe, which is the improvement of manners, to examine a cuſtom ſo contrary to humanity, merely in a political light: it will then, I believe, appear as unprofitable as it is unjuſt: for the lucre that accrues from the execution of this law is very ſmall; but the benefit which would ariſe from the abolition of it, would be immenſe.

The inconteſtable advantages which France has over the neighbouring ſtates, are the agreeable temperature of its climate, the fertility of its ſoil, and the riches of its inhabitants. Were it not for this oppreſſion which is practiſed towards ſtrangers, we ſhould ſee, without doubt, an infinite number of artificers, merchants, and people of all conditions, flock hither from all parts, in conſequence of theſe advantages: the number of inhabitants would increaſe by this means; emulation in trade, and in arts of all kinds, would be greatly excited; and the kingdom would of courſe become more flouriſhing.

And

And let us not imagine that this multitude of ſtrangers, with which our country would ſwarm, would be a burden to the natives. In a country naturally fruitful, and where labour and induſtry are encouraged, the number of its inhabitants muſt increaſe its riches. Since one man is capable by his induſtry to nouriſh ten, what would be the caſe if all were employed? All theſe foreign recruits would conſiſt of men whoſe intereſt would direct them not to be idle, from the neceſſity of procuring convenient ſettlements. For, if we reflect, we ſhall find that all the vagabonds and uſeleſs hands amongſt us are natives; whilſt the foreigners, who have ſettled here, are induſtrious people.

A miſtaken zeal for the external worſhip, in which we were brought up, is another ſource of hatred between ſuch as are of different profeſſions. This abuſe ariſes from this, that the different perſuaſions which divide mankind are not grafted on the religion of nature. For want of having drawn from this pure ſpring thoſe ſentiments of humanity, which would form the whole univerſe into a ſociety of friends; the different religioniſts make a pleaſure and a merit in perſecuting one another with cruelty; and cover with the name of zeal, what is commonly nothing elſe but a fondneſs of their own private opinion, blind obſtinacy, fanaticiſm, and barbarity.

If there were any men whom we could juſtly hate on account of religion, it would certainly be ſuch as make an open profeſſion of hating God. The declared enemies of a monarch are the enemies of his ſubjects. But in what religion ſhall we find this hideous dogma? They have all the honour of

God in view, and, conſequently, they all honour him. If ſome mix, with the homage which they pay him, profane, ſuperſtitious, or criminal practices, reaſon does not forbid us to abhor that impure allay: but it does not allow us to hate, but only to pity, thoſe who adopt them. Can any thing be more extravagant than to hate another, becauſe he is deceived, eſpecially when his intention is right?

There are a kind of people whom we generally make no ſcruple of uſing with great ſeverity; theſe are malefactors, a term by which are commonly underſtood robbers and murderers. As for the latter, we never heſitate to judge them worthy of death, in virtue of the law of retaliation, which we regard as derived from the law of nature, tho' I ſee not on what grounds. For I cannot believe that this ſacred law, which, in regard to the duties of ſociety, inſpires nothing but goodneſs, lenity, and mercy, allows us to ſuppreſs evil by evil, and to puniſh homicide wirh murder. I never could believe that God has permitted men to deſtroy one another. If a citizen diſturbs the tranquillity of the ſtate, you may hinder him from doing it, without hanging him upon a gibbet.

As for thoſe robbers who do not murder, it is plain that they deſerve not death, even though they were judged by that law of retaliation, which is thought of ſuch weight againſt murderers; ſince there is no proportion betwixt the property taken, which is oftentimes very inconſiderable, and that life of which they are bereft without mercy. But they are ſacrificed, 'tis ſaid, to the public ſafety. Em-

ploy

ploy them, then, as ſlaves in ſome uſeful labour; the loſs of their liberty will ſufficiently puniſh them for their crime, will ſecure the public tranquility, will redound at the ſame time to the advantage of the ſtate, and will ſave you the reproach of injuſtice and inhumanity. But men have thought fit to make robbery the moſt ſhameful and unpardonable of all crimes; for this reaſon, without doubt, becauſe money is the God of this world, and, except life, mankind eſteem nothing ſo dear.

When paſſion prompts you to commit violence on another, immediately caſt your eyes on him, to ſee the impreſſion of the divine hand, and your own reſemblance; and this will, probably, abate your paſſion. Say not to God, what we are told Cain ſaid to him, *Am I my brother's keeper?* Yes, without doubt, God has committed him to your care, and not only forbids your doing him any harm, but commands you to ſerve him to the utmoſt of your power.

II. When we are beneficent and kind to our relations, our benefactors, or friends, we are apt to believe ourſelves generous, though we are inſenſible and indifferent with reſpect to the reſt of mankind. But ſo far from that, we have not common charity, a virtue much inferior to generoſity, which is the completion of all the other ſocial virtues. In practiſing theſe, we only avoid the contrary vices, which border upon them: but generoſity removes us to a much greater diſtance from vice, ſince it leaves, in the interval between that and itſelf, all the virtues of mere precept. Generoſity is a degree of perfection added to virtue, over and above what the law ſtrictly requires.

There is no generoſity in doing for your fellow-creatures what the law ordains: this is only fulfilling your duty.

But charity, or, which is the ſame thing, that general affection which we owe to all mankind, is not a virtue of ſupererogation. You only ſatisfy the dictates of humanity, if, meeting a ſtranger wounded by aſſaſſins, you draw near and dreſs his wounds. The need he has in this caſe of your aſſiſtance, is a law, which obliges you to aſſiſt him. An indigent perſon is preſſed by hunger; you only pay a debt, in relieving his want. The poor are committed to the care of ſociety; and the ſuperfluities of the rich ought to go to their ſubſiſtance. But do not complain, even though the aſſiſtance you give them be the price of your ſweat and labour: whatever it coſts you, it coſts them much more; ſince to receive it thus, under the title of an alms, is buying it very dear.

But, would you learn, in one word, how far thoſe good offices, which are due to mankind, ought to be extended, let this be your rule: *Whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do unto you, do ye even ſo unto them.*

ARTICLE II.

Of Politeneſs.

Definition of politeneſs. Portraits of unpoliſhed men. Diviſion of the article of politeneſs into three heads.

POLITENESS is a continual attention, inſpired by humanity, to pleaſe all mankind, and to avoid giving them offence.

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The Cynic declaims loudly againſt this virtue, and prefers to it his ſhocking bluntneſs and gothic freedom.

The courtier, on the contrary, and the fawning flatterer, ſubſtitute, in its ſtead, fulſom compliments, cringings, an unmeaning jargon, and apiſh ceremonies.

The one blames politeneſs, becauſe he miſtakes it for a vice; and the other is the occaſion of this, becauſe what he practiſes, is really ſo.

I accoſt Arnolphus; he lets me approach, and never ſtirs from his chair. I bow: he ſurveys me from head to foot, and then cuts ſhort the ceremonial by crying out at a diſtance, *What is the matter? What do you want?*

Your advice upon an affair, ſay I.

" *Let me hear what it is*, ſays Arnolphus, *I have no time to ſpare.*

I begin then: *I believe you know Euphemon.*

" *No: how ſhould I know him?*

He is a gentleman of the younger branch of the family of ——.

" *What ſignifies it what family or what branch he is of? What diſpute have you with him?*

I am poſſeſſed of a piece of land contiguous to his.

" *Well, and what of that?*

He intends to appropriate it to himſelf.

" *By purchaſe, or by exchange?*

By neither.

" *In a word, what is it he would have?*

He would fain confiſcate it to his own profit. He pretends, I know not upon what foundation, that I am his vaſſal; and that, having failed in paying him homage, my fief devolves to him.

" *Is it my fault,* replies Arnolphus, *if you have failed in it?*

But 'tis falſe that I am his vaſſal.

" *That may be, but do not think that you will be believed on your bare word.*

I have records to vouch it.

" *So much the better for you: let me ſee them.*

There they are.

" *I have not time to examine them now.*

Sir, you may do it, when you are at leiſure.

" *I will.*

But, when would you have me wait upon you again for your opinion?

" *I cannot tell.*

But, Sir, Euphemon is going to ſue me with all expedition.

" *Does he ſo?——well, you muſt both wait.*"

Arnolphus is an honeſt man, and an able lawyer: but what ſignifies his honeſty and capacity to his fellow-citizens, while he is thus auſtere and reſerved?

Biblius is a grave and ſtudious man; he has the happineſs of being acquainted with all the ancient authors, and is paſſionately fond of them. He comes to pay a viſit to the lovely Lucinda, whom he finds ſurrounded with a circle of admirers and wits. He enters with a ſlouched hat in his hand, bows with a very bad grace, walks awkardly up to Lucinda, treads upon her ſlipper, rumples her gown, and then retires with precipitation to a large eaſy chair. The company ſmile: at this he is vexed; but they never mind him. The converſation, which was broke off at his coming in, is renewed; it was a queſtion of gallantry, the examination of which was interrupted upon

upon the arrival of Biblius. Every one now enters into the debate, and decides it according to his particular taſte; at length they aſk Biblius what he thinks of it. "I am not accuſtomed, ſays he bluntly, to "trouble my head with ſuch ſilly ſtuff; but, ſince "I am forced to ſpeak, I muſt freely tell you, gen- "tlemen, that none of your deciſions pleaſe me. I "ſee you have read but little of Ariſtotle; and yet "he was the fineſt genius of antiquity: I ſhall bor- "row only one ſyllogiſm from him, to refute "you."

"No, by no means, out of reſpect to Lucinda, "ſays the young Clitander; keep your ſyllogiſm "for another time, and ſpeak plain French."

Biblius, however, goes on his own way, draws up his argument, heaps Greek upon Latin, quotes Homer, Euripides, Cicero, Seneca, and Lambinus, attacks every one of the company, deplores their ignorance, and upbraids them with it. But a burſt of laughter now breaking forth, as by agreement, from all ſides of the room, interrupts our orator, who had put himſelf out of breath. Upon this he loſes all patience, utters rude language, clinches his fiſt, and, ſhaking his head, leaves the room, and runs to ſhut himſelf up again in his college.

But Arnolphus and Biblius may, perhaps, be unpolite only for want of education: the one has ſeen nothing but briefs, counſellors, law-books, and records; and the other only ſchool boys, maſters of arts, and grammars. Let us liſten to Cteſiphon, an avowed enemy to all the rules of decorum obſerved in civil ſociety; he is going to make an ingenuous apology for his ruſticity, and to expatiate on the inconveniency of politeneſs.

"You may think, says he, as you please of my "address, my countenance, my attitude, and of "all that ceremonious foppery, which is called "civility. I trouble not myself about it; I leave "such important trifles to our young senators, or our "court abbès. 'Tis by my actions I would have you "judge me, and not by my gait: for I do not visit "my friends to do honour to my dancing-master.

"As to my manner of living amongst mankind, "I reduce it, in short, to this; to speak the truth, "to do good offices to my neighbours, and never to "to injure them. These being my principles, I "know how to constrain and command myself, if "there be occasion, to do any useful service; I give "counsel to those who ask it, upon such matters as "I understand. I willingly employ my credit and "influence, and sometimes my purse, to assist my "friends, or whoever has need of them: but as "to frivolous ceremonies of civility, which can pro-"cure no solid advantage to those who expect them, "I think myself dispensed from any such foolish con-"straint. I am invited to dinner, to take a walk, "or to a concert; if, at that time, I am in a "humour to stay at home, at home I stay. A game "of cards is proposed; I don't like cards, and there-"fore refuse to play. A poet reads to me his "verses; they tire me, and I yawn without cere-"mony. I am invited to a ball; I find an inclina-"tion to sleep, and think the best way is to go directly "to bed.

"I hate those studied civilities, which, if not "contrary to sincerity, are at least incompatible with "freedom. I seldom praise others, and would never

"have

" have them praiſe me: becauſe I look upon praiſe " as a poiſon. I contradict every man who aſſerts " a falſe fact, or advances a falſe principle: becauſe " it is lying, or deceiving, not to refute a lie, or " an error: and this I do with ſome warmth, to give " a greater weight to my refutation. The rank of the " perſon whom I have to oppoſe, encourages, inſtead " frightening me; becauſe the more conſiderable an " enemy is, the more important it is to humble him. " Damon is vain: I mortify his pride. Laura is a " coquette: I reproach her with her intrigues. " Leander is a hypocrite: I unmaſk him. Bertholda " is fooliſh and affected: I rally, and mimic her. " Gorgias is fond of liquor: I make him aſhamed " in public. Cydaliſa has a ſlandering tongue: I " unveil her other faults to cure her of this. Lyſimon " affects to be thought learned: I aſk him a queſtion " and puzzle him. Long ago theſe people would " have mended, if every one had behaved like me. " The world renders them blind to their vices, by " diſſimulation and flattery; and hinders their be- " coming virtuous, by making them believe they are " already ſo."

Cteſiphon, in this portrait, has not belied his character of frankneſs: but does he not carry this frankneſs, which he ſo greatly values, ſomething too far? Every body, except a Cynic or a flatterer, knows how to reconcile frankneſs with politeneſs, and, without quitting the former, reckons the latter, as in reality it is, a duty. But to prove this in order, let us follow the plan of diviſion which Cteſiphon has pointed out to us; and divide politeneſs, as he has done, into three branches, civility, complaiſance, and reſpect.

SECT.

SECT. I.

Of Civility.

Definition of it. Civility abſolutely eſſential, tho' indifferent as to the form of it; but ſubject, nevertheleſs, to the laws of cuſtom. That we ought to be ſincere in thoſe obliging ſentiments which we expreſs.

CIVILITY is a ceremonial, agreed upon and eſtabliſhed among mankind, with a deſign of giving each other external demonſtrations of friendſhip and eſteem. This ceremonial varies in different countries: but all have one of ſome kind or other. We may reaſonably preſume, in reſpect to every univerſal cuſtom, that it has its foundation in nature; from whence I conclude that civility is a duty preſcribed by the law of reaſon.

Civility is in regard to men, what external worſhip is in reſpect to God: a public teſtimony of our inward ſentiments. The form is indifferent in itſelf; for the manner of accoſting perſons in different ſtations, of ſaluting them, and ſhewing our reſpect, the terms we ought to uſe in ſpeaking to them, the ſtyle we ſhould follow in addreſſing letters or petitions to them, are all arbitrary formalities in their origin, eſtabliſhed intirely by cuſtom.

Theſe two things, therefore, are undeniable: the one, that it is conformable to good ſenſe and right reaſon, to ſubject ourſelves to ſome rules of civility; the other, that neither good ſenſe nor right reaſon decide,

decide, in what particular acts this civility ought to conſiſt.

The beſt method of ſhewing our friendſhip, and regard, towards mankind, as well as the leaſt liable to ſuſpicion, would be to ſerve them by all the good offices in our power; but an opportunity of doing this does not always offer. Men were, therefore, under a neceſſity of agreeing upon certain ſigns, certain demonſtrations, by which they might habitually ſhew their love, eſteem, and reſpect for each other. Every nation has choſen thoſe which are moſt conformable to the ideas and taſte of the people: and, as they are all indifferent in their origin, we cannot be determined in our choice, but by the cuſtoms of the country in which we live. The Frenchman, the Turk, and the Perſian, ought all to be civil; but each after his own country faſhion.

If men were pure ſpirits, capable of communicating their thoughts, and ſentiments, without external ſigns, this civility would, doubtleſs, be ſuperfluous. What makes it neceſſary, is, that they have not this power.

In vain do clowns, and cynics, declaim againſt civility; in vain do they repreſent it, as an impoſing, hypocritical commerce, which ſerves only to mask our true ſentiments. Let them really have, as they ought, that affection in their hearts, which well-bred people expreſs by reciprocal ſigns; then their civility will not be impoſture.

True it is, that there are more civil perſons, than thoſe who are faithful to the duties of ſociety: but their civility itſelf, tho' falſe, is, in ſpite of themſelves, an argument in favour of the ſocial virtues; for to affect

affect an external appearance of virtuous diſpoſitions, is confeſſing we ought to have them in our hearts.

Even thoſe who openly declare againſt civility, do not deny that we ſhould have ſentiments of friendſhip, benevolence, and reſpect for our fellow-creatures: how unaccountable then is it in them to deſire us to conecal ſentiments ſo juſt and indiſpenſable?

Hermodactus is, nevertheleſs, of this character: you may live ten years with him before he will favour you with a bow, a kind look, or an obliging word. By the indifference of his air, you would fancy he thinks himſelf the only human creature upon earth: yet dare but once to encounter his forbidding temper, do but deſire a favour of him, and you will be aſtoniſhed to find him ſo generous. After he has ſerved you, he will continue to live with you upon the ſame footing as before, always cold, always reſerved, always alone. Penetrated with a ſenſe of your obligation, in vain do you pour out your heart in profeſſions of your attachment, eſteem, and gratitude: all theſe demonſtrations are loſt, he ſees nothing, hears nothing, and anſwers to nothing. Hermodactus would be a compleat Miſanthrope, had he not been born with a benevolent diſpoſition.

SECT. II.

Of Complaiſance.

Its definition. How amiable it renders thoſe who poſſeſs it.

COMPLAISANCE is an honeſt condeſcenſion, by which we bend our wills to render them conformable to other people's. I ſay an honeſt con-

condeſcenſion, for baſely to comply with another's will in criminal inſtances, would be to make ourſelves accomplices, inſtead of being complaiſant.

The complaiſance I ſpeak of here, conſiſts then only in never contradicting the inclinations of another, when they are no way criminal, in complying with them, and even in anticipating them, as far as we are able. This is not, perhaps, the moſt excellent of all the virtues: but it is, at leaſt, extremely uſeful and agreeable in ſociety.

See how Alcidamas is beloved and careſſed. Is it, becauſe of his probity? This virtue only conciliates our eſteem, but does not captivate the heart. Is it, becauſe he is beneficent and friendly? Thoſe who are ſo fond of his company have had no need of his aſſiſtance. Is it, becauſe he is gay, humorous, and entertaining? This would render him agreeable, only when gaiety is ſeaſonable. No, he is beloved by reaſon of his eaſy, flexible temper. His will ſeems not his own; he bends and faſhions it ſo as to oblige all his friends. If he finds out what will pleaſe you, he prevents your deſires, and does it with ſo much grace and eaſe, that, while he has no other view than to oblige you, he ſeems to follow nothing but his own choice aud inclinations.

We may pleaſe, indeed, in company by a courteous behaviour, by a gaiety of temper, and by ingenious ſallies of wit and humour: but none of theſe methods of pleaſing is of ſuch univerſal uſe as complaiſance. You can be courteous only to equals or inferiors: there are a thouſand occaſions in which gaiety may be miſplaced: wit and humour do not always preſent themſelves at will, nor are they always

ways reliſhed; but if you are of a flexible obliging temper, and take a pleaſure in contributing to the pleaſure of others; I will anſwer for the friendſhip of all that know you; for this is a perfection that will engage people in all times, in all places, and on all occaſions.

Rodolphus is a man of merit, and both a poet and a philoſopher; and yet he would be ſupportable in company, in ſpite of theſe two qualities, could he deſcend ſo far as to be complaiſant. But how can he do this? Complaiſance ſuppoſes eſteem: now whoever cannot compoſe verſes, or has not read Deſcartes or Newton, is, in his opinion, only an automaton, an idiot, fit for nothing but to make a tradeſman, a financer, or a monk. He fancies himſelf of a ſpecies ſuperior to the reſt of mankind, and glories in diſtinguiſhing himſelf from them by peculiar maxims, ſentiments, and inclinations. To condeſcend to pleaſe them would be entering into their ſociety, it would be communicating with thoſe whom he looks upon as profane.

Aglaura has an amiable perſon; ſhe has wit, underſtanding, and a variety of graceful accompliſhments: yet ſhe is ſhunned and deteſted. Why ſo? The reaſon is, ſhe has neither ſentiment nor will of her own: before ſhe determines what to do or ſay, ſhe muſt wait 'till ſome one has declared his thoughts or wiſhes, as ſoon as ever this is done, ſhe is of a contrary opinion, and will act quite the reverſe.

SECT.

SECT. III.

Of Reſpect.

What is to be underſtood by this term. Examples which give a more diſtinct notion of it.

I Underſtand here by reſpect, a certain deference and regard, founded on the circumſtances, genius, and quality of perſons. You ought not, for inſtance, to ſatyrize the gentlemen of the law, when you are in company with a perſon of that profeſſion; eſpecially if his probity is ſufficient to protect him from reproach. And, though he ſhould deſerve it, yet 'tis not always ſufficient that a charge be well founded, juſtify the perſon that makes it, if it be done at an improper time, or with rancor and malice.

Tho' truth be commonly painted naked, yet ſhe has ſome diſagreeable nudities, which it would be often adviſeable to conceal.

If you wait upon a nobleman, to whom every one endeavours to ſhew marks of reſpect, take care to conform to the rules of cuſtom, and honour him like the reſt: do not behave like an impudent quaker, who would addreſs him with *thee* and *thou*, and ſpeak to him without uncovering his head. You ſay, you do not chuſe to reſpect him, but in proportion to his virtues, his abilities, and perſonal merit; for all the pomp and luſtre with which he is ſurrounded, is, in your eſteem, nothing but ſmoke and wind. I grant it; but theſe honours, which I adviſe you to pay him, are no more than ſmoke and wind. I do not deſire you to praiſe him, if he is only deſerving of

contempt; to extol his wit, if he be an idiot; to flatter his taſte, if he has none; to commend his knowledge, if he is ignorant. But you will not expoſe your ſincerity to danger, by paying him a mute kind of homage. The ſubordination ſo neceſſary for the government of the ſtate, would ſoon be deſtroyed, if people, eſpecially in public, would not honour the great, but in proportion to their real merit.

Hippias, you ſay, is a ſtupid wretch, without either genius, probity or diſcernment. Clad in a monkiſh habit, he grovelled in an obſcure cloiſter, where he was juſtly confounded in the throng of the monaſtic herd. The government of his monaſtery becoming vacant, by the death of their ſuperior, a ſilly female devotee, whoſe conſcience he directed, undertook to get him decorated with this poor pre-eminence: but her intrigues miſcarried; Hippias was not judged fit to be at the head even of a ſociety of monks. The humble penitent, picqued at this affront, contrived to revenge herſelf in a ſingular manner; this was by procuring a biſhopric for her director. Take away from Hippias his croſs and rochet, and he will be a finiſhed blockhead, unworthy of the leaſt attention from any man of ſenſe.

This I grant is true: however, as he is now in poſſeſſion of a croſs and rochet, he deſerves, at leaſt, a reſpectful bow. Diſpute not ſo trivial a thing; I make you pretty eaſy, by diſpenſing with your giving him your eſteem.

Affect not an air of content before an afflicted perſon, who is lamenting over his diſaſters or loſſes. You may grieve in private for your own misfortunes: but do not go to fatigue, with your ſad lamentations,

tations, thoſe favourites of fortune who cannot relieve you.

It would be inſulting over the ſorrow of a diſconſolate widow, who is lamenting the loſs of a huſband tenderly beloved, to come and tell her, with an air of ſatisfaction, that your wiſhes will ſoon be crowned: and that, in a ſhort time, the arms of a bride will make you the happieſt of huſbands.

You are running to inform Menalcas of the favour the king has done you, in preſenting you the ribbon of a certain order of knighthood: do not be in ſuch a hurry; this favour has been juſt refuſed to him; he will not, therefore, be in a humour to ſhare your joy.

A perſon muſt have ſome degree of wit, or, at leaſt, judgment, to be capable of obſerving the ſeveral rules of reſpect. The knowledge of the world may render a man civil; the goodneſs of his heart may make him friendly: but a fool will be always a novice in the ſcience of reſpect.

Death has but juſt ſnatched from the arms of Fanny an amiable child, the precious pledge of a huſband's love, who is now no more. A crowd of friends endeavour to conſole her, or, at leaſt, to give, if poſſible, ſome diverſion to her grief. Alicia, in her turn, comes to viſit her friend. She, as a more fortunate mother, brings with her the living fruits of her happy fertility, the pleaſing objects of her tenderneſs and complacency, and, unhappily for Fanny, the only ſubject of her diſcourſe. She begins, immediately, with the tedious recital of their pretended perfection; the ſallies of their imagination, the forwardneſs of their underſtanding, the ſweetneſs

of

of their tempers, and the regularity of their features. Thus ſhe was going on, when Fanny, abandoned to her ſorrow, interrupted her with theſe words, pronounced with ſome emotion: "you would be a "moſt charming creature, my dear Alicia, had you "as great a regard for your friends, as you diſcover "tenderneſs for your children; you are a good "mother, but a very bad comforter."

FINIS.

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